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THE CONFLICT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

Dark was the way and weary were my footsteps,
Heavy the burden that I had to bear;
The clouds were low'ring, night was closing round me,
Murky and thick was the surrounding air.

Few were the flowers that bloomed around my pathway,
Many the thorns that pierced my bleeding feet;
Few were the friends that cheered me in my sorrow,
Many and strong the foes I had to meet.

Still, on I struggled, waiting for the dawning,
Hoping for light, for peace, for sweet repose;
Waiting the clouds to lift, the load to lighten,
Hoping relief to find from blighting woes.

Then as I fell, panting and torn and weary,
I heard a voice—I saw a rift in heaven;
The light broke forth—the way no more was dreary—
My strength returned—Faith unto me was given.

She raised my fainting form, imbued my spirit
With strength to bear the direst ills of life;
And Hope came too, with words of sweetest promise,
And spoke of rest after the weary strife.

Now, 'mid bright birds and flowers I onward hasten,
While Faith and Hope, twin-sisters of the soul,
Lighten my pathway, cheer with precious promise,
As on I press towards Heaven, the shining goal.

"The Larches," January, 1877.

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER VI.

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,
To think of things that are well outworn,
Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,
Of dream foregone and the deed forborne?
—SWINBURNE.

"The curse of English society," said a great French philosopher, "is its matrimonial system."

Most daughters of the wealthier and higher classes are taught from their cradle-days that the whole end and aim of their existence is a "good marriage." To attain this end they are educated, dressed and drilled. To this false god, social advancement, they bow the knee upon its altar, sacrifice honor, maidenly modesty and all that purity of feeling which used to be the proud boast of England's maidenhood. To this god Leonora Burton had sacrificed herself. All women love at some period of their lives, early or late. She had loved—with all the fresh, passionate ardor of a young, unjaded heart. What mattered to her that a worldly-wise mother and a calm, calculating father had instilled into her mind the necessity for a wealthy marriage. For a time—free from temptation—she cast their teaching from her with scorn, and vowed to love the penniless tutor and cleave to him till death. Alas! for the weakness of woman's nature and the strength of early and evil counsel. While in the vernal freshness of her passion the old, world-worn Sir Melville had appeared, and, tempting her with his title, gold and position, had won her away from her lover. While her vow was still ascending to Heaven, while her lips were yet warm with the young tutor's kisses, she deserted him and pledged her vows to the tottering baronet. How much of her mother's influence had to answer for her falseness, who shall say? False she was, and before three months had passed she became Lady Melville.

So much for the dream; the awakening came very quickly. She knew within a week what she had found and what she had lost. She had found wealth, position and power; she had lost all respect for herself, all belief in the verity and honor of the world, and above all, she had lost eternally that divine, glorious mystery—the power of love. Still her punishment was not completed. We know, from Lord Harcourt's cold, unpitying narration, the series of calamities which overwhelmed her. They were dark and heavy enough to overwhelm ninety-nine women out of the hundred. Her they neither overwhelmed nor daunted—they simply hardened. Her lover gone with a curse—her husband murdered, her child stolen—she rose, young and beautiful still, and turned, with a hollow stone where should have been her heart, and took her place in the world which she had grown to scorn and hate. With the last emotion she was liberal.

First and foremost, she hated her husband's brother—Sir Ralph. Rivershall was not entailed, and when she married the old baronet it was with the inward but firm belief that the enormous estate would fall to her whether she were childless or not. But Sir William had willed it away from her. He had left it to his brother, and portioned her off with what she deemed a miserable pittance of ten thousand a year. For this she had sold her heart, her life, and the man she loved!

At first one hope still remained to her. Could her child be recovered, the estate was still hers. To say that she did not love the infant, would, perhaps, be saying too much. She loved it, but a little only. What she loved was place, power and wealth. The loss of these she had mourned more than her babe. Thousands were spent in the endeavor to effect its recovery; but the years rolled on, and at last she was compelled to own that, if it were alive, it was lost beyond recovery, and was as good to her as dead.

Ten thousand a year still remained, and she made the most of it. Who would guess, looking at the beautiful woman, almost girl still, who sat before her glass languidly submitting to the services of her maid, that she had lived through so much? A tall, almost perfect figure, a face beautiful and full of life, hair dark and flowing in luxuriant tresses, a mouth expressive even in repose, and a voice whose subtle power men owned with a sigh, were still hers.

"Will your ladyship wear the fawn or the mauve-colored silk?" asked the maid.

"What is to-day, and what have I to do?" was the reply.

"Wednesday, and my lady is engaged for the Duchess' soirée."

"Then the fawn," replied her ladyship, "and no jewelry, Palmer."

The maid gave a slight, quick nod and finished her task.

"My lady looks beautiful this morning, but—a little rouge?"

"Not for the world, Palmer. How often am I to repeat that I will not paint? You have spoilt yourself, my good girl, with that old marchioness. She painted because she was compelled. I ——"

"True, my lady; a thousand pardons," murmured the maid. "I had forgotten."

And she placed a delicate trifle of a handkerchief on the table. Her ladyship, with a satisfied glance at the mirror, rose and descended to the drawing-room, upon the table of which lay a small heap of cards already, although it was little past the hour of noon. She turned them over with careless interest, but her face changed for a moment as she took up one which bore the name of Lord Harcourt.

"So," she murmured, "his lordship has grown out of his sulks, and is amiable enough to sue for forgiveness. Ah, what fools these men are! Cringe to them, and they throw you a scornful laugh; beat them, and they crawl like cowed puppies at your feet. Claude Ainsley, too! Poor fellow, if I had any pity he should have it; but I have, alas! none. Sworn friends these two, yet how different. One deep, impassable as the Sphinx; the other honest and open as the day. Well, well, all are fish that come to our nets—the fisher knows no distinction. What can Harcourt want with me? Something, for a certainty. He is not the man to hover round the lamp which has already singed him. He is not —— Come in."

"Lord Harcourt, my lady."

My lady bent her head, and the footman showed in his lordship. Her ladyship's self-communing frown was changed in a moment to a smile of welcome as the handsome peer drooped his head with a courtly bow.

"Ah, my lord! I was just conning your card. It is good of you to give me a second chance."

"I should have known that Lady Melville would not smile upon the world so early," replied his lordship, with calm grace, seating himself as he spoke on a chair near her comfortable lounge, and fixing his eyes upon her face.

"Your lordship's memory is so defective that one must pardon you for worse errors," retorted her ladyship, with the slightest suspicion of sarcasm.

Lord Harcourt bent his head slightly.

"Your ladyship is very kind and gracious, as usual. My memory is bad."

"Very bad"—she interrupted him with a provoking smile—"or you would not have forgotten that I have been at home three weeks, and that you have not seen fit to call."

"Had I known that your ladyship would have accorded me so sweet a reception, I would have sped hither on the wings of ——"

"A hawk," she broke in impatiently. "A truce to this mummery, Harcourt. Why have you called? You have not wasted a precious hour to bandy sarcasms. What is your mission? Why do you wish to see me?"

Lord Harcourt settled himself in his chair with an air of satisfied ease.

"Come," he said; "this is sensible, Leonora. I had feared you would stick to your unsuitable part much longer. You are right; I should not have called for a pleasant half-hour's small talk, nor for a like amount of clever sarcasm. I have a mission, if you choose to call it such."

She nodded impatiently, and her white hand toyed rapidly with the lace upon her bosom.

"First, my dear Leonora, are you well?"

"Do I not look it?" she retorted.

"Beautiful—nay, more beautiful than ever," he replied courteously. "Sincerely, I think you have the secret of Circe. I leave you fagged and jaded with a London season; I return to find you more buoyant then ever. Age has no terror, decay no sting, for Lady Melville. Beautiful and wonderful forever!"

She smiled.

"Your memory is bad, Harcourt, very bad, or you would remember that such badinage has long ceased to move me. I know that I am still well-favored; you know that I am still young. Now, please, go on."

Unmoved by her cold retort, and glancing with almost cruel satisfaction at the nerveless hand, he continued:

"Leonora, I have just met Sir Ralph and Miss Lily Melville."

She turned pale, and her eyes flashed upon him with an angry glance.

"Well?"

"I have also met—nay, dined—with the Baron de Moniporte."

"Well?" she repeated, her eyes dropping before his cold, searching glance, and her hand worrying the costly lace still more passionately.

"Sir Ralph looks exceedingly well, and his daughter, if possible, better. She is also extremely beautiful—not your style of beauty, my dear Leonora, but a more angelic, intellectual loveliness. If the woman bears out the by no means dim promises of the girl, the world will hear something of Lilian Melville."

The proud, passionate woman rose haughtily from her seat, and stood before the languid figure of her tormentor, trembling with passion.

"Have you come for no other purpose than to sing the praises of the two creatures I hate most in the world?" she asked in a low-breathed whisper.

'Not entirely, my dear Leonora," he replied, eyeing her with calm regard—"not entirely. You have not heard me out. Surely my Lady Melville can endure to hear that there may by possibility exist another beautiful woman besides herself. But to resume; pray sit down, or I shall have to rise, and you know my indolence. To resume: I dined to-day with my lord the Baron—an excellent man ——"

"A low, money-lending Jew."

"Pardon me—a German Israelite, with a high-sounding title, and a rent-roll as long as your ladyship's train."

She winced at the cruel irony of the retort, and, paler by several degrees, leaned forward on the lounge with her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Gc on," she said; "I think I understand you. I pray you will not spare me. Go on."

"Thank you," he said, inclining his handsome head. "The worthy Baron, though usually no ascetic, ate but little, and left me more than my share of his *chef's* excellent dishes. But he made up for his abstinence in that respect by absorbing all the conversation. A man with one theme is sometimes tiresome. But who could be weary of so divine a topic as Lady Melville's bewitching charms and graces?"

She raised her eyes to his face for a moment, then relapsed into the old attitude.

"The worthy Baron sang your praises through the ten courses and a most elaborate dessert, and, fostering by a few words so excellent a state of mind, I left him sitting over his Chateau Margeaux, madly in love with the celebrated goddess."

He paused and wiped his moustache with leisurely grace, and, after glancing at the pale face opposite him with a keen but rapid scrutiny, continued.

"The following morning I called upon my man of business. Were it impossible for a man of business to weep, poor Bostock would, I have no doubt, have shed tears. The Grange, he tells me, is mortgaged to the neck, the home farm is sinking into a similar slough. Money is not to be had, and, unless some unforeseen Providence comes to the rescue, the Right Honorable Lord Harcourt, Marquis of Devonhill and Knight of the Garter, will be a ruined man."

Lady Melville started to her feet once more.

"Heaven be my witness, your fiendish calmness drives me mad! What were you sent into the world for? Why do you cross my path? How can you sit there and calmly tell me such things? Before all the world save you I never flinch—never break down. But you—you are less and worse than man."

He laughed, for the first time, with a soft, pleasant music that seemed to heighten the woman's passion.

"Why should I go into heroics? If I were tempted to, my dear Leonora, the knowledge of the effect they have upon you would keep me from them. You are warm—crimson—and the Duchess' party coming off in an hour! Ah, me! when will woman learn to be as wise as she is beautiful?"

"Not while she has a heart," retorted Lady Melville, sinking into her place again, trembling, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"Which I am assured you can lay no claim to," he said quietly. "But we are wasting time. I place my situation before you. I am not ungentlemanly enough—hard as you are upon my defects, you must admit that—to remind you of its cause. Alas! my cheque-book tells the story. How often the sweet name of Leonora Melville appears within it! So I simply point out to you the predicament into which I have fallen. I remind you that I look to your influence, your wit and your beauty to save me from the ruin which your —— But I am forgetting. Nay, more, I point out to you a means of aggrandizement and further power. I snare the golden bird and place him in your hands with the utmost respect. What answer do you make?"

She dropped her eyes to the carpet and clasped her hands.

"You say I have no heart," she muttered. "You are wrong. I have just the shadow of one left, and it is sufficient to give me strength to say no!"

He seemed not one whit disconcerted. On the contrary, he smiled.

"Poor Leonora," he said, "I am sorry for you. You calculate so deeply, so mistakenly. You think you hold two cards."

"Name them!" she said, flashing upon him.

"With pleasure. First, the King of Spades—Sir Ralph's and his daughter's deaths. They will outlive you, my lady, if you give way to many such emotions as I have witnessed this morning. Secondly"—he broke off suddenly, and stretching forth his hand, took up the visiting-cards. Turning them over slowly, she watching him all the while with angry eyes, he picked out Claude Ainsley's, and, holding it up, smiled pitilessly as he saw her turn pale. "Secondly, Claude Ainsley. As to that, I dined with the handsome lad a few days since. He, like the Baron, was full of your praises and as deeply in love. Hem!"

"You—you spoke of me?" she breathed, rising and holding the arm of the settee with one clasped hand.

"I am really afraid I must take my departure," he said, rising languidly, as if he had not heard the question. "I likewise have the honor of a ducal invitation—possibly I shall meet your ladyship in the grounds."

She looked at him with blazing eyes, speechless. He took his hat, and, with the most perfect grace, made his bow and retired.

Her hand fell upon the silver bell, which was to summon the footman to conduct him through the hall, as if it were a weapon.

"Fiend!" she breathed. "Fiend!"

CHAPTER VII.

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.—WORDSWORTH.

There was a fashionable crowd at the Duchess of Sparkleton's afternoon soiree, and a jostling of sects and ranks that was perfectly perplexing. My Lord and Marquis of Carabbas could be seen in earnest conversation with Geoffrey Lambert, the last literary lion, who had written the most audacious novel of the season. At one corner was a knot of small-fry politicians, discussing the capabilities of a new Minister and earnestly speculating upon the results of the coming election. Just behind them chatter and mumble a group of admirably preserved old-young ladies, who, forgetful of their own backslidings, are busily engaged tearing and tomahawking the character of their friends.

But in the centre of the room sits the Duchess herself, resplendent in silks and the family rubies, with the Duke, bewigged and bestarred, at her side, chatting with sprightly animation to Lady Meville, who is attired in her fawn silk, with two above-price pearls at her wrists and a bloodless Turkish talisman falling and rising on her bosom.

Not far off, and apparently listening to the feeble dribblings from the lips of an African explorer, was my Lord Harcourt, his cold, calm eyes fixed meditatively upon the beautiful Leonora, and his white hand smoothing the shining moustache.

Occasionally he looks towards the door, through which can just be seen the shimmer of two footmen, gorgeous in the ducal livery, but not with impatience, for my lord cannot be impatient—his nature will not allow of it.

One of his side-glances in that direction is suddenly arrested, and the whole attention of the room attracted likewise by the entrance of a singularly handsome gentleman, who is announced by the gorgeous footman as "The Chevalier de Morni," who, with a leisurely step and a graceful bearing, makes his way up the long line of Turkey carpet and bows to her grace.

There is something so peculiarly attractive in the perfect form of the newcomer, in his full, quietly powerful eye and lightly flowing hair, that the distinguished assemblage give him a few minutes' curious staring, but return politely to their several conversations, as, after saluting, the Chevalier saunters to the piano, and commences a conversation with the celebrated amateur, turning over the music.

"Who is the Chevalier?" murmurs Lady Melville in the Duke's ear.

"I—I—'pon my word, my lady, I do not know," laughs his grace good-humoredly. "Some lion her grace has discovered, no doubt."

"Perhaps a musician," smiles her ladyship, taking a glance at the Chevalier, but quickly averting her eyes before his, which happened at that moment to be fixed upon her. "He has gone to the piano, I see; strange your true musician can never keep away from his instrument even for a moment."

"I don't know, I'll ask her grace," said the Duke, and, hurrying to the Duchess, he put the question.

Now, the indiscriminate character of the Duchess' invitations had always been a sore point between herself and her distinguished spouse. She was an indefatigable lion-hunter, and was never so happy as when adding to her well-stocked menagerie some famous actor, speaker, traveler or musician.

"LILY MELVILLE."—The proud, passionate woman rose haughtily from her seat, and stood before the languid figure of her tormentor, trembling with passion.

All celebrities were fish in her net. Two mornings before this soiree her secretary informed her that Chevalier De Morni, a distinguished linguist and musician, had expressed a desire to secure a ticket for the soiree, and her grace, with her usual anxiety, had instructed the secretary to supply him with one.

This was all she knew of the strange guest, but it would never do to admit her ignorance to the Duke; so, with her blandest smile, she replied:

"Fie! not know the Chevalier! My dear Sparkleton, he is the best-known man in Venice."

Perfectly satisfied with his consort's answer, his grace informed Lady Melville that the Chevalier was a Venetian poet, and then strolled off to ask some question of Lord Harcourt, who had escaped from the toils of the traveler, and was lounging against a Thorwaldsen statuette, still bestowing glances towards the door.

A few chords were struck upon the piano, and the buzz of talk ceased. The maestro of the evening was about to perform. Up and down, change hands, vivace, andante, con expressione, fortissimo, pianissmo—all the possible and impossible changes of the instrument were beaten, coaxed and tortured out, and then the wonderful musician turned to receive the hum of applause.

"De—light—ful," murmured the ladies.

"Splendid, by Jove, never played better," growled the gentlemen.

Away went the Duchess to thank the performer, and conversation was on its legs again.

Presently an Eastern traveler was on his legs with half a dozen maps and a carpet-bag full of curiosities. He talked and talked, and exhibited and exhibited, for half an hour, and all were in raptures.

Then came the coffee, tissue-paper slices of Italian bread and butter, poisonous and digestion-destroying confections. This was the refreshment. Lord Harcourt took the music, the traveler's lecture, and the unhealthy viands with the same air of languid indifference, but within he was growing impatient.

The time was slipping away, the expected guest had not arrived, and Lady Melville was smiling with something approaching an air of relief. And now came a fresh excitement. The mysterious Chevalier was seating himself at the piano, and the gold eye-glasses were examining his back-hair with curious interest. Without any striking of chords, the handsome musician commenced a something that was particularly taking, though perfectly unknown. It was very simple, so the learned said, and scarcely classical, but the unlearned were delighted and secretly preferred it to the elaborate fireworks which the master had graciously let off, and, if possible, there was greater buzzing of applause, amidst which the Duchess whispered confidentially:

"Superb, is it not? His own composition; he promised me he would give it us last night."

Which, considering her grace had never set eyes upon the Chevalier before that afternoon, was not so bad for a duchess. There was a general movement to the piano, and the Chevalier was prayed for another effort; but he had made his sensation, and was wise enough to rest upon it. Declining all persuasions, he, with infinite tact, disentangled himself from the group, and retired to a distant corner, in which he could be heard discoursing in fine Spanish to a poet and dramatist of that nation. There was a "horrid pause" here, and the Duchess looked alarmed; but, fortunately for the success of her soiree, the gigantic footman was heard to announce: "The Baron de Moniporte!" and in a few minutes the wealthy Crœsus waddled in. There was a flutter amongst the mothers of marriageable daughters, and men who owed the Baron sundry moneys, and a general surrounding of his bulky person.

He was a little, fat, ugly man, with vulgarity stamped upon his Jewish features, and exhaling from his whole person, dressed in the loudest style and the most conspicuous colors, and literally shining with glittering first-water brilliants and emeralds. He would have been an ornament and delight to Whitechapel, but seemed fearfully out of place in a ducal saloon. Not so seemed to think the Duchess and her friends, for they gave the vulgar old usurer a most cordial welcome, and, pardoning his plebeian wealth, forgetting, or at least overlooking his atrocious leer, loud jewelry and abominable manners, remembered only his Rhine rent-roll and his enormous riches.

It was a sad sight, but too common a one to call forth any comment. The golden calf is still worshiped and deified, though it takes the shape of such a monstrous pig as the Baron de Moniporte.

A slight expression of sarcastic meaning shot from Lord Harcourt's eyes as he watched the flattering reception of the Baron, and he looked from the group to the couch where Lady Melville sat, pale and distrait, with a cold, wicked smile that said as plainly as smile could speak:

"He has come; now do my bidding."

"Charmed, charmed, your grace," grunted the wealthy Israelite, in answer to some remark of the Duchess, and with a strong accent, caused, no doubt, by the hook in his nose, through which the greater part of his conversation had to squeeze itself. "Sorry I'm so late, but fact is my cook—Monsieur Girardon, you know; came from the Marquis de Moulberry; the best cook in the world, your grace, though I say it as shouldn't say it—he was two hours with the luncheon, and my state of health is so—so—vhat do you call it?"

"Peck-arious," murmured a wag, but with careful inaudibility.

"That I daren't come without mine lunch. Ah, milord"—this to Harcourt, who now came forward and offered his hand—"you're here, I see. What have you been doin'? Strumming? No, that aint in your line, though. Speechifying? No, no! Ah, ah! I know, sleepin'. Sleepin' is the only thing you do, eh! my lord? I vill back you to sleep against anyone for one tousand poundsh!"

At this delicate sally there was a hollow titter, some gushing lady of title and old blood murmuring:

"The dear Baron is so eccentric."

Lord Harcourt, not a whit disconcerted, smiled grimly.

"You are always so acute an observer of manner and style, my dear Baron, that it is a waste of time to contradict you. Sorry you are so late, you have missed Senor Pascatelli's fugue."

"What's that?" asked the Baron. "Moosic or something to eat?"

"Music, my dear Baron," explained the gushing lady. "Shall I ask him to play it again for you?"

"No, no, oh, dear, no!" hurriedly replied the Baron, alarmed at the suggestion. "I don't like music; never did. I had an uncle who used to play de concertina. Oh, my, how he vould play, but I never had any ear myself. You know one can't do two things—make music and monish, and I ——"

Here he broke off suddenly, for he had at last caught sight of Lady Melville, for whom his big, outstaring eyes had been searching ever since he had entered the room.

Waddling through the groups of worshipers, he made an elaborate bow, by placing his huge fat hand upon his figured satin waistcoat, and ducking his begreased head pretty well in her pale face, and sank with a hippopotamus sigh by her side.

"I hope I see your ladyship well," he grunted.

Lady Melville shot one glance full of hate and contempt at the calm face of Lord Harcourt, which had again taken up its place beneath the scarcely more expressionless one of the statue, and then, as if with an effort, smiled an answer at the Baron.

"Quite well, my dear Baron, and you? How late you are! You should have postponed your luncheon till supper-time rather than have missed such beautiful music and lectures."

"Postpone!" echoed the Baron, looking horrified, but breaking into a chuckle at last and muttering: "Your ladyship will always have your bit of fun with the poor Baron. No, no, I can't do without my leetle lunch. I should be—what you call it?—exhausted. Who is that pale-faced looking shentleman setting in the corner there?" he asked suddenly, pointing his red forefinger, upon which blazed a huge cluster ring, at the aristocratic-looking Chevalier.

"The Chevalier de Morni," replied Lady Melville, leaning back and fluttering her fan. "Do you know him?"

"I fancied I had seen his face somewhere," said the Baron, still fixing his eyes upon the Chevalier. "Is he a Sherman?"

"A German? No, I think not—oh, no, I remember, a Venetian."

"Ah!" said the Baron, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and falling back with a grunt, "then I don't know him. Venetian! Hem, Italians are always poor, very poor. Von tousand pounds between ten of 'em. I could buy the whole state if I took a fancy to do it," he added in a confidential whisper loud enough to be heard all over the room. "Buy 'em all up, every one of 'em."

"I don't doubt it," said her ladyship sweetly. "You are really too rich, my dear Baron, too rich. One is quite afraid of you."

"No, no," he chuckled, "you can't have too much monish'." But suddenly looking serious and amatory: "You don't mean to say that you are afraid of me? Don't say that, you know, because—here, come into this corner; I vant to vhisper something in your ear."

And he rose with a mysterious nod.

Once more the dark eyes were lifted to the calm ones by the statue, and this time almost with entreaty, but they met the same cold, immovably commanding gaze; and, with a smile that was hard and bitter, she rose, and, taking the arm of her vulgar admirer, allowed him to lead her into the corner.

"Well?" she said, trying to speak banteringly. "What important secret are you going to confide? Be careful—a woman is not to be trusted."

He chuckled.

"Ah, ah; your ladyship is always so merry. What do you tink I am going to say? Come, you can't guess, I'll bet a tousand pounds, Eh, eh? Vell, come a little closer. I vas dining with my Lord Harcourt—look at him over tere, he is gone to sleep again!—I dined with him. Just a leetle snack at Verey's—cold pigeon, truffle and—eh, never mind" (with a profound sigh), "it was a very nice dinner. Vell, he vas saying that my Lady Melville—ve vas speaking of you, you must know—vas a great friend of the Baron, meanin' me, and that if he, meanin' me, plucked up his courage, he might—eh?"

This last exclamation was addressed with no little impatience to the Spanish poet, who came up at that moment, and, touching the Baron's arm, murmured with a true Spanish bow:

"Will senor the Baron permit me to introduce my friend the Chevalier de Morni?"

"Eh, what?" said the Baron, his usual introductory expression, which he considered the most fashionable and aristocratic. "How do you do? Glad to see you. Er, er, my lady, I'll tell you another time. What was you sayin', mister Chevalier?"

With a deep breath of relief—for the interruption had come at an opportune moment for her—the woman of the world smiled sweetly, and taking the arm of Lord Harcourt, who at that moment strolled leisurely forward, left the Baron talking with the Chevalier, who seemed to have already gained the wealthy money-lender's attentive interest.

"A loan to the Southern States, eh?" he repeated eagerly, his yellow eyes rolling.

"Yes," said the Chevalier in an undertone. "It is for the transaction of that and other equally important business that I am here in England. When can I call upon your lordship? It is, as you will acknowledge, too important a matter for a crowded saloon."

"Yes, yes," responded the Baron eagerly; "yes, of course. Vell, vell, good security, you say, and the interest—yes, yes. Vell, vell, come and see me to-morrow. Heresh the address. Vhat, you know? Very vell, ve'll see vhat can be done. But," clutching at the Chevalier's coat-sleeve as, with a respectful bow, he was about to walk away, "but monesh ish very scarce, very scarce."

A move towards the carriages was now being made, and a general crush gradually developing itself. Musicians, actors, singers and travelers were clutching their hats and assisting ladies with their cloaks and wraps.

Standing near the door, the Chevalier got into the worst of the melee, owing, no doubt, to his ignorance of English manners and customs, and in his attempts at disentanglement first trod upon the Baron's toes, and, in backing with the most profuse apologies, crushed against Lord Harcourt and Lady Melville, whom his lordship was escorting. With a thousand prayers for pardon he hurried on and was soon lost in the mass struggling at the bottom of the grand staircase.

"We had better stand a little aside," said Lord Harcourt.

Lady Melville answered nothing and allowed herself to be led into a niche half-filled by a bronze figure.

Quickly as it had grown, the crush died away, and then they stepped down and proceeded.

"Where is your wrap?" asked his lordship.

"In the carriage," was the low reply.

"You will catch cold," he said, glancing at her bare shoulders, but without the slightest anxiety or regard in his cold eyes.

She shook her head, and, drawing her lace handkerchief, threw it round her neck. As she did so she stopped suddenly and glanced downwards at her bosom, then, with a faint cry, turned white and sank against the balustrade.

"What is the matter?" asked Lord Harcourt, in a low voice, his eyes fixed on her face for a moment, then flashing round to see if any others had noticed her. "Are you ill? Bear up till you get to the carriage. We do not want a scene."

She shook her head, and, vainly trying to recover her composure, breathed:

"My talisman—it is gone!"

"Is that all?" said Lord Harcourt, with a curled lip.

"All!" she repeated, flashing round upon him with a sudden and most unexpected ferocity. "All! How dare you? You do not know the value."

"Bah!" he said, with still greater scorn; "a worthless Oriental bauble. I thought it was one of your pearls. Be sensible, for Heaven's sake. You will find it upstairs."

Before he had finished or she could make any further retort, there was a loud shout from the hall beneath them, and a voice, the Baron's shouted:

"My diamond stud! My precious diamond. Mine Gott! it is stolen!"

With a start Lady Melville turned whiter still.

"Come," she said, "the same thief has them both," and, shutting her lips with a look of determined silence, she passed through the bewildered group and gained the carriage.

Lord Harcourt, after closing the door, went back to the hall, but only, so it seemed, to enjoy the distracting grief of the miserable Baron, who on his hands and knees was groping about for his precious gem, whining all the while that it was stolen and that he should see it no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hope lit her beacon in his soul
And flashed o'er his existence.—WALLER.

The evening of the same day the lad Cli was sitting in the grim room of the house in Spitalfields, not thinking, as we saw him first, but seated at a small desk-shaped table, and working at some task across which the bright gleams of a powerful lamp were directed. He looked paler than when we saw him last, and there was a weary air about the turn of his head and the occasional straightening of his back. Bent over his work, which was nothing more nor less than the engraving of a false banknote plate, he did not hear tne door open, and looked up with a start as Melchior laid a hand upon his shoulder.

Cli glanced at his attire with a sigh, and sank back into the chair wearily.

"You are fine to-night, Melchior," he said, with another dreamy glance at the elaborate evening dress and ruffled shirt, sparkling with diamond studs and showing up the graceful figure.

"Yes, this is one of our fine-feather days, Cli. This afternoon we have been a grand individual—no less than the Chevalier de Morni, Venetian politician, and small lion of the Duchess of Sparkleton's soiree."

The lad looked up at his mocking face with a wistful expression.

"You have been where?" he asked.

"To a Duchess' humbug-gathering, Cli, lad. Amongst England's aristocracy and genius. All talkee, talkee—singy, singy—pride, envy, malice, and rare brilliants. Of the hodge-podge I have confined myself to bringing away a specimen of the last, which is—this."

And he dropped the Baron's gem from his taper finger and thumb onto the desk with a light laugh.

Cli took it up, held it up to catch the scintillations and then put it down again gravely.

"Come, have you no word for it, Cli? Not a single note of admiration? Why, lad, show a lady such a beautiful stone as that and she would scream with delight. It is of the first water and weighs—ahem—where are the scales? No matter, Cli; it is good enough for you, eh, let the weight be what it will?"

"For me," repeated the youth indifferently. "What should I do with such a thing, Melchior?"

And with a sigh he took up his graver and bent over his plate again.

The man, with a slight smile, drew the tool from his thin hand and dropped his own strong white one on the lad's shoulder.

"Put it by for to-night. Cli; you have been working too long already. Go and fetch the wine, we will empty a bottle to-night. Pour out a libation to the Goddess Chance and pledge her for our success."

The youth rose languidly and left the room to obey the command, and Melchoir, seating himself in the chair, took up the plate and examined it.

"Wonderful!" he muttered. "The boy is a genius. What a result for so little study and practice! The thing is almost perfect. A little more half-tone about the figures and the trick is done. Ah, this is a royal road to fortune, and, by the gods, we'll tread it merrily. Fifty pounds lie there. One hour, and a score of fifties can be created. Oh, wonderful and mighty art of printing! But here comes Cli. Best keep his ardor at sticking point. Now, lad, fill your glass; no, let us have no refusal. To-night is a turning-point in our lives, Cli, and we will sit awhile on the milestone and look back, and forward too, perhaps. Have you had your supper?"

"Yes," was the reply, "some hours since."

"That's well. Now bring your chair to the fire, set your glass down at your elbow and listen to me."

The youth did as he was directed, and Melchior, filling his own glass, lifted it up to the light of the fire and looked at the ruby wine approvingly. Then, crossing his legs, he pulled down the ruffles at his wrists, and, leaning back, regarded the pale face before him for a few moments in silence.

"You told me to listen," said Cli, raising his dark eyes from the fire and fixing them on his companion.

"And do you hear nothing?" retorted Melchior, in a rapt voice, raising his hand and assuming an attitude of attention. "Listen still, Cli. Hark! There is the tread of many men, they are marching in grand array—aristocratic faces and courtly bearing. Women's satin slippers chime in too, and the wealthiest and the best of the modern Babylon are prancing along in velvets and silks, emeralds and rubies. There's a river of prosperity for you, Cli. Listen to it! Grand music—the chink and chime of gold! Sweet breezes—the rustle of banknotes! Now look," and as if the pageant he described were really passing behind the curtain, he pointed with flashing eyes. "Who is that young fellow there at the head—the best-looking, the most gallant of the lot? He leads them as a shepherd leads a flock of silly sheep. They fall at his feet and kiss the ground. Look at him, Cli, well. He has pale face. dark. full eyes, aristocratic figure, a soft, sweet voice. By Heaven, Cli, he is wonderfully like you! By the gods, lad, it is yourself! You leading the world by the nose; you, splendid in purple and fine linen; you with rank, wealth and beauty kneeling at your feet, shouting your praises to the balmy air! Look, Cli, and listen!"

For a moment the lad's face flushed, but only for a moment; the next it regained its old pallor, and the mobile mouth curled with a sad scorn.

"A pretty picture, Melchior, and enviable. But a picture only, a folly of the imagination, as you have taught me to call all such illusions."

The man gazed at him with keen curiosity for a moment, and then said abruptly:

"How old are you, Cli?"

"Sixteen—so you have told me."

"And you speak like a man of sixty! You think my panorama an impossibility—a mockery, delusion and snare? Fill your glass, lad." And as he spoke he filled his own. "Now," he rose and lifted the overbrimming glass above his head, speaking in a deep, grave voice that seemed to thrill through the lad's heart, "I swear by this wine—the product of our Goddess Nature—that I—I, Melchior, the knave of the world, will, before three years have passed over our heads, place you in the front rank of wealth and fashion. And this I swear by all I hold as sacred."

And as he concluded he thrust his hand into his bosom, plucking forth a small stone engraved with Turkish talismanic characters, and kissed it reverently.

The lad's breath came fast. He knew and believed in the speaker's wonderful power; a something within him whispered that it was no idle vaunt, and a something within his heart set his blood stirring at the reflection.

As if moved by an unaccountable impulse he rose from his chair.

"You swear!" he cried with parted lips and wide-opened eyes.

"I swear!" nodded Melchior.

"Then—then ——"

"Speak out," said Melchior, as he hesitated and sank into his chair.

"Then I shall know from where and whom I sprang—then shall I learn whom I have the right to call 'Father, Mother?' Then the mystery which has enwrapped me, as you have told me, from the cradle, will be cleared away ——"

"Nay, not so fast, Cli, lad!" interrupted Melchior. "I said no such thing. I promised no such enlightenment."

"Am I to know nothing—ever remain in ignorance?" said the lad sadly. "Will you tell me no single thing, explain nothing of the events which occur daily?"

"Yes," said Melchior, after a moment's silence, during which he had sat with his eyes fixed upon the fire. "Try me with anything save that one forbidden topic, Cli. Ask me a question and I promise that, if I can, I will answer it honestly."

"Then," said the youth, and paused. But with a girlish blush and averted eyes continued hurriedly: "Tell me the name of the gentleman whose horses knocked me down in the park."

"Hem!" mused Melchior. "The name of the gentleman who—well, I see no objection. But first let me ask you, Cli, how you guessed that I knew him?"

"What is there you do not know?" said the youth sadly.

"Flattering, but unanswerable. Well, Cli, his name was Sir Ralph Melville."

"Sir Ralph Melville," repeated the youth, as if he were engraving the words upon the tablets of his brain, "and—and the little girl."

"The beautiful little girl, Cli," replied Melchior, "was his daughter, Lily. A perfect little fairy, and I am told as clever as she is beautiful. Youth, intellect and beauty."

And, with a sudden gesture, keeping his searching eyes still fixed upon the face of the youth, he raised his glass.

Cli raised his likewise, but suddenly set it down at his elbow, and with a start said:

"I will drink no more, Melchior." Good-night."

"Good-night, lad—good-night, lad," called Melchior after him, as he swung aside the curtains and disappeared, "and sweet dreams of fairyland," muttering as he rose and warmed his hands at the fire: "Soh, round goes the wheel! Now, what the mischief is working in that young imp's brain?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNDER THE SOD.

Burial of Wild Bill.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO CHARLEY UTTER (COLORADO CHARLEY),
BY CAPT. JACK.

[Capt. J. W. Crawford, otherwise "Capt. Jack," is also known west of the Missouri as the Poet-scout of the Black Hills, and last Winter his extempore songs and poetic declamations were the life of the mining-camps in that section. As guide to an expedition in search of gold, he was one of the first to explore the Black Hills country, and credited to him are some of the quickest and most daring rides on record. Last August, in response to a telegram from Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody), he started on horseback, and alone, to join General Crook, whose command he found in five days, after a ride of five hundred miles through the Big Horn country. On another occasion he carried dispatches for a leading New York newspaper from Owl Creek to Fort Laramie, a distance of over four hundred miles, inside of four days, beating five fresh couriers and getting in five hours ahead of all others. The dispatch cost $250, and a supplementary dispatch descriptive of Capt. Jack's remarkable ride cost $150 more, which, with $500 paid Capt. Jack for his services as courier, made *The Herald's* outlay $900. These costly dispatches appeared in that paper on Sept. 17, 1876, the day on which Capt. Jack wrote the poem given below, which now appears in print for the first time. After Buffalo Bill left General Merritt's cavalry on the Yellowstone River, Capt. Jack was appointed chief of scouts with that command. At present he is a character-actor with Buffalo Bill's traveling company. Verses from his pen have from time to time appeared in these columns; and accompanying his present contribution is a personal narration that could not possibly be couched in more expressive language than the simple words he himself has chosen: "A word or two of my former history. I am twenty-eight years of age, stand five feet eleven inches high, and weigh 178lb. I entered the army in 1863, and at that time could not write my own name. I scouted for General Hartranft, and was wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. While in the Saterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, one of the Sisters of Charity taught me to read and to write (and may she be an angel for it!). After five months spent in the hospital, I returned to the field, and was again wounded, this time at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865, after which I was discharged. Since then I have led a wandering life, mostly on the plains. I have written many poems after the style of Bret Harte. Gen. Custer's death was first put into rhyme by me." James B. Hickox ("Wild Bill"), who was killed at Deadwood, Wy. Ter., on Aug. 2 last, was, we believe, the husband of Mrs. Agnes Lake, widow of the widely-known circus manager William Lake, who was murdered at Granby, Mo., Aug. 21, 1869, by a man whom he had ejected from his show for attempting to see it without paying. The murderer of "Wild Bill" was last week sentenced to be hanged next March. —ED. CLIPPER.]

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng
And the friends he loved the best;
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
As over the sward we trod,
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid the good and true—
An honest heart and a noble scout
Has bade us a last adieu.
No more his silvery voice will ring,
His spirit has gone to God;
Around his faults let Charity cling,
While we cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the land of gold
We have laid the fearless Bill;
We called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.
With generous heart he freely gave
To the poorly clad, unshod—
Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch
You have laid his last remains;
No more his manly form will hail
The red-man on the plains.
And Charley, may Heaven bless you!
You gave him a "bully good send;"
Bill was a friend to you, pard,
And you were his last, best friend.

You buried him 'neath the old pine-tree,
In that little world of ours,
His trusty rifle by his side—
His grave all strewn with flowers;
His manly form in sweet repose,
That lovely silken hair—
I tell you, pard, it was a sight
That face so white and fair!

And while he sleeps beneath the sod
His murderer goes free,
Released by a perjured, gaming set
Who'd murder you and me—
Whose coward hearts dare never meet
A brave man on the square.
Well, pard, they'll find a warmer clime
Than they ever found out there.

Hell is full of just such men;
And if Bill is above to-day
The Almighty will have enough to do
To keep him from going away—
That is, from making a little scout
To the murderer's home below;
And if old Peter will let him out,
He can clean out the ranche, I know.

HOW HE SUBDUED A KICKER.—A beautiful and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any person to handle his feet. In an attempt to shoe such a horse recently he resisted every effort, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and nearly killed himself on that, and finally was brought back to the stable unshod. This defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plow, where he might work barefoot, when an officer, lately returned from Mexico, took a cord about the size of a common bed cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string—not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog, suffered his feet to be handled with impunity, and acted in all respects like an old stager.

A PROFLIGATE WITH HORSES.—"In what way is your husband profligate?" asked a California Judge. "What do you mean?" the woman asked. "In what does his profligacy consist? What does he do when he is profligate?" "Oh, I understand. Well, he's profligate with horses." The Judge's countenance underwent a variety of expressions, in which astonishment and perplexity predominated, as he put the next interrogatory: "Profligate with horses! What—what do you mean by that?" "Well, he went, not long ago, to haul twenty dozen eggs two miles to sell them; and he hadn't got more than half way when the horses shied, tipped the wagon over, and broke thirteen dozen—and eggs fifty cents a dozen at that. If that aint being profligate with horses, then I don't know what is."

AN AUTHORITY ON WIND.—A lawyer and a parson were talking about which way the wind was. The former said: "We go by the court-house vane." "And we," replied the parson, "go by the church-vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind that is the best authority!" And the parson went home to cogitate.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Applicable to "Snaps" Otherwise than "Cold Snaps."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND INSCRIBED TO DAVE O'BRIEN,
BY BART. SMITH.

Ah! you wonder I am thin,
And looking seedy and old;
The reason, I'm sure, is plain,
I've been "left out in the cold."

Yes; it was a *solid* "snap"—
The treasury lined with gold;
Promises are bad to take
And be "left out in the cold."

When the second town we struck,
Our "funeral" bell was tolled—
The manager jumped the gang,
And left us "out in the cold."

Don't rope me into more "snaps,"
Even if "they're as good as gold;"
My shoes are worn, and I don't *burn*
To be "left out in the cold."

What's that? "Big boodle," you say,
"Manager with wealth untold?"
It's a stand-off, stay or go,
Whether I'll be "out in the cold."

'Get my sugar sure?" All right;
But that racket's getting old.
The "rocks" in hand are best
To keep you out of the cold.

Cincinnati, Dec. 20, 1876.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There was nothing much the matter with Mose Taylor but for his bump of betting; he was passably cute in his dealings; Chicago men generally are, and constitutionally fond of getting round an "Eastern." But, for all that, it was not difficult to get on with Mose, if you overlooked the habit he had of pulling you into a bet on every conceivable opportunity. He had riled me a good many times, and I had made a vow never to bet with him after his last little transaction, whereby a ten-dollar bill of mine passed into his possession in this wise. We were supping at an oyster-saloon, and he offered to bet me that amount that he would open half a dozen oysters before I could eat them. As I had witnessed his attempts on a previous occasion upon oyster-shells, I accepted the bet fearlessly. The bivalves were brought, and the umpire stood by, stakes in hand. Mose worked away laboriously, and so slowly did he accomplish his job that ample time was afforded me to clean the fish of the splinters his bungling knife produced before I swallowed each. No sooner was the sixth disposed of than I looked at him, as he wiped his hands, for an acknowledgment of his defeat.

"Well, I guess I have won those ten dollars middling easy, New-Yorker," said he calmly.

"Won?" I cried. "You won? Why, I could eat fifty before you opened half of them."

"Could you?" he said with a Chicago grin. "Just try. Matt, bring fifty oysters unopened, and let the gentleman try to eat them, shells and all."

I understood the sell then. Sure enough, I had not eaten them *before* he had opened them.

The umpire decided against me, and Mose pocketed the money; but I felt riled, as I say.

Some weeks after, I went into housekeeping, as a preparatory measure to going into matrimony; and one morning Mose Taylor called on me just as a new dining-room table was delivered at the house. The table, which was taken to pieces, was set down in the hall, and Mose stood examining it while I went for my hat and a cigar, previous to accompanying him on a visit. Now, the sitting-room door happened to face a mirror; and as I passed the latter a peculiar movement of Mr. Mose, reflected therein, drew my attention. He was stooping down, with his back to the open door, measuring the leg of my new table with a tape. I watched him, without speaking, measure first one leg, then another; and it was not long before an inkling of the cunning fellow's intention crossed my mind. I held my peace, however; suffered him to complete his examination; and, as though quite unconscious of the proceeding on his part, rejoined him, feeling prepared for the offer of a bet of some nature in the course of our walk. I was disappointed. He made no allusion to my table, and after a time I temporarily forgot the occurrence. Before parting from Mose I met a mutual friend, and invited him to dinner for the following day, adding:

"By-the-bye, Mose, will you come too?"

"Most happy," was the reply; "we will christen your new table, L——."

That remark caused me to remember Moses' curiosity about the table-legs.

All that day, at intervals, I kept pondering my betting friend's motive for taking the length of the legs; and, though I failed to perfectly understand it, determined to be prepared for all contingencies.

The next day came in due course, and so did my two guests. Mose was a great deal too hilarious (I knew the sign from past experience) not to have mischief in contemplation; but dinner passed over, notwithstanding, without affording me any clue to his design. It was only when the cloth was removed and coffee and cigars were in requisition that the cloven hoof appeared.

"Upon my word, L——, you have made yourself very snug," said Mose, looking approvingly around the room. "Everything is in very good taste—there's only one thing you've made a mistake in."

"What is that, Mose?" said I.

He leaned back in his chair and tapped the leaf of the table.

"This new table is a trifle too high, L——. A dinner-table should never be more than two-feet-two in the leg. This one is a good inch taller—it tires the arms more than you could think."

I felt a strong inclination to throw my coffee all over his elaborate shirt-bosom, but bethought me of a neater revenge.

"Well, Mose, I don't believe this table is more than two-foot-two inches in the leg."

"Oh, yes, it is," he rapped out positively. "I can tell in a moment it is over two-feet-three."

"I don't think it is, Mose."

"Come, I'll bet you fifty dollars, gold, if you like L——."

"What! That this table is two feet three inches and over high, Mose?" and I looked down at the legs askance.

"That it is two-feet-three and something more in the legs, without counting the top, L——."

"Well, I bet you fifty dollars, gold, it is *not*, Mose."

"Make it a hundred if you like, L——."

"Amen, Mose. I *will* make it a hundred."

Mose Taylor looked at me with wickedly twinkling eyes.

"Now, look here, L——, I don't want to put you out of conceit with yourself, but you Eastern States men are no sharper than the point of a wooden rolling-pen. Do you think I should bet if I were not sure of what I say? I will give you the chance to cry off, if you please, for I tell you I should bet upon a certainty."

"You *think* yourself certain, Mose, and I think the same of myself," I replied calmly.

"What! You hold me to the bet?" he cried eagerly.

"I hold you to the bet, Mose, and Duncan shall be stakeholder."

"Very well. I shall have to give you a check, Duncan. Have you writing-materials handy, L——?"

I produced these, and my second guest became the depository of a check for $100, gold, from each of us.

"It is well understood, then," said Mose Taylor, deliberately sipping his coffee, "that, in spite of my declaration that *I bet upon a certainty*, you, L——, wager me a hundred dollars, gold, that this table is not two feet three inches and a trifle more in the length of the legs?"

"Just so, Mose; and I will fetch a foot-rule and you shall measure."

As I arose, Mose Taylor broke out into a loud laugh, saying in its intervals:

"Oh, no; you need not, L——. Do you remember I called here yesterday, just as this table was brought in?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"Well, while you were getting your hat I measured the legs, and found them to be two feet three inches and something more in length, L——! And now, Duncan, I'll thank you for those checks. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

My betting friend laughed more and more boisterously as I stood gazing in his face, and Duncan began to smile, too. He could not help sympathizing with his townsman's smartness.

"Yes, Mose," said I, fetching a rule, "I know you did; I saw you doing it in the glass yonder; and, divining something of your purpose, last night I sawed an inch off all the legs. And, now, there is a rule. You can satisfy yourself, Duncan. *I'll* thank you for those two checks."

That is the last bet I ever made with Mose Taylor. I guess it is not forgotten in Chicago yet.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.—Speaking of the pleasures of the chase, says Sir Francis Head, in giving an anecdote of a hard arguer in favor of foxhunting: "Said the haughty Countess of —— to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honor to come and see his hounds; 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel.' 'Cruel!' replied the old man with apparent astonishment. 'Why, my lady, it can't possibly be cruel, for'—logically holding up three fingers in succession—'we all know that the gentlemen like it, and we all know that the hosses like it, and we all know that the hounds like it.' After a long pause: 'None of us, my lady, can know for certain that the foxes don't like it.'"

CURIOSITIES NEVER SEEN.—A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife; a plate of butter from the cream of a joke; the small coins in the change of the moon; the original brush used in painting the signs of the times; the hammer that broke up the meeting; the animal that drew an inference; eggs from a nest of thieves; and a bucket of water from "All's well."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

BOS C., Cambridgeport.—1. The largest vessel of the Cunard line is the Scythia. 2. She is a screw. The Scotia, sole relict of the side-wheelers in the trans-Atlantic passenger trade, is not now in service. 3. The company, in a note before us, very properly declines to make public the amount of coal consumed daily by its largest steamer. 4. We have no objection to telling you that screw steamers need much less coal than sidewheelers; that some companies would burn more coal than they do, if the British and French Governments would let them have it, while other lines would like to burn less; and that sixty tons a day may be a fair figure for a fair-sized steamer, with the prospect that science will in time decrease this amount, rather than increase it. 5. The papers containing that story are out of print. 6. It is not to be had in book-form.

PEORIA.—1. The language, "further drawing," clearly implies that there must have been at least one card drawn. What the writer means we cannot say. 2. A player can close at once. If he holds the ace, ten, king and queen of trumps, all the drawing in the world would not deprive him of three points, and he might as well mark them up at once. But a player who takes a trick must also take a card, after which, and before leading, he can close.

H. A. H., Sacramento.—1. The term is local, not general, and hence the difficulty of tracing its origin. It is never heard in polite whist-circles. 2. There is really nothing dishonorable about it. It is characteristic of the tyro, for the experienced player will not lead trumps unless he is strong in them, either in number or in size. Hence one who leads trumps that could be better utilized for "roughing" may be reproached as being a dishonor to the whist-table.

CASTE, Boston.—During George Honey's engagement in Wallack's Theatre, in this city, which began Nov. 8, 1875, and lasted twelve nights, "Caste" was performed with the following cast: George D'Alroy, H. J. Montague; Eccles, George Honey; Captain Hawtree, C. A. Stevenson; Sam Gerridge, E. M. Holland; Dixon, J. Peck; Esther Eccles, Miss Ada Dyas; Polly Eccles, Miss Effie Germon; the Marquise de St. Maur, Mme. Ponisi.

J. B.—Joker-euchre is like Sancho-pedro and all other innovations upon regular games of cards. It is played alike in scarcely any two coteries. There is no reason that the turner-up of the joker should be required to name a trump without looking at his hand; and there is even less reason, could such a thing be possible, for his not being allowed to go alone after he *has* looked at his hand.

D. T., Lonesdale.—A loses. He was too smart. He had to buy not two pair, but one pair; and that pair were to be a first-class article, the standard price of which, as proved, was $3.75. As reasonably as doing what he did, he might have first gone to the store, paid the dealer fifty cents on account, and then have gone there with B and have apparently bought the first-class article for $3.25.

M. J. Q., Chicago.—The earliest record we can find of Engine 33 ("Black Joke") is that in 1813 she was stationed at Grand-street Market; in 1820 she was lying in Goeverneur street, Seventh Ward; about 1844 she was disbanded; and in 1852 she was reorganized and stationed in Fifty-eighth street, between Broadway and Eighth avenue, with Peter Masterson Jr. as foreman.

W. B.—He will lose his money. He must see, before raising his cards or looking at them, that he has neither more nor less than five. By thus raising or looking at them he condones the fault of the dealer, who may have served him with but two cards when three were called for. This is the law of draw-poker.

FRANK PALMER, Jacksonville.—It is a stroke, and the player, if the cue-ball hit no other, is to be marked three for a miss. 2. The rules of fifteen-ball pool govern high-low-jack-and-the-game, save as to those innovations. A touch is a shot in all games of billiards, when the cue-ball is touched.

SWALLOW HOUSE, London.—The answer in our last issue, viz., that "three deuces and an ace and a ten count six," was lopped off unwittingly, and should have been in full—"count six by pairs and six by fifteens." So obvious an error could deceive none but a very indifferent cribbage-player, however.

H. AND N.—1. We cannot say when and where the old act entitled "The Intelligence Office" was first produced. 2. The gentleman named was connected with the amusement (and not the sporting) department. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC was started some years after he retired, and he was in no manner instrumental in its being issued.

K. K., Louisville.—1. The only contestants in the yacht races for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup (wrongfully called the "Queen's Cup") in 1878 were the New York schooner Madeleine and the Canadian vessel Countess of Dufferin, the latter being beaten in both contests. 2. No such work published in this country.

A READER.—1. By a pedestrian; 4min. 36sec., by Barlow 2. The Misses Eliza and Jennie Weathersby are traveling with the "Evangeline" Combination, although only the first named is acting. They have no engagement at present in this city.

OLD READER, Chicago.—The fight between Harry Jennings' dog Bowler and Benjamin Sabins' dog Billy, for $50 a side, took place near Chicago, Ill., Feb. 14, 1866. Bowler won in 2 hours 33 minutes and 30 seconds, both dogs dying shortly afterwards.

W. S., Brooklyn.—Miss Lulu Prior married Edwin F. De Nyse, a journalist, some few years ago, and has since been living in retirement in Brooklyn, L. I. We believe that she has no present intention of reappearing on the stage.

W. M. R., Shelbyville.—No answers by mail. We never make engagements for professional performers. The advertisement will cost you 15 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion. By sending to Morgan & Co., printers, Cincinnati, O., they will send you a list of their prices.

H. G. S., Chester.—You would have to buy the entire candy privilege with a circus. The price is a matter of private agreement with the proprietor. Prices generally fluctuate so much that we can give you no idea of what it is worth.

J. W.—1. The late Mrs. Shaw was of average height, with a plump figure, which increased to obesity during the later years of her life. 2. He may have acted in Barnum's old Museum for some benefit; but we have no record of any such performance.

CHAS. SIMMONS.—The letter is probably for you; but where there are two or more of the same name, and the line of business is not given thereon, it is impossible to tell for which it is intended. See instructions at the head of THE CLIPPER's letter-list.

ANXIOUS, Boston.—Procure an interview with some variety manager, state frankly to him your wishes, and offer to play at some matinee or other performance, so as to show him what you can do. If you make a hit with the public, he will be likely to give you an engagement.

F. R., Carson City.—The deal is void, if the dealer had not looked at any of his cards. B could not claim the turned-up card as his own, for the reason that, had it been a deuce instead of an ace, he would probably have rejected it and called for a new deal.

C. H. C., Lancaster.—The first railroad in this country was the Delaware and Hudson (for coal); the first for passengers was the Baltimore and Ohio (run by horses); and the first road built for passengers and to be run by steam was the Charleston (S. C.) and Hamburg.

S. C., Denver.—Tilden, 522,518; Hayes, 489,529; Cooper, 1,987; Smith, 2,359; Post and miscellaneous, 1,828. Tilden's majority in this State, 26,815. This is as near as we can come to it. What purports to be the official figures are a trifle muddled.

J. B. J., San Francisco.—According to the practice here, W is not to refund anything to C, who bought the pools subject to all contingencies, and can recover nothing but the original cost of the tickets, which he should get from the poolseller, if the tickets were paid for.

O. P. P., Boston.—On Nov. 26, 1875, it was officially announced that the British Government, subject to approval by Parliament, had for £4,000,000 purchased from the Khedive of Egypt 177,000 of the 400,000 shares into which the Suez Canal is divided.

H. S. B., North Adams.—W. B. Close of the First Trinity Cambridge University crew was seized with illness and had to cease rowing in both the races in which the crew took part at the Centennial regatta.

CONSTANT READER.—The Orange riot in which several persons were killed occurred in this city on July 12, 1871, and the steamboat Westfield exploded her boiler on Sunday, July 30, 1871.

ITHACA.—1. Gold street, this city, begins at Maiden lane and ends at Frankfort street, and consequently crosses Fulton. 2. *The Tribune* Building is on the corner of Spruce and Nassau streets.

W. W., Washington.—There are numerous performers who give trapeze performances on a bar suspended from an ascending balloon. We have no time to prepare a complete list of their names. Watch our advertising columns.

M. E. C., Boston.—Helen Western died in Washington, D. C., Dec. 11, 1868. Her funeral took place from the Pitt-street Chapel, Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, and her remains were interred in Mount Auburn.

H. C. R., Boston.—Miss Kate Castleton recently arrived here from England. She sang a short time ago at the Olympic Theatre here. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

FRED B.—Edwin Booth years ago acted King Lear in the principal cities of this country, and then for a time dropped it from his repertory. He acted that character last in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 20, 21, 22, 1876.

H. J. C., Detroit.—1. He places the cue-ball, of course. All finger-players have to do that to make a run. 2. No complete record is kept of that country. Address *The Canadian Gentleman*, Toronto.

CONSTANT READER, Eaton Rapids.—It is wrong. It is the gamekeeper's business to see that a player has but one private ball—it is not his business to know what that ball is.

J. J. D., Somerville.—When the game of muggins is blocked, that player having the fewer spots counts those of his opponent, such count always being in fives (as 17 counts 15, while 18 counts 20).

DOMINO EUCHRE.—We presume you mean cut-throat euchre. The oldest hand leads always. 2. At domino euchre the eldest hand, as such, never leads. That player leads who makes or fixes the trump.

OLD CONVERT, New Orleans.—1. Engagement-rings are sometimes worn on the first and sometimes on the third finger of the left hand. 2. Wedding-rings on the third finger of the left hand.

D. R., Wheeling.—1. If $10 of A's $40 went to cover B's first bet of $10, then A draws down all of the remaining $30 which B cannot cover, viz., $20. 2. The player lost, and the dealer was right.

A WITNESS, Philadelphia.—The referee gave his decision, which was not reversible, at the ring-side, in favor of Cleary. That gave the fight to him, notwithstanding what happened subsequently.

G. H. L. Cleveland.—1. There was such a letter in our care, but it has been sent for. 2. We will endeavor to obtain the address of a wood-and-straw-instrument maker.

T. F.—1. Harrigan & Hart are the bona fide managers of the Theatre Comique, this city. 2. Your other question will be replied to next week.

CONSTANT READER.—Neither of the ladies you name is at present playing in this city. See Variety Summary for their whereabouts when they are before the public.

REDDY, Newmarket.—Certainly; it is not to be expected that, the game being three-handed, A will so play as to deprive himself of the stakes by helping to put C out.

D. C., Holyoke.—The cards falling 3, 4, 5, 3, 3, 4, 5, 3, 1, 2, 2, 2, 2, 4, 5, 5, respectively for A, B, C, D, entitles A to 16, B to nothing, C to 6, and D to 17.

DUFF, Alexandria.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1877. 2. There is no discrepancy. It was possible for Tilden to have five different majorities in this State.

J. S., Grand Rapids.—T. J. Herndon has no traveling company this season. He is in Australia, acting as the business-agent for Baker and Farron.

A. F., Philadelphia.—Sallie Partington is traveling with Sam Sanford's company, and can be addressed in care of this office.

J. D. H., Johnstown.—1. They leave here on Tuesday morning. 2. State for what point West. 3. for routes connecting with Easton, Pa., about 10.30 A. M.

KENO, Lynchburg.—We thank you, but the bill is of no value to us. "As You Like It" has not been published in the form of a novel.

LOUISVILLE.—In the quotation from "Hamlet"—"to the manner born"—we have never seen the word manner spelled *manor* in any edition of Shakespeare.

C. W. L., Belfast.—Tom Allen fought Mike McCoole twice—at Foster's Island, near St. Louis, Mo., June 15, 1869; and at Chateau Island, Ill., Sept. 23, 1873.

L. L. C., Milwaukee.—You were entitled to the trump. After your bid had been accepted, no one else could bid over you.

J. O. K.—Grammarians call for "between you and me," and not "you and I." There is no difference of opinion. "between you and me" is right.

J. T. C., Baltimore.—No game of cards is mentioned. In almost all games play begins on the left of the dealer, and so goes round.

R. H. N., St. Louis.—Please state the bet, as it is probably not necessary, for a decision, that we should rate all the naval powers of Europe.

G. D. W., Oberlin.—"Around the World in Eighty Days" was performed in Detroit, Mich., by the Kiralfy Brothers' Company during the week beginning Nov. 13, 1876.

BROOKLYN BOY, Williamsburg.—A letter addressed to John H. Murray in care of this office will reach him. We do not know of any circus-rider who wants an apprentice.

J. B. D., Montreal.—Inclose to us an envelope plainly addressed to yourself, and having on it stamps of the amount sufficient to pay the postage.

J. W. V., Carpliton.—1. See the card of Ed. James, whose book of rules contains those of tenpins. 2. No answers by mail.

E. M. Y. Buffalo.—The name of the gentleman who saved so many lives, and lost his own, when the second steamship Arctic was lost, in 1860, was Earle.

E. A. T.—The song is entitled "Somebody's Tapping at the Outside Gate." Apply to Pond & Co., 39 Union square, New York.

STAR, Louisville.—The Portage bridge was burned May 6, 1875, and its substitute was tested and first used July 31, 1875.

JOHN MILLER.—We do not supply dealers. You can get the papers of the American News Company, this city.

[illegible], Newark.—The London was lost in March, 1866, and the Captain on Sept. 6, 1876.

J. D. B., Brooklyn.—It depends upon what game you were going to play. Name the game, please.

SCHOLLIST, Pawtucket.—Address Barnes & Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

HOLLY HOSE CO., Bangor.—1. Thirty-two cards. 2. About 400. 3. There is no record.

DICKSON.—Bleecker-street, Chambers-street, Bowery, and the Seamen's are said to be sound.

L. R. M., Bethlehem.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Any case in dispute should be stated.

W. B., St. Louis.—The bet is off. There had to be an election to make it binding.

P. W. G.—1. The animal is the Auburn Horse. Bonner bought him years ago. 2. That is his name.

CONSTANT READER.—The Collins steamer Arctic was lost Sept. 27, 1854. The Pacific last left port on Jan. 23, 1856.

NIPPER, Pittsburg.—A having made the trump, C could not play alone.

O. K., St. Louis.—We suppose you mean Tom King of England, who was beaten in his first fight with Jim Mace.

MONS F., Troy.—Miss Louise Franklin did sing at the Elks' benefit in the Union square Theatre on Nov. 23 last.

C. W. ROOKES, Belfast.—See reply to "C. W. L." No answers by mail.

M. H. C., Newark.—There are no tumbleronicons ready for use on sale.

J. B. S., Virginia.—You can get gymnasium outfits at Peck & Snyder's, 126 Nassau street, New York.

H. LENOX, London.—That space costs $4.05 for each insertion. See rates on first column of eighth page.

YOUNG SHOWMAN, Harrisburg.—Write to R. F. Simpson, 705 North Sixteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SMITH, Utica.—Address a letter to him, under his professional name, in care of this office.

D. M.—We know of no person in Australia to whom we could refer you for the information you seek.

DEN THOMPSON.—Yes; sent letter as previously requested.

BILLY HAYLE.—Sent you two letters on Jan. 28, as requested.

C. C. McD., Emlenton.—You can use those not copyrighted.

M.—1. We have no time to make the calculation. 2. Tuesday.

OLD CLIPPER.—Tompkins square contains about eleven acres.

C. C. C., Cranburg.—We do not. You had better keep clear of it.

RILEY & MAY, Toronto.—Sears, Fifteenth street and Fourth avenue.

CASSINO.—D. A's partner, could not add the nine and the ace from the table to A's pile of ten.

E. E. R., Cincinnati.—1. It was so reported, but we do not believe it was done. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

JOSEPH FRANKS, Salem.—We have written to him concerning the matter, and may be able to tell you in our next.

A. M. P.—At present business is quite as dull in England as it is here.

DECLINED—"Jagey Blumenstein," "Lines to My Hat."

NEWSDEALER.—Hartford is second.

J. A. H., Elmira.—American.

MATT O'BRIEN.—Out of print.

ED. BURTON.—Out of print.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC, for 1877, IS NOW READY,

and can be obtained of all newsdealers and agents.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877 CONTAINS:

THE CLIPPER TIME-TABLE—Fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeplechasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicycle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers, and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Brick-laying, etc.

CHRONICLE OF IMPORTANT THEATRICAL EVENTS for the year 1876.

SPORTING CHRONOLOGY for 1876.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION FOR THE YEAR—Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets Brightest, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

BASEBALL—THE SEASON OF 1876, GIVING THE PLAYERS' AVERAGES AND RECORD OF MODEL GAMES.

A LIST OF THEATRES DESTROYED BY FIRE.

RACING CALENDAR.—Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat Race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

ILLUSTRATIONS—
Frontispiece.
The Mill of Devers.
The Course of True Love.
The Dancing Girls.
The Mad Poet's Monument in Greenwood.
The Chase in Old Gaul.
The Raw Material—"My Only Comic Song."
The Dog of Montargis.
Our Art Studies—No. 1, Music; No. 2, Tragedy; No 3, Comedy.
The Pilot's Monument in Greenwood.
The Infant Prodigy.
Falstaff Reduced.

Area of United States and Territories.
Burial of Sir John Moore, and Parody on—Poems.
Baseball—The Season of 1876.
CALENDARS.
Explanation of Calendar.
Chronologists' Theories of Date of Creation.
Calendar for All Time.
Callboy's Treat.
The Crime of a Clown: An Advance Agent's Story.
Chase in Old Gaul.
The Dancing Girls—Poem.
French Dynasties and Sovereigns.
Table of the Kings and Queens of England.
Lightning Salve.
Locust Year.
The Mill of Devers—Poem.
Monument to McDonald Clarke the Mad Poet.
The Miser's Hand: A Tradition of Italy.
Mail Time, etc., to Prominent Cities.
My Only Comic Song—Poem.
Magic Squares of Archimedes.
Non-inflammable Fabrics.
Nutriment in Various Articles of Food.
The Old Year—Poem.
Rates of Postage, etc.
Passion-driven: A Romance of an Artist's Model.
Pilot's Monument in Greenwood.
Population and Expenditure per Head of Different Countries.
Religious Denominations.
Statistics of Railways.
Statistics of Population.
Simple Mode of Computing Interest.
Sovereigns of Europe.
Sovereigns of Scotland.
Seasons in Australia.
Theophilus Brown: A Legend of Printing-house square—Poem.
Tumblety's Band. A Reminiscence of the Early Days of Minstrelsy.
Useful Rules for the Barometer.
Table of Weights and Measures.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spaulding's Swiss Bell-players.
Tony Pastor's Great Star Troupe; Healy's Hibernian Minstrels.
Shannon, Miller & Crane, Theatrical Goods.
"De Witt's Baseball-players' Guide;" The Brahams, Sketch Artists; Van Fleet, Printer; Ed. James, Sporting Goods.
Peck & Snyder, Skates, Baseball and Sporting Goods.
Tarrant & Co., Druggists; Roe Stephens, Music; "De Witt's Acting Plays;" W. J. Judd, Magical Goods; American Hotel, Franklin, Pa.
Merchant's Gargling Oil.

NEWSDEALERS can secure their supplies, as usual, through their wholesale agents.

COPIES WILL BE MAILED from this office on receipt of price, 15 cents.

FRANK QUEEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.
P. O. Box 3,860.

REDUCTION OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscriptions for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER are now received at the rate of FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books has been extended in conformity with these rates.

IF EVER there were a harvest-time for owners of sleighs and all that the word implies, last week was it. Any inconsiderate person who sought to hire a horse and sleigh for a dollar and a half a day was at once knocked down, piled into a cart, and driven to an insane asylum. There was no use in trying to fool with livery-stable proprietors *last* week.

THE RECENT unpleasantness between Attorney-general Barlow and one Root has, we are pleased to say, terminated peacefully, and without bloodshed; although Barlow, in his professional capacity, gives it as his opinion that his adversary "is the *Root* of all evil."

OUR NEW GOVERNOR is a likely sort of man, and in his opening message makes a good impression. He seems to be of a quiet turn of mind, and in that respect is unlike that other Governor who had such a brief constituency, because the latter Robinson *crew so!*

HATTERS are a patient people, else why should they so calmly sit down and await the decision of the Presidential problem—on which so many hats are pending?

A WHOLE WEEK has elapsed, and not a single addition has been made to the list of defunct life-insurance companies. This apathy needs explanation.

QUEEN VICTORIA has been made "Kaiser" of India. Will it be prudent, in referring to her troops in the East, to say that they "kill for Keyser?"

THE ROADS are not in a proper condition for ambitious pedestrians to attempt the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

AMBITIOUS ACTORS.

Ambition is a desirable quality in any man's character. Its primary signification may be bad—we have forgotten the better part of our Latin, but the word "ambition," we believe, is derived from *ambio*, "to go around"—yet the meaning which usage has given it is good, and whatever is good is desirable. Ambition for a worthy object is certainly praiseworthy. Every loyal youngster in this land of the free is ambitious to become President—or was, until the epoch of Returning Boards. Every Alderman is ambitious to go to Congress; every sensible girl of marriageable age is ambitious to become a wife; every devil—we speak typographically—is ambitious to become a full-fledged printer; every drygoods merchant is ambitious to follow in the wake of Stewart; every street-car conductor is ambitious to make room for one more passenger; and every actor—alas! that truth compels us to record this fact—every actor is ambitious to become a "star."

Now, it must be obvious, alike to the professional and the non-professional mind, that the dramatic firmament cannot be composed exclusively of stars. There must needs be many minor planets whose effulgence is lost in the interminable spaces of the heavens—we trust the reader will get the idea out of that somewhat ambitious metaphor. If all bodies shone with precisely an equal brilliancy, there would be no such thing as "stars." It becomes the lesser planets, therefore, while revolving in their more circumscribed orbits, to be content with what little of lustre is rightfully theirs, and make the most of their powers of illumination. To come down from these heavenly illustrations, it is the first duty of everybody on the stage, as it is of everybody in life, to do well what is given him to do. We cannot blame the schoolboy who imagines that he will some day be President, nor the sensible girl who wishes to become a wife, nor the printer's devil who yearns to take his place at the case. It is natural that the merchant should crave wealth, and even pardonable, in these days of bell-punches and registers, that the street-car conductor should seek to collect as many fares as possible. So, too, it is both natural and pardonable that an actor should aspire to mount Fame's ladder; but he should be content to mount slowly, one round at a time. He should keep in mind the fact that very few people in this world wake up, after the manner of Byron, and find themselves famous. While there may be some conspicuous exceptions, the general rule holds good that a man must carve out his reputation with the chisel of patience.

We would not have our actors any the less ambitious, but we would have them more persevering. There is a broad distinction between these two qualities. Brown and Smith are both "play actors," as Brother Talmage puts it. Both have achieved a tolerable degree of success in their profession, and both are ambitious. Brown, we will say, has the virtue of perseverence, and Smith hasn't. The former never takes his eye from the top round of the ladder, but he nevertheless puts all his energy into the task of the hour. He is willing to work patiently and slowly toward the attainment of his desired end. And therein he differs from Smith, whose ambition is not greater, but whose perseverance is less. Smith believes that his genius is not recognized, that he is wasting his superior sweetness on the desert air. So he deserts the desert, which is his legitimate sphere, and blazes forth as a star. Alas for the blaze! alas for Smith! We knew him as an actor of considerable merit, and we believed that with study and training and honest devotion to his art he would win in time an enviable reputation. But he sought to win it out of time, and he failed. To be sure, there was the satisfaction of proclaiming himself a "star," and there was the gratification of beholding his name in full-faced type upon the bills. A play was written for him, and he essayed the leading rôle. Why was it that he did not achieve the success of which he was so confident? For the simple reason that he did not deserve success. He blossomed before his time, and then withered without bearing fruit. He still believes himself to be a star; but his brilliancy does not make itself apparent to the public, and he is destined henceforth to move in an orbit remote from fame. And meantime what of Brown? He has been plodding away, patiently, perseveringly, content with his present lot, yet ambitious for the future. His talents, neither rusting under the napkin of sloth nor presented for more than their value, have come to be appreciated. He has mounted, not yet to the top of the ladder, but many rounds higher than when he and Smith were playing upon the same stage. In brief, Brown is destined to win the coveted prize of a name; while Smith, the temporary star, has sunk out of sight. All this is but a picture of the fancy; but it is no fancy that we have too few Browns and far too many Smiths among our theatrical people.

We said at the beginning of this article that ambition was a desirable quality, and we are prepared to maintain that assertion. It is the backbone of a man's character. Sometimes, to be sure, it plays the mischief with weak mortals, and results in ruin. We have not forgotten how the Roman Senators on Booth's stage slew Cæsar because he was ambitious, nor how Napoleon was stripped of his glory because of this overmastering passion. And still we hold to the belief that our actors may be as ambitious as they please, and run no risk of assassination or exile. Only let them cultivate, along with their ambition, that other very essential quality—perseverance. Let them remember that patient toil and honest endeavor are sure to reap a rich reward. The supernumerary who has only four lines to speak may speak them so intelligently and well that he will establish his right to a more important part in another cast. The general-utility man who believes that he could enact Hamlet if the opportunity would only present itself may accomplish much more than he thinks in the minor characters which he is called upon to assume. Both the supernumerary and the utility-man may rest assured that they will make little progress in their profession until they have learned to do well the work which is given them to do. And it is no disgrace for any man to begin his professional career on the lowest round of the ladder. Rather is it a matter of which he may feel proud in after years; and, if he achieves success, so much the more illustrious is his triumph. A study of the lives of the most distinguished actors that have graced the modern stage will reveal the fact that by far the greater majority have won their laurels by dint of persistent labor. They have not jumped into eminence. They have learned how to draw before plunging into colors. Mindful of this fact, let every actor cherish the ambition that burns in his breast; but let him not attempt to soar to the altitude of the stars until he is quite sure that his wings have been made strong by study and practice.

ANOTHER CALAMITY.

One of us has been hurt, and the sympathies of a disturbed people are aroused in our behalf. "We" have been the victim of what the story-writers call an "outraged brother," though it is plain enough that "we" are the outraged party. It seems that "we" had just emerged from the club-house on Wednesday of the past week, when a party, lying in ambush, as it were, and thus taking a mean advantage of our ignorance of his whereabouts, waltzed out of his hole, seized "us" by our Piccadilly-collar, and, with a vulgar rawhide, slashed us across the face, as if he were scoring a bit of young pork prior to consigning it to the fiery furnace. When "we" had recovered our presence of mind, and realized the situation, we quietly remonstrated with the disturber of the public peace, and sought to pacify him with gentle words; but the obdurate assailant, mistaking our quiet and law-abiding demeanor for timidity or cowardice, threw himself upon us, and, with the strength of a roaring lion, hurled us to the earth with strange violence and unaccountable hostility. Still, "we" forbore to chastise the insolent foe as he deserved to be chastised, but rather sought in a peaceful manner to convince him that he was wrong in pursuing such a fell purpose; but he refused to listen to our words of admonition, and would fain have gone still further in his bloodthirsty career, had we not insinuated our dexter mauley into the hip-pocket of our little trousers; whereupon the lawless marauder, fearful of an intention on our part to blow holes into his prostrate form, became suddenly seized with contrition, and, in a magnanimous manner, for which we are willing to award him due credit, assured the bystanders that he would cease from troubling if they, the innocent onlookers, would hold us and prevent us from using our front-door key upon the outraged one. Wishing to prevent farther effusion of blood, for the crimson could be seen trickling from the wounds upon our face, the gentlemen surrounding us, in a very harmonious and in an unselfish and impartial manner, held us at bay as the object of our pity was kindly permitted to leave the scene with the laurels of victory encircling his brow, while we returned the unused key to the place whence it came, and remained master of the situation, thus showing that virtue ever has its due reward.

We have thus given the story of a fracas which occurred one day last week between James Gordon Bennett and Frederick May, the latter a brother of the young lady said to have been affianced to the former. As Mr. Bennett belongs to the brotherhood of journalists, we have thought it to be no more than our duty to use the editorial "we" in our recital of the facts, and thereby assume a share of the injuries inflicted upon another of us. We care not for the bruises inflicted upon our person, for time and arnica will sufficiently heal them in season to permit of our being seen at the club once more; but the insult to journalism is what holds our soul in thrall, and loudly cries for vengeance. If so-called outraged brothers are thus sinfully permitted to take us and the law into their own hands, what is to prevent an entire outraged family from waylaying and taking turns at us at every step we walk? The great respect we entertain for the law and its administrators; the high regard we have for order, which is Heaven's first law; and the knowledge that forbearance and moderation afford such a beautiful example for the rising generation, induce us to submit to the craven assaults of hidden foes rather than be a willing party to a breach of the peace. Our injuries are but slight, and give us little or no uneasiness; but the mental strain harrows us like a two-edged sword, and the fear that we may have incurred the displeasure of our fellow-citizens in being guilty of even an *acquaintanceship* with a street-brawler fills our heart with grief.

HAVING convicted a number of milk-dealers for selling watered milk, the authorities will next direct their attention to our drygoods stores, where the proprietors are said to deal largely in *watered silk!* Justice is getting *both* eyes open at last.

PETER COOPER is not satisfied; he is betrayed, but not dismayed; and there is a lurking devil in his eye which means mischief. Evidently he does not intend that Tilden and Hayes shall have it *all* their own way in the race for the Presidency.

THE WEATHER has been so cold hereaway that spirituous liquors sold in some of our drinking saloons froze tight. This is extraordinary. It is barely possible that *too much* water has been mixed with the liquor.

A WIDEAWAKE neckwear-dealer sold out all his stock during the two days preceding New-Year's Day, because he was shrewd enough to *advertise* what he *'ad for ties. A neck-sell-*ent plan. *Necks!*

YOU MAY be sure the times are unusually bad when proprietors of establishments on our most frequented lunch-routes complain that there is nothing doing.

THE QUESTION at the clubs is: Was it a *fair* knock-down blow, or did Bennett slip on a piece of treacherous ice?"

A MAN with a cold in his head resembles one who ejaculates in his sleep, since he *"talks through his dose!"*

IT WAS the *pickle* of the oysters that *corned* so many callers on New-Year's Day.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

⁂ On Jan. 1: New-Year's Day was observed with the customary social festivity, business being generally suspended......Lucius Robinson was inaugurated Governor of New York, and Smith Ely Jr. as Mayor of this city......Republicans and Democrats each organized a Legislature in Louisiana......Gov. Vance of North Carolina, on the occasion of his inauguration, made a moderate speech regarding the Presidential situation....James Blake fatally stabbed Michael Walsh in an altercation, this city....A railroad collision at Quincy, Ill., four persons being killed......A very heavy snowstorm began in this city about five o'clock P. M., continuing throughout the night......Michael O'Neill of Elizabethport, N. J., was reported to have been frozen to death during a severe snowstorm, he having missed his way......News from abroad: Queen Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India" by Lord Lytton, Governor-general, at Delhi. Emperor William of Germany held a grand reception on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of his entry into the army. Further concessions to the Porte by the Constantinople Conference were expected. Turkey submitted counter proposals, ignoring the questions of a gendarmerie and international commission, refusing to pardon the Bulgarian prisoners or subject the appointment of Governors to the approval of the Powers, rejecting the financial proposals, and suggesting no guarantees. Greece will subordinate her Eastern policy to that of England. The steamer Arragon, from Bristol, Eng., for New York, was compelled to put back having been dismasted in a violent storm, which damaged Dover pier to the extent of $150,000, and caused a destruction of $65,000 worth of property at Eastbourne......Fires: Kreischer & Son's fire-brick and pottery works, at Kreischerville, Staten Island—loss over $100,000, uninsured; the Remington House (formerly the St. Charles Hotel), at Syracuse, N. Y.—loss $34,000, nearly covered by insurance......The British brig Beaver, from New York, Nov. 22, for Queenstown, Ireland, was reported lost at sea. All on board were saved...... At Guttenberg, N. J., Miss Kate Handwerk, aged 16, accidentally shot and mortally wounded Mrs. Anna Weil.

⁂ Jan. 2: The steamship Emilie sank at Key West, Florida, a man and an infant perishing...... It was stated that a snowslide near Alta, Utah, Dec. 28, destroyed the Wellington Mine boarding-house, two of the six persons buried in the ruins being rescued......Cable news: The Turks refused to discuss important proposals made by the Conference, and the Marquis of Salisbury, who severely condemned the obstinacy of the Porte, was informed by Midhat Pasha, at a subsequent interview, that the Porte would reject all points which were contrary to the dignity of the Empire. Gen. Ignatieff received from Savfet Pasha authority for a Russian man-of-war to enter the Bosphorus to convey him home, and the plenipotentiaries had reiterated their intention of quitting Constantinople immediately upon the Porte formally refusing their proposals. The moderation shown by Russia was declared not to be due to military weakness, but to her desire to throw upon Turkey the blame of provoking war. A gale which was still raging on the French coast caused the loss of several lives, and parted one of the telegraph cables to England. The Imperial German Bank was directed to resume the sale of silver for the account of the German treasury. ......Gen. Nikitine was recalled by the Czar, and all Russian volunteers ordered to leave Serbia by Jan. 15, Gen. Ignatieff having voted for the prolongation of the armistice on the understanding that it should apply only to Serbia and Montenegro......It was reported that, at Wachita, Kan., Jim Carroll assaulted and thrice fired upon the City-marshal, who shot him dead......Julius Nott of Bristol, Ct., was struck by a locomotive and killed......The roof of A. Gracelon's carriage-house, at Boston, Mass., fell in, twenty-five sleighs and carriages being demolished; total damage, $10,000......Fires: J. Greenburgh's, Bean & Stetson's, and other stores, at Lewiston, Me.—loss $20,000, insurance $15,000; Morris Goldborough's store, at West Troy, N. Y.—loss $30,000; the Atlantic Park Hotel, owned by Capt. Kreuscher, at Rockaway Beach, L. I.—loss $12,000; the Wyllis Woolen Factory, at Almonte, Ont.—loss $20,000; the Foshay House, in this city—loss $6,000, partially insured......About a dozen men were injured during a riot at an election at Gloucester, Ontario..... Isaac Bennett, a fireman, was burned to death at West Troy, N. Y......The British steamer Olympia arrived, bringing to this port the officers and crew and two passengers of the British brig Louisa, abandoned Dec. 27.

⁂ Jan. 3: Five members of a gang of mail robbers were arrested in this city......The centennial anniversary of the battle of Princeton, N. J., was celebrated by a sham battle......Influential business men of New York petitioned Congress to resign to the Centennial the $1,500,000 loaned to the Exhibition......The correspondence in the quarrel between Gen. F. C. Barlow and Elihu Root concerning a lawyer's brief, in which the former proposed a duel or street encounter, was published. Gen. Barlow claimed that the proposal was intended as a joke......A verdict for $1 damages was rendered at Bath, Me., in the libel suit brought by ex-Secretary-of-State Stacy against *The Portland Press* ....Foreign news: Disagreements arose in the Turkish Cabinet, and a ministerial crisis was threatened. The Porte's refusal to comply with the demands of the Conference was regarded as certain, and General Ignatieff telegraphed for the Russian imperial yacht Hericlik. A railroad accident near Horsens, Denmark, caused the death of nine men, and wounded thirty others. The Roumanian Government revoked their orders for restoring the army to a peace-footing......James G. Bennett, proprietor of *The New York Herald*, was cowhided in public by Frederick May in this city. The marriage engagement between Mr. Bennett and his assailant's sister was stated to have been previously broken off......The removal by order of President Grant of cannon from the Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to the Rock Island Arsenal, was stated to have been a measure of precaution........ Joseph Dampiere was killed by a railroad train which run into a gang of laborers near Boston, Mass....Henry Creighton of Bloom Township, O., was reported to have been murdered by his crazy wife on the 2d......Oscar Hudson, colored, of Jersey City, N. J., beat, scalded and roasted his mistress, Martha Shuttle......Fires: Stuart & MacPherson's wholesale grocery at Hamilton, Ont.—loss $40,000; the Congregational Church at Windsor Locks, Ct.—loss $20,000, insurance $12,000; the Tiffany Block, Collinsville, Ct.—loss $10,000, insured; Merrill & Wilder's plow foundry, at South Toledo, O......Assistant District-attorney C. Y. Fisher, convicted of abstracting Court papers, was sentenced in Washington, D. C., to eleven months' imprisonment at hard labor......Thomas Driscoll's head was taken off by a locomotive at Jersey City, N. J.

⁂ Jan. 4: Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt died in this city......The U. S. House of Representatives passed a bill giving a pension of $8 per month to survivors of the Mexican and Florida wars, or their unmarried widows......Americans in Matamoras asked our Government to protect them from the Mexican authorities......An express train on the Grand Trunk Railway was thrown over an embankment near Gillead, Me., several persons receiving severe injuries......Official relations between Spain and China were declared broken off, and a Spanish fleet was ordered to China......The Conference at Constantinople adjourned to Jan. 8 without accomplishing anything definite, the Turkish representative still refusing to discuss the objectionable proposals......The Russian Government were said to have ordered the preparation of 150 railway carriages for the transportation of sick and wounded........The Spanish Congress reestablished the constitutional guarantees......An explosion of giant-powder cartridges which were being thawed out on a stove in Morrisania, N. Y., caused the death of George Kailor, aged 4, and seriously injured Mrs. Lena Kailor and her child, and Michael Mulroy......Michael McCough of this city was fatally injured by falling downstairs......A fall through an elevator resulted in the death of John Stout in Cambridge, Mass......John McCall was sentenced, at Yankton, Dak., to be hanged March 1, for the murder of "Wild Bill."......Policeman Charles Bielefeld was murdered and another officer, named Purcell, badly beaten by unknown parties, near St. Louis, Mo......Fires: twelve business-houses at Bonham, Texas—loss $100,000; Lamb, Bing & Co.'s sawmill, Clinton, Iowa—loss $40,000; the Erie Railroad depot, Arcade Hotel and block, Corning, N. Y.

⁂ Jan. 5: Edwin Willis Major was hanged at Concord, N. H., for poisoning his wife..... A boy named Oscar McCord of Shenandoah, Pa., struck Joseph Bokantry with a club, causing death.......At Montreal, Canada, Louis Guinette shot and severely wounded Frank Guay, and then committed suicide. An express train was wrecked near Hamilton, O., several persons receiving slight injuries....... Four men were wounded, one perhaps fatally, by a boiler explosion near Marietta, O.......Seymour Harris died at Elmira, N. Y., from stab-wounds inflicted by Wm. Dickinson......The Supreme Court of Massachusetts sustained the lower court in the decision that Israelites are amenable to the laws of the State regulating the observance of the Sabbath.......Frank Bennett, a track-walker, was run over and killed at Springfield, Mass. ......The Astoria, L. I., masked burglars were committed at Hempstead to await the action of the Grand Jury......Gen. Wade Hampton, referring to Judge Mackey's recent visit to Gov. Hayes, says that Mackey was not authorized to speak for him or for the Democracy of South Carolina, and that he (Hampton) believed that Tilden was fairly elected. ......It was stated that orders had been given to transfer 3,000,000 of ordnance and ordnance stores from Baton Rouge, La., to New York......The extradition treaty between Spain and the United States was signed at Madrid......Raphael Solomon shot and killed himself, accidentally, it was supposed, in this city...Fires: The Methodist-Episcopal Church at Antwerp, N. Y.—loss $29,000, insurance $16,000; Brown & Coleman's saw-mill, etc., at Newton Junction, N. H.—loss $10,000; Dickinson & Co.'s junk-store and building, New Haven, Ct.—loss $10,000; Moses Mayserner's residence, Brooklyn, L. I.—loss $5,000, insured......Mrs. Robert Taggert, a wealthy and insane widow of Paterson, N. J., was killed by jumping from a third-story window...... It was stated that on the 2d inst., in the court room at Keosauqua, Ia., Major Charles H. Fletcher was shot dead by John Brown, whose sister Lizzie had been induced to leave home by Fletcher.

⁂ Jan. 6: The five negroes who murdered Hansman and Portman near Aiken, S. C., were found guilty of murder in the first degree......The steamer John A. Dix was crushed by ice at Babylon, L. I., occasioning a loss of $10,000......Mrs. Carman, aged 90, was burned to death in bed at Passaic, N. J......Isaac Tompkins committed suicide by taking poison at Augusta, Ga......Gov. Carroll of Maryland appointed Feb. 9 as the date for the execution of J. H. Butler and Chas. Wilson, both colored, for the murder of John W. Everett....... Catherine Massieana was killed by being struck by an elevator in this city......George Krolman of Union Hill, N. J., fell in a fit and was fatally scalded by the upsetting of a kettle of boiling water, which he carried....A mail train jumped the track at West Philadelphia, Pa., the engineer being seriously hurt and two brakemen slightly injured......Losses by fire: The Ohio Bolt-works Company's main building, at Columbus, O.—loss $40,000, lightly insured; William H. Crist's drygoods store, at Washingtonville, N. Y.—insurance $10,000, which did not cover the loss; Mechanics' Hall, Stanhope, N. J.—loss 10,000, insured for $5,500......William H. Jones of New Haven, N. Y., ended his life by throwing himself in front of a locomotive......Henry Adams was sentenced at Dayton, O., to be hanged April 27.

⁂ Jan. 7: The French steamer L'Amerique, from Havre for New York, grounded at Seabright, N. J., during a dense fog. The passengers, mails and specie were saved, but three sailors lost their lives by the capsizing of a small boat......Charles J. Brunt, the Louisville, Ky., forger, arrived at this port from England in charge of Inspector John Shove, who delivered him to a Kentucky officer.... Eugene Sweeny was drowned at Dover, N. H...... At Pottsville, Pa., Michael Colgan, charged with having killed John Boscher, was convicted of murder in the first degree......Bad health and depressed spirits impelled Capt. H. T. H. Pierce to hang himself at Keene, N. H........Cable news: The plenipotentiaries decided to declare, at the sitting of the Conference at Constantinople on the 8th, that they had not modified their views and cannot make further concession. The Bashi-Bazouks attacked Negotin on the 2d, 35 Cossacks and 111 Turks being killed. The bark Gentoo of New York was wrecked on Neptune's Shoal, Batavia......Losses by fire: George Archer's storage-warehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y.—loss $50,000, partially insured; the Presbyterian Church at Portsmouth, Va.—loss $12,000, insurance $5,000.......On the 8th a report prevailed in this city that a private dispatch had been received stating that James G. Bennett and Frederick W. May had fought a duel in Canada, Bennett being wounded in the bowels.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ABERCROMBIE, Gen. J. J.—of the U. S. army, and a member of the military order known as the Loyal Legion—Roslyn, L. I., Jan 3, aged 73.

BLISS, C. P.—Evangelist, and author of "Hold the Fort," the hymn rendered so popular by Moody and Sankey—killed at Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29.

BLAIR, Rev. Hugh Henry—A native of Pennsylvania, educated in Pittsburg, and for the past forty-one years rector of the First United Presbyterian Church of this city—here, Jan. 7, aged 67.

BROCKHAUS, Herman—A noted Orientalist—Leipsic, Germany, Jan. 7.

BERRY, Mary Caroline—Widow of Abraham J. Berry—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1, aged 74.

BENSON, Mary—Mother of the late Capt. William Benson of this city—Chatham, N. J., Jan 6, aged 84.

BRECKENRIDGE, Rev. Dr. W. R.—A prominent minister, and moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1859. He was the son of John Breckenridge, Attorney-general of the United States under Jefferson's administration, and the late General John C. Breckenridge was his nephew—Raymore, Mo., Jan. 1, aged 72.

BROWN, Wilson E.—A native of Howard County, Md., but long a resident of Washington, D. C., where he was a stockholder and director of the Citizens' National Bank, and for several years president of the Brickmakers' Union—there, Jan. 3.

BURGER, Father—Born in Virginia in 1801, and went West in 1837, being one of the pioneers of Methodism in that section—Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 5, aged 75.

BONSALL, William—For the past seventeen years treasurer of the Tenth and Eleventh-street Railway Company, Philadelphia. He was a printer by trade, and was once a prominent Democratic politician—Philadelphia, Jan. 5.

BENNETT, Mrs. Henry—Sister of Lillie Hall the actress. (See Variety)—Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 30.

CUNNINGHAM, Winthrop—Senior member of the firm of Winthrop Cunningham & Sons, drug-importers, Philadelphia—that city, Jan. 3, aged 71.

CAUFFMAN, Jacob—Of firm of Cauffman & Sons, Philadelphia—that city, Dec. 31, aged 73.

CARSON, Dr. Joseph—Philadelphia physician—that city, Dec. 30, aged 68.

CLARK, Dr. David D.—Prominent physician in Philadelphia, and during the late war was surgeon of the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was a brother-in-law of ex-Governor Curtin—Philadelphia, Jan. 4, aged 56.

CLERKE, William B.—Eldest son of William B. Clerke, and grandson of the Hon. Judge Clerke—this city, Jan. 2, aged 20.

CHAFFEE, Miss—Niece of Senator Chaffee of Colorado. Drowned while skating—Carthage, Mo., Dec. 19.

CHITTENDEN, David—Had been in the employ of the New York Central and Lake Shore R. R. Cos. for thirty years, and at his death was Cleveland agent of the New York Central. He was a native of Newport, N. Y.—Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29, aged 54.

COBBOLD, Rev. Richard—English author and poet, and rector of Wortham and rural dean of Hartismere, Suffolk. Born in Suffolk in 1797, and in 1820 he was graduated at Caius College, Cambridge—London, Eng., about Jan. 5, aged 79.

COYLE, Walter E.—Journalist. (See Baseball.)—Cincinnati, Jan. 1.

DUER, Francis H.—Son of the late John K. Duer, U. S. Navy—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1, aged 20.

CLARK, Johnny—Right name, George Cose. (See Variety)—St. Louis, Dec. 30, aged 30.

DEVOY, William—Racket and billiard player. (See Billiards)—this city, Jan. 3, aged 45.

EGBERT, Mrs. Charlotte De Forest—Sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt the millionaire. Her first husband was Capt. John De Forest, who fifty years ago commanded the steamboat Nautilus, the first that ran between this city and Staten Island. After his death she married Tunis Egbert, who died more than twenty years ago. She had eight children, of whom the first, third, fifth and seventh died, the even-numbered all surviving her. She had for fifty-five years resided in the house in which she died. She was born Dec. 29, 1791—of pneumonia, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, Jan. 5, aged 85 years 7 days.

ENSOR, James—Before the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was built, he was connected with a line of stages running out of the city in which he died—Baltimore, Dec. 27, aged 80.

FLYNN, Edward—Father of Rev. E. J. Flynn of St. Teresa's R. C. Church, this city—here, Jan. 1, aged 66.

HANNAH—Wife of Esquimaux Joe, who came to this country with Capt. Hall. She was one of the party rescued from an ice-floe after Hall's last expedition, and last Summer she and her husband went to Cumberland Sound with the vessels that were collecting minerals. At one time they visited England, and were the guests of Queen Victoria—Groton, Ct., Dec. 31.

HAYWARD, W. M.—Baseball-player. (See Baseball.)

HANLEY, Mrs.—Mother of Martin Hanley, manager of the Theatre Comique, N. Y.—this city, Jan. 5, aged 70.

HAVILAND, H. K.—Prominent business-man and mason of St. Johnsbury, Vt.—there, Jan. 1.

HOBLITZELL, Sallie Lawrence—Daughter of the late Helen Western, actress. (See Drama)—Malden, Mass., Jan. 1, aged about 14.

HORN, Eph—Veteran minstrel. (See obituary on outside page)—this city, Jan. 3, aged about 58.

HOFF, Thomas Mutter—Youngest son of Admiral H. K. Hoff, U. S. Army, and grandson of the late Commodore Bainbridge—Philadelphia, Dec. 27.

JONES, Elizabeth—Widow of Capt. Jarvis Jones—Flushing, L. I., Jan. 5, aged 68.

JACKSON, General John I.—An eminent citizen of Virginia, and a cousin of General "Stonewall" Jackson. For many years he represented his State in the Legislature, and at his death he was president of the Second National Bank of Parkersburg, Va. He was a lawyer, but retired from the bar in 1857—Parkersburg, Jan. 1, aged 77.

KERR, Henry A.—Of the Seventh Regiment Veteran Corps—this city, Dec. 31, aged 67.

KENNEDY, John R.—Son of J. C. G. Kennedy of Washington, D. C.—Chico, Cal., Jan. 1, aged 31.

LONSDALE, Miss Minnie—(See Variety News.)

MANNING, John—An old citizen of Cincinnati, where he was known as "Uncle John"—there, Jan. 1, aged 84.

MARTIN, John—Ex-County Commissioner of Cincinnati, O. He was a native of New York City, but removed to Cincinnati when he was a boy. During the Civil War, in which he served, he lost a leg in battle. Both before and after being County Commissioner, he was a station-house keeper in Cincinnati, and for a brief while he was proprietor of a saloon in that city—Soldiers' Home, near Dayton, O., Dec. 27.

MIXER, Miss Minnie—Daughter of Dr. S. Mixer of Buffalo, and a member of St. Paul's Chorus Choir—Killed at Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29.

McCULLY, Judge—Of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, in the politics of which country he had taken an active part prior to his being elected to the judiciary—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 2, aged 68.

MARTENS, F. W.—A resident of Brooklyn, but a broker in this city. Found dead, and supposed to have killed himself—this city, Jan. 5.

MEREDITH, Thomas E.—Democratic State Senator for the Ninth District of New Orleans, La.—there, Jan. 4.

MILLER, R. G.—"Yankee" Miller. (See Drama)—Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 4, aged about 50.

POST, Eliza G.—One of the earliest settlers of St. Louis, Mo., and introduced the first carpets known there, black-walnut flooring having previously been in vogue. She was a Miss Randolph of Newburg, N. Y., and in 1808 married Colonel Justus Post of Vermont, a West Point officer. Her son, Dr. Augustus Post, took part with General Walker in the Nicaraguan expedition, and she accompanied him for the purpose, if possible, of bringing him home safe—St. Louis, recently, aged 88.

PRINCE, Daniel—One of the noted twins brothers of Agawam, Mass. The other is insane—Agawam, about Dec. 23, aged 92.

PORTER, Dr. Henry S.—Philadelphia physician—that city, Dec. 29, aged 55.

RICHARDSON, Beale H.—Had been a Judge and an editor in Baltimore, Md. He had also sat in the House of Delegates of Maryland, and had filled several other offices—Baltimore, Jan. 4, aged nearly 77.

RUGGLES, Prof. Charles—Professor of Music at Brooke Hall, Media, Pa.—there, Jan. 3.

RAQUET, Mrs.—Widow of Hon. Condy Raquet, who over fifty years ago was Chargé d'Affaires to Brazil, and who died in 1842—Philadelphia, Jan. 8, aged 88.

RIPLEY, Joseph—A prominent broker who for upwards of forty years was connected with the wool trade of this city. He was a brother-in-law of the late Senator Buckingham of Connecticut—this city, Jan. 1.

RONAY, Rev. Michael—President of St. Louis College, Forty second street, this city. He had also frequently officiated in the R. C. church of St. Vincent de Paul—Paris, France, Dec. 30.

STRICKLAND, Capt. Oliver—Of this city—St. Nazaire, France, Dec. 6, aged 43.

VANDERBILT, Cornelius—One of the railroad kings of the world, and also one of its millionaires. Born on Staten Island, N. Y. Harbor, May 27, 1794. In his youth he was a boatman, and ran a sloop-ferry between that island and this city. In 1817 he became owner of a steamboat used for the same purpose, which was the pioneer of a fleet he subsequently owned and ran everywhere in these waters, and especially up Long Island Sound in opposition to the steamers controlled by the Peck Brothers. He likewise ran boats from this city to New Brunswick, on the Philadelphia route, and his floating palaces specked the Hudson River as far as Albany. In 1851 he established the Nicaragua line of steamers between here and California, of which was the North Star, the vessel that served him as a yacht from May 27 to Sept. 23, 1853, in his European cruise of fifteen thousand miles. He afterwards established a line of steamers to Europe, the pride of the fleet being the Vanderbilt, of which in the early days of the Rebellion he made a gift to the U. S. Government; and during the siege of Corinth, Miss., he lost a son, who was a captain in the army and had graduated at West Point. He took delight in speed, and some day we may tell the story of the great race between the steamboats Oregon and C. Vanderbilt, the latter craft, since rendered familiar to our circus and minstrel friends, still being afloat, though more than thirty years old. Some of the fastest railroading on record has been done by him. His presence on Harlem lane, behind Mountain Boy or other fast trotters, was for years a part of the daily routine at the upper end of this island, and at the card-table he was noted for his lengthy sittings over the game of "Boston." He probably owned much more railroad stock than any other man in the world. In 1858 he acquired control of the Harlem; in December, 1867, he became president of the Hudson-river Railroad, and then followed the erection of the Grand Central Depot. Having, in the Winter of 1866-7, obtained control of the N. Y. Central, on the death of his son-in-law, Horace F. Clark, he became president of the Lake Shore Road. He was also at one time interested largely in the New York and Erie Railroad, and at his death was believed to be concerned in the New York, New Haven and Hartford to the extent of $120,000; in the New York Central and Harlem and Hudson to the extent of $30,000,000; in the Lake Shore to the extent of $5,000,000; in the Ohio and Mississippi to the extent of $1,000,000; and in various railroad-bonds and sleeping-car shares to the extent of $8,000,000. He owned the Church of the Strangers, this city ($50,000), which, at the death of Dr. Deems, to whom he gave a life-interest in it, will revert to the Vanderbilt family; and he owned a $200,000 hotel and park at Staten Island, and real-estate in this city to the amount of $250,000, exclusive of the Church of the Strangers and his probably large interest in Gilmore's Garden, which is at least assessed in the name of the Harlem Railroad Company. His personal estate for 1876 was assessed at $3,000,000. Recently he gave $750,000 to a college in Tennessee. When nineteen years old he married Sophia Johnson, a second cousin, by whom he had thirteen children, nearly all of whom survive, William H. Vanderbilt being the eldest of his sons. His first wife died in 1868. His widow was a Southerner, whose maiden name was Miss Crawford, which she resumed after a brief and infelicitous marriage, and under that name was wedded to Commodore Vanderbilt. His death was directly due to ulceration of the intestines, which was of but a few days' standing. His long and intense sufferings were due to inflammation of the bladder and prolapsus of the rectum. (See Mrs. Egbert for his elder sister)—this city, Jan. 4, aged nearly 83.

WINTHER, Rasmus Villads Christian Ferdinand—Danish poet. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Fensmark, Zealand, July 29, 1796—Paris, France, Jan. 6, aged 80.

WASHBURN, Rev. Dr. A. H.—Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O., for eleven years past—killed at the railroad accident at Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29.

WAGNER, Henry—Brother of Cal Wagner the minstrel, and conductor of the sleeping-car "Wagner." Lost his life at the railroad accident near Ashtabula, O., Dec. 29.

WATERBURY, Hon. Jared B.—Graduate of Yale College, and also of the Princeton (N. J.) Theological Seminary. He was the author of several Presbyterian works—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 2, aged 77.

NEW YORK'S SLEIGHING "CARNIVAL."

During the past three weeks New-Yorkers have enjoyed the best sleighing season that they have been favored with for several years past. The avenues have been covered with snow, whose frozen surface afforded excellent footing for the thousands of sleighs, cutters, and family turnouts, drawn by a matchless display of horseflesh, which crowded them from morn till night. The Central Park has lately presented a brilliant spectacle, as the myriad sleighs, with their sweetly musical bells, swept swiftly along the crowded drives, passing and repassing with rapidity, the constant outbursts of merry laughter from their occupants evincing frolicsome humor and hearty enjoyment of the sport. After leaving the Park, the apparently interminable stream of travel divides, one part speeding towards St. Nicholas avenue, while the other pursues its course along Central avenue. The well-known hostelries on these routes were popular resorts, and crowded with sleighing parties, their piazzas filled with New York's oldest roadmen, who have for half a century witnessed the sleighing carnivals of the city, and are rich in reminiscences of the horsemen of the past, who in their day contributed so greatly to the enjoyment of the hour. Let us take a seat on the spacious verandah around Gabe Case's Club-house, watch the stream of sleighers as they sweep past, the snow crunching beneath the runners, and recognize the familiar faces of many veteran reinsmen.

Here is a race between two flyers, judging by the terrific pace both are going. We recognize in the contestants W. H. Harbeck, the bonded warehouseman, and his fleet bay gelding Windermere, who has just achieved a clever victory over Mr. Aitken of Fifth avenue and his fast young bay mare, who shows a capacity for much improvement. Louis Lorillard follows with his grey mare Belle of Toronto, and the great brewer Thomas P. Wallace sweeps past with his fine team Heatherbloom and James H. Coleman. Allie Bonner, who inherits her father's enthusiastic love for fast horses, dashes past behind the beautiful mare Music, whose speed over the snow-covered avenue is something marvelous. David Bonner follows with a bay Hambletonian he has lately purchased, and a crowd of horsemen, whose faces are familiar on the trotting turf, dash past. Dan Mace is out behind a new, big bay horse he calls Big Strider; his brother, Ben Mace, follows with a beautiful-shaped Jay Gould filly; Ben Daniels has a fast bay mare without a name; Manus Roden handles the ribbons over Wm. H. Beebe; and Dunn Walton, "New-York's tall sun," gracefully pilots the fast team Countess and Gray Eagle. Harry Hamilton's jovial face beams behind Winsome and Unknown, as if he enjoyed the high flight of speed at which they are carrying him. Col. Jerome B. Fellows, forgetting the past glories of his team of four-in-hand, is out with his bays Tommy and Aunty, whose speed and fine action attract general attention. Mr. Bathgate is behind the speedy Lady Taggart, and few can dash the snow in his face when he calls upon his mare to extend herself. Amos Littell drives his team of Aberdeen colts, of which he is justly proud, and Mr. Drennan sends his big mare Kitty Allen along at a fast gait. Major Barker of auctioneer fame flies past with his team of mares Lady Washington and mate, and Charles Barker Jr. drives his gray Sister to John H. John H. Hartbeck Jr. has out Fanny Attwood and the Vanderbilt mare together, and a fast and handsome team they make. John Harper forgets the cares of his publishing business behind his superb team of bays, whom he can drive fast and well; and Jesse Marshall, one of the veterans of the road, shoots past with his well-known gray gelding. Ed Kearney eschews politics for the hour, and sends his gray gelding Sandhill merrily along. Col. Cane still loves to handle the ribbons, although the glories of his Pelham coach are temporarily eclipsed, and he skims swiftly over the frozen snow behind a handsome chestnut. Seaman Lichtenstein pilots his fine team of golden sorrels, and Mr. Walcott follows with his gray gelding Albatross. William and Tommy Johnson of pool fame sit behind Harry Bassett and Fred Tyler, and a fast team they make, and well up to the welter weights they have to carry. Charles Johnson, another of New York's oldest horsemen, is out behind his fast brown team, and James Flanagan takes nobody's "dust" behind his fleet trotter George. Thomas Trimble flies past behind his big bay Tornado, and J. Sonneberg strives vainly to capture him with his bay horse Magna Charta. Mr. Griswold deserts the Fifth-avenue Hotel and takes his enjoyment behind Belle of Spring Hill and her white-footed mate. There goes Inspector Speight and his fast black stallion by George Wilkes, and he is tackled by James Galway, who is driving his Hambletonian gelding Stanley, whom he will never be able to sell for as much money as he did St. Julian. James Stewart spins along behind Belle of Long Island, and Mr. Schench sends Champagne Charley and mate the length of the road. Billy Weeks, the noted "gentleman driver," sat behind the gallant gray Tanner Boy, who shows to the sleigh the same flight of speed that he has done in harness on the track. Police-commissioner Sidney Nichols drove a handsome team of bays, and few could give him the go-by. Captain McDonald had out his team Billy Green and Winslow, and they made a fast and handsome pair. A. R. Phyfe went a spanking gait behind Middleburg, a fast bay colt, by Middletown. Mr. Andrews vainly trying to pass him with Clifford. J. H. Arnold had out his chestnut mare Ida, and tested her speed against several of the fast cracks on the avenue. And thus they come and go, passing and repassing, until long after darkness has fallen, and the moon's pale light is reflected by the mantle of snow which covers the face of nature, the stream of sleighs, horses, and horsemen continuing until long after midnight. Deep, general and heartfelt was the regret expressed that one familiar face and figure in that mighty cavalcade, which for half a century has never been missed on the road, will never again be seen. One of the oldest, if not the oldest, roadmen of New York, Commodore Vanderbilt, has always been distinguished for his love of fast trotters, and has owned in his time some remarkably good ones, notably Rockingham, Mountain Boy, Daisy Burns, and Myron Perry.

FAST RAILROADING.—A dispatch from Halifax, N. S., dated Jan. 2, says: "The mail-train which started West after the arrival of the Peruvian this morning, reached Truro, a distance of sixty-one miles, in sixty-two minutes."

GAFFS of all descriptions—fair or foul, plain or fancy—can be had of George W. Palmer, who advertises. He will also match odd spurs.

CURLING AT CENTRAL PARK.

NORTH vs. SOUTH.

The great annual match between the curlers who hail respectively from the north and south of Scotland attracted a large number of spectators to the Seventy-ninth-street pond in Central Park on Wednesday, Jan. 3, when the seventh meeting took place. The ice, in consequence of the heavy fall of snow on the 1st and 2d, was not in as fine condition as was desirable, though a strong force of men, earnestly working, had cleared it as far as possible of its fleecy mantle. Eleven rinks, each with four players on a side, were laid out, and the contest, which commenced at 12.30 P. M., was finished about four hours later, with the result in favor of the northern players, as announced by the umpire, John L. Hamilton. The score follows:

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Rink No. 1.			
S. B. Lewis,		J. Crawford,	
William Laird,		J. Moffat,	
K. McPherson,		J. Kellock,	
John Maltman—skip	18	Jas. Crawford—skip	26
Rink No. 2.			
G. D. T. Underhill,		J. Waldie,	
C. D. Robbins,		T. Osborne,	
John Wheeler,		D. Muir,	
G. Fraser—skip	23	D. Johnstone—skip	14
Rink No. 3.			
Mr. Bain,		Mr. Archibald,	
Mr. Moneur,		Wm Currie,	
Wm. Brander,		S. McConchie,	
G. T. Addison—skip	13	A. Dalrymple—skip	19
Rink No. 4.			
A. McKee,		John Gordon,	
John Russell,		John Hay,	
W. Underhill,		M. McDougal,	
J. Phillips—skip	13	J. Henderson—skip	19
Rink No. 5.			
R. Swinton,		Thomas Bothwell,	
Joseph Ross,		Wm. Thompson,	
Wm. Symmers,		Andrew Mitchell,	
James Addie—skip	19	Wm. Kellock—skip	21
Rink No. 6.			
J. Sufferin,		John McNaught,	
J. Smillie,		James Moir,	
J. McNeish,		James Fisher,	
S. McIntyre—skip	19	M. Thompson—skip	14
Rink No. 7.			
J. L. McEwen,		John Russell,	
J. Birkett,		G. Crawford,	
D. Mann,		J. Templeton,	
D. Foulis—skip	26	R. Russell—skip	16
Rink No. 8.			
Wm. Lewis,		Mr. Carmichael,	
David McLintock,		Wm. Ritchie,	
John McKean,		J. Patterson,	
Wm. Ferguson—skip	30	Wm. Hogg—skip	15
Rink No. 9.			
John Smith,		Robert Simpson,	
John Thompson,		Geo. Henderson,	
Allan M. Cook,		Adam Young,	
George Grieve—skip	22	M. Baxter—skip	20
Rink No. 10.			
H. L. Palmatier,		James Galt,	
James Gillie,		Peter B. Shields,	
J. Frazier,		John Irving,	
James Stewart—skip	31	James B. Nicoll—skip	15
Rink No. 11.			
Alex. Walker,		John Boag,	
J. Campbell,		R. McCormack,	
W. Winterbottom,		James Mitchell,	
C. McKenzie—skip	14	Wm. Meikle—skip	22
Total	228	Total	201

Majority for North, 27.

The match over, the contestants and their friends adjourned to the Casino, where proper attention was paid to the good things of this life, which were carefully provided for their discussion.

MORTALITY IN NEW YORK DURING 1876.

The Bureau of Vital Statistics publish the following particulars in regard to births, marriages and deaths in this city: During the year 1876 there were 28,744 births, 7,099 marriages, 2,290 stillbirths, and 29,211 deaths were reported to have occurred in this city. Of this mortality 15,239, or 52.17 per cent., were in tenement-houses (houses containing four families or more); 8,207, or 28.10 per cent. in houses, containing three families and less (including shanties); 247, or .85 per cent., in hotels and boarding-houses; 4,768, or 16.33 per cent., in institutions; 270, or .93 per cent., not stated; and 480, or 1.64 per cent., in streets, rivers, yards, etc. The floors upon which these deaths in tenement-houses, houses containing three families or less, and hotels and boarding-houses occurred, are as follows, viz.: Basement, 243; first floor, 6,173; second, 8,398; third, 4,630; fourth, 1,502; fifth, 282; sixth, 45; seventh, 3; on the floor designated as the top, 1,267, and the number of houses that had no floors stated was 839. The certificates of death which do not contain the number of families and floors stated thereon were received in the early part of the year, when the present system was not so complete as it is now.

The highest monthly number of deaths reported was in July (4,172), March and August following next in numerical order with 2,763 and 2,732 respectively. The highest weekly number of deaths was during the week ending July 15, when 1,298 deaths were reported, which is within 506 of the total mortality for the month of November (1,804), which had the lowest monthly number of deaths reported during the year. The lowest weekly mortality was during the weeks ending November 1 and 25, which had 413 deaths each, or 885 less than the mortality reported during the week ending July 15. The highest monthly number of deaths reported in tenement-houses was during the month of July (2,410), and the lowest was during the month of November (886).

The number of deaths reported during the year 1876 from diphtheria was 1,761; scarletina, 889; membraneous croup, 524; malarial fevers, 243; and cerebro-spinal fever, 125; 1,230 of these deaths were in houses containing three families or less (including shanties), 2,169 in tenement-houses, 70 in hotels and boarding-houses, 69 in institutions, and 7 on canal-boats. Of these deaths 43 were on the basement floor, 189 on the top, 846 on the first, 1,208 on the second, 709 on the third, 281 on the fourth, and 69 on the fifth. The average age of those who died from scarletina was 4 years 2 months 14 days; diphtheria, 4 years 2 months 11 days; membraneous croup, 2 years 7 months 7 days; malarial fevers, 25 years 3 days; and cerebro-spinal fevers, 10 years 1 month 7 days. The wards that furnished the highest number of these deaths were: the Nineteenth, 409; Twenty-second, 374; Seventeenth, 309; Twentieth, 268; and Twelfth, 232. The wards that furnished the lowest number were the Second, 2; Third, 12; First, 41; Fifth, 51; and the Fifteenth, 59.

The burial of 25,631, or 81.05 per cent. of the deaths and stillbirths reported during the year, was in the following six cemeteries, viz.: Calvary, 11,941; Lutheran, 4,387; City (pauper burying-ground), 3,816; Greenwood, 2,541; Evergreen, 1,672; Cypress Hills, 1,274.

The reported mortality refers only to the number of certificates of deaths received during the year.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

A Deposit of $250 to Back J. H. Martin.

The appended communication and accompanying challenge does not require comment:

YPSILANTI, MICH., Jan. 5, 1877.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* I notice that in the match recently contested in Boston between James Owens of Fairfield, Vt., and Col. J. H. McLaughlin of Detroit, Mr. Owens proved the victor, thus entitling him to the championship of the world. Being of the opinion that Jacob H. Martin is a better man than either of them, I take the liberty of making the following proposition: I will match Jacob H. Martin of Ypsilanti, Mich., against James Owens, to wrestle collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, for the sum of $500 a side and the championship of the world, the winner to take the entire proceeds of the house, and pay all legitimate expenses. The match to be wrestled in Boston, within thirty days from signing articles; Ed. James' rules to govern. As an evidence that I mean business, I herewith deposit $250 as forfeit, and would request that you consent to act as final stakeholder. This challenge to remain open ten days from date of publication. Should Mr. Owens fail to come to terms, I will back Mr. Martin for the sum stated against any square-hold wrestler in the world; the match to be contested in any one of the principal cities of the United States. Awaiting Mr. Owens' early answer, I remain, very truly yours,

F. R. EMERICK.

[Draft for $250 received.—ED. CLIP.]

YOUNG MORRISSEY'S FUNERAL.—The mortal remains of John Morrissey Jr., only son of Senator Morrissey, were buried from St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. J., on Tuesday, Jan. 2. The funeral was largely attended, the Saratogians in particular being numerously represented, the members of the Solitaire Club and Independent Hose Co. being present in a body. Among the New-Yorkers there were Hon. James E. Hayes, E. L. Walsh, Harry Ford, John McCormack, Chas. Reed, Albert Spencer, George Harmon, James Connors, Nelse Parker and Mike Judge. The pallbearers were Frank J. Marrin, J. E. Hayes, Chas. Allen Jr., Wm. McDougall, John Rourke, Samuel F. Corey, F. A. Hall and M. S. Cummings. One who knew deceased well pays the following tribute to his memory: "Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a genial associate and steadfast friend, and proverbial for his kindness and generosity. He was passionately fond and devoted to outdoor exercises, being expert as an oarsman, baseball player and marksman, and was well thought of by the adepts of the above branches of sport. Many a stray minstrel wandering to Saratoga in the cold, bleak months of Winter found his kindness made practical by the well-sized audiences brought there more by Jack's charity than by the flaming posters. He was attended to the last by John Lawrence, who was devoted in his attentions to the deceased."

TWENTY-FIVE-MILE BICYCLE RACE.—On Dec. 11 John Kean, David Stanton and C. Thuillet engaged in their second contest for a £50 silver cup at the Sussex County Cricket Grounds, Brighton, Eng. On the first occasion, Nov. 6 (the cup having to be won twice in succession before becoming the property of anyone), Keen came in first in 1h. 30min., Stanton 49sec. slower, and Thuillet 50sec. behind the winner. The attendance was very small, somewhere about 300, and Mr. Culley acted as judge and timekeeper, and Mr. Walton referee, a start being made shortly before 3 o'clock, Keen at once going to the front, Stanton next, and Thuillet third. This was the order of going till Thuillet had the misfortune to break two of the spokes of his machine in the 16th lap, and exchanged for a smaller one, but his chance was thereby rendered hopeless, and he gave up in the 17th circuit. Stanton and Keen rode magnificently, the latter's style in particular being worth witnessing, and in the 29th lap he was half the distance of the ground in front, and gradually going ahead, completed the distance (51 laps) in 1h. 28min. 20sec., Stanton being a lap and a half behind. The cup is, therefore, the absolute property of Keen.

SHEEPKILLING MATCH.—A match, upon the result of which was said to depend the possession of $500, was contested at John Hammell's slaughter-house, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday morning, Jan. 6, the principals therein being John Harrington of East New York and Harrison Bogart of Brooklyn, well-known as first-class "killers" for the New York market. The match was to kill, clean and prepare for market fifty sheep, the man accomplishing the task in the quickest time to be declared the winner. The work commenced shortly after eight o'clock, and at the end of two hours and forty minutes Bogart had finished his fifty, leading his antagonist by three sheep, though at the fortieth Harrington was a sheep and a half ahead. The winner's first sheep was killed in the quickest time made during the match—three minutes.

A SERIES OF ATHLETIC COMPETITIONS, embracing a mile walk, half-mile run, quarter-mile hurdle-race and vaulting with the pole, for which a number of entries by good men are announced, will take place at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, this city, this (Tuesday) evening, Jan. 9. There will also be equestrian exercises, assaults at arms, on foot and mounted, steeplechases, etc. Mr. Engelhardt has had laid out a pedestrian track measuring an exact eighth of a mile, which has been put in thorough order under the experienced supervision of Jack Goulding, whose services have been secured by the management.

THE BROOKLYN (L. I.) CALEDONIAN CLUB recently elected the following officers: Chief, Jas. Belmer; first chieftain, James Kennedy; second, Wm. Summers; third, Wm. Winter; fourth, S. N. MacAdam. In a game of checkers played by the members a few days ago for a silver medal, J. Laird was the victor.

BASEBALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1876.
The Basemen.

While the improvement in pitching and catching of late years has been noteworthy, base-playing has also steadily advanced each season, some very creditable work having been done during 1876. The line of duties belonging to each of the three positions on the bases has become more and more marked each season, and now there are as distinct characteristics in the play belonging to each almost as in the case of catchers and pitchers; so much so that a man who excels at first base cannot play the third-base position with anything like the same degree of skill, and to a less extent the same may be said of the second base. To securely hold swiftly-thrown balls is necessary in all three positions; but it is the forte of the first-baseman to excel in this respect, while it is very essential that the third-baseman should be the swiftest, longest and most accurate thrower of the three basemen, it being equally necessary that the second-baseman should excel in activity. Base-players are learning to use their judgment more than they used to do. Formerly they took up one regular position in the field, and waited for balls to come to them, seldom changing their place according to the different style of batting they were called upon to attend to. Now, however, they move about from place to place to suit the batting, the second-baseman frequently playing at "right-short," while the third ofttimes gets down to the short-stop's position, and then again he will go over to the foul-ball lines. Under the new rule the first and third basemen will not be required to stand as near to the foul-ball lines as hitherto; for it will be difficult for a batsman to hit a ball on the line of the bases, so as to go in front of the base, either to the right or the left, and the infielders will be able to consolidate their forces so as to secure more ground-balls than they did before. If we mistake not, one of the effects of the new rule in regard to fouls will be largely to increase the average of put-outs by first-basemen, and, with the increased work these players will have to attend to, it will be well to secure the very best men for that position. While there are plenty of first-basemen to be had who can hold hotly-thrown balls to them, provided they come straight to their hands, there are but few who can properly attend to swiftly-thrown wide balls, especially those which come in low or on the bound. The rule for effective first-base play is to catch and hold the balls if you can, but be sure to stop them. A badly-thrown ball to first base, well stopped, is just as meritorious a piece of fielding as holding a straight ball and putting a player out. In fact, it is more so, for it ofttimes prevents a run being scored from first-base on the wild throw; and preventing a run is better than putting a player out. This ability to stop badly-thrown balls is a feature of first-class first-base play. Many a short-stop has secured a reputation for fine play in his position owing to the skill of the first-baseman in stopping wildly-thrown balls. Start excelled in this respect last season. Probably no first-baseman of the leading nines in the championship arena had worse throwing to attend to than Joe had, and yet he has the smallest percentage of errors of all players in the position. Dehlman stands next to Joe in first-base play, his pick-ups at times being regular beauties. McVey, too, played finely, his percentage of errors being very small. Gerhardt showed himself to be a capital first-baseman, and Murnan did good service in the position. Gerhardt put out the most players in the position of the season—792—his average being over 12 put out to a game. Dehlman being next in this respect. Cassidy did effective service at first base in some of the Hartford games, and in the New Haven he played up to the highest mark. The veteran Red Stocking Gould played quite up to his old standard, and he had some bad throwing to attend to. Mills' play, too, was well up to the best standard. Fisler—the coolest and most "nervy" base-player in the position—did some first-class play, both at first and second bases; but the former is his position. It is a singular fact that the first-basemen take the lead in having the smallest percentage of fielding errors, and yet they have a great deal of bad throwing to attend to.

The duties of the second-baseman seem to have been extended since the curved-line pitching came into vogue, this delivery apparently having the effect of forcing the batting more towards second base and right short, the large increase in the average of put-outs and assistance by second basemen showing increased work in their position. The second base, in fact, has become the key of the infield, and, next to the pitching and catching, the most important of the positions of the attacking forces in the game. The second-baseman must not only be able to hold swiftly-thrown balls from the catcher, but be very quick in touching base-runners, for he has more work to do in this way than either of the other base-players. Then, too, he must be exceedingly active, and ever on the alert; for, what with watching for short grounders to right short, and being ready to hold balls for double plays, and to catch short-high balls back of his position, it was very necessary that he should have his eyes about him all the time. The second-baseman, too, should make it a special point to study the style of hitting of his opponents, so as to knew pretty well where to expect a ball. He should also watch the delivery closely, so as to judge of the hitting by the pace of the pitching, and to be ready for short high fly balls from balls dropped short by the pitcher, and for sharp ground hits for pacers sent into the bat. In fact, as the game is played now, the second-baseman has become almost the principal player in the field in fielding balls from the bat. As he has the easiest fly-balls to attend to, missed catches should be rare. At first and third base high fly balls are generally very difficult to hold, as, if fair and close to the line of the base, they are generally rotating rapidly, as they always are when struck foul to either of these positions thereby rendering a sure grasp necessary to hold them, otherwise they twist out of the player's hands. Barnes took the lead in second-base play last season, and he did some wonderful work at times. He never played up to his mark except in close fights, and then he shone out brilliantly. In "soft games"—one-sided contests—he was apt to be too indifferent, and at times lazy. But, when work was necessary to be done to save a game, Barnes was then in his element. He was unquestionably the model second-baseman of 1876—bright as a new dollar, perfectly reliable, and well up in all the points of the game, besides being the most scientific batsman of the season. Burdock stands next on the list to Ross, and we rate Sweasy as third, the veteran showing in some games as fine second-base play as any we witnessed last season. McGeary played second base for the St. Louis nine. What McGeary can do when he chooses to play his best is one thing—what he has done the record shows—and that is all we have to say about this player. Craver played at second base for the Mutuals, as also change-catcher. His percentage of errors was the highest, his play being very bad at times, and then quite the reverse. Fowser played in the position for the Athletics, but we did not see enough of his play to judge of his merits. Sommerville did good service at second base for the Louisville, he excelling in putting out the largest number of players in the position. Meyerle did some good second-base play, too; but the infield is not his place. There is one thing about Meyerle, however, which is noteworthy, and that is that he can be depended upon to do his best to win. Morrill of the Bostons played second-base very well, as he did the position of catcher. He apparently has no home position as yet. He is a promising player. We shall comment on the third-baseman in another article.

ANOTHER BASEBALL REPORTER GONE.

Walter E. Coyle of Cincinnati is the latest of death's victims from the ranks of the baseball reportorial corps, and we clip from *The Cincinnati Enquirer* the following paragraph concerning his brief career on the papers of that city: "Walter was born in this city April 9, 1852. His father, who was a prominent builder, died when Walter was but a mere child, and he was thus debarred from that which he needed most of all things—a father's guidance in his youth. He attended the public schools from his sixth to his eleventh year, when he passed for the intermediate school, though he never entered it as a scholar. At this time Cincinnati had the famous Red Stocking nine and the baseball fever bad, and Walter was one of its most afflicted victims. His mastery of the knotty points and intricacies of the national game attracted the attention of Captain E. G. Hall who was then city editor of *The Gazette*, and he offered him a subordinate position on the local staff of that paper. The offer was gladly accepted, and thus his direct connection with journalism began. He accompanied the Cincinnatis on their great 1869 tour, but the trip was unfortunate for poor Walter, for while making it he contracted convivial habits which he was never after able to shake off. These habits led to his leaving *The Gazette* in 1872, and he then took a place on *The Evening Star*. He did yeoman service in this position, but after about six months of duty in it he was induced to leave it and accept the position of Advance-agent for Lent's Circus. His habits interfered with his success here, and he next determined to try his fortune in New York, but again returned to this city, this time to accept the position of baseball reporter on *The Covington News*, now defunct. Soon after he was given another trial on *The Enquirer*, remaining in our employ until February last. He then went to New York again, and shortly after De Witt G. Ray, city editor of *The Brooklyn Argus*, who had befriended him before, took him under his wing and gave him a place on his local staff. Naturally of an iron constitution, he took little care of his health, and the result was that before he knew it he was seized by that terrible scourge consumption." He died on New Year's morning, and his last words were "This is a sad new year for me." He was a talented writer and enthusiastic on the subject of baseball. Those who have gone before him were Mr. Graffen of *The Philadelphia Dispatch*, Mr. Warner of *The New York Tribune*, Mr. Piggot of the same paper, and Mr. Brodie of *The New York Dispatch*. All were men of marked ability and integrity of character.

DEATH OF A BOSTON AMATEUR.

W. M. Bradbury, until within three years one of the most prominent ballplayers of New England, died in Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Dec. 30, at the age of 27 years and 3 months. A severe cold in December, 1873, brought on a family bronchial trouble in a very serious form. Though many months passed in the South and California failed to effect a cure, still his friends hoped that a constitution originally vigorous would enable him to overcome disease. He had been married but a few weeks, and a sudden death was quite unexpected. "Met," as he was familiarly known, was a thorough ballplayer. He first attracted attention in the Waban Club of Newton, his native town, in 1867, and in the Spring of 1868 became catcher—a new position to him—of the Lowell Club of Boston, succeeding Wilder, who had caught for the club since its formation, seven years before and caught till the club disbanded in 1871. Though great efforts were at several times made to induce him to play in the Boston nine, Bradbury's interest in the game was solely amateur, and he took no active part till 1873, when the Beacon Club was reorganized. Bradbury caught for the club during the year, and to his skill, in a great measure, the success of the club was due. His sickness during the next Winter deprived the club of its strongest player. He took part in the three games with the Beacons in 1874, but never appeared on the ball-field again. Bradbury was a man of immense physical strength. Over six-feet-two in height, and nearly two hundred pounds in weight, he had a control over himself which but few large men possess. Considering his size, he was a remarkably skillful base-runner; but his strongest point, perhaps, was at the bat, he regularly leading the batting averages of his club. He was a fine catcher, being utterly fearless, with a long reach and a firm grasp. Many feats of strength are remembered of him. Even after a year's illness he was able to pull a bat away with his left hand alone from three others. He was possessed of considerable musical talent, and had a fine bass voice. He was one of the best singers of the Apollo Club of Boston. He was of a quiet, genial disposition, and was ever ready to make personal sacrifices for others. There are many who have reason to remember him with deep affection.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.
The Victorious Harvards.

In 1876 the Harvard Baseball Club regained its lost lead in the college championship arena, and not only excelled its chief competitors of Yale and Princeton, but achieved noteworthy victories over prominent professional nines of the season, including one over the noted Boston Red Stockings. The college baseball clubs rank among the most gentlemanly and intelligent exemplars of the national game. In fielding skill they equal the majority of the professional teams, and had they the same time to spare to training they would surpass them, as educated skill must come to the front with equal chances for practice, as the success of the English gentlemen elevens in cricket over the professional teams of England fully shows. The Harvards entered the college arena in 1876 with a very strong team, and their career against such practiced nines as they played against was noteworthy. Mr. Leeds took the lead in having the best average of base-hits, Mr. Wright leading in the record of fewest percentage of fielding errors in his position. Some splendid play was shown by Messrs. Tyng, Thayer, and Sawyer in their positions, and Ernst's peculiar delivery as pitcher proved to be very effective. We only saw the nine play in two games, and then they were not in trim to show up in their best form. Their finest college game was their first contest with the strong team of Yale, whom they defeated by the close score of 4 to 3. The Harvard Club record for 1876 shows the following list of victories and defeats. We place the games in the order of smallest scores, giving the victories over college nines first.

VICTORIES.		
June 3, Harvard vs. Yale	4 to	3
July 1, Harvard vs. Yale	5	1
Oct. 14, Harvard vs. Brown	5	1
June 9, Harvard vs. Princeton	8	4
June 30, Harvard vs. Amherst	8	4
June 6, Harvard vs. Brown	10	1
June 24, Harvard vs. Trinity	10	3
May 13, Harvard vs. Brown	10	7
June 20, Harvard vs. Amherst	11	0
June 28, Harvard vs. Princeton	11	10
June 27, Harvard vs. Trinity	13	5
May 20, Harvard vs. Amherst	14	2
DEFEATS.		
June 26, Yale vs. Harvard	7	6
VICTORIES.		
April 13, Harvard vs. Lowell	3	1
June 17, Harvard vs. Taunton	5	4
June 10, Harvard vs. Fall River	6	3
May 22, Harvard vs. Boston	7	6
May 5, Harvard vs. Suffolk	8	1
July 7, Harvard vs. Chelsea	8	2
May 25, Harvard vs. Suffolk	8	2
May 9, Harvard vs. Taunton	9	1
June 1, Harvard vs. Rhode Island	11	0
July 4, Harvard vs. Resolute	13	6
July 6, Harvard vs. Brandywine	16	14
July 5, Harvard vs. Germantown	17	5
DEFEATS.		
May 4, Boston vs. Harvard	4	3
Oct. 10, Our Boys vs. Harvard	5	4
Oct. 4, Our Boys vs. Harvard	6	1
April 19, Boston vs. Harvard	6	2
May 30, Live Oak vs. Harvard	6	4
June 21, Live Oak vs. Harvard	7	4
June 16, Boston vs. Harvard	7	4
July 3, Chelsea vs. Harvard	8	5
April 29, Live Oak vs. Harvard	9	7
May 11, Boston vs. Harvard	12	0

THE CLUB AVERAGES.

The batting and fielding averages of the Harvard nine are as follows:

	Batting.		Fielding.	
	T. B.	Av. B. Hits.	P. O. and As'd.	Pr. Ct of Errors.
Leeds, s. s	161	3.48	130	2.56
Tyng, c. f.	140	3.35	88	3.43
Latham, l. f.	138	2.37	48	2.25
Thayer, c.	142	2.18	92	2.92
Ernst, p.	147	2.17	104	2.97
Thatcher, 3d b.	135	2.14	188	2.65
Wright, 1st b.	144	2.08	375	0.57
Sawyer, 2d b.	131	1.75	175	1.82
Daw, r. f.	138	1.44	35	2.85

Their best game with professional nines was their eleven-innings contest with the Bostons, marked by the appended score:

Boston	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—4
Harvard	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Umpire, Mr. Hodges.

HANDBALL PLAY HEREABOUTS.

The devotees of handball in the metropolis and Brooklyn were busy during the past week, a series of interesting contests taking place at the several alleys, the more noticeable of which were as follows: At Casey's, 111 Douglass street, Brooklyn: On New-Year's Day, in the presence of a goodly and jovial crowd, Phil Casey undertook to play against Matt Belford and James Mack, who proved too much for him by a single ace, they winning the second and third games by scores of 21 to 17 and 21 to 20 respectively, Phil having taken the first, 21 to 13. On the 2d inst. Casey tied the same couple again, and defeated 'em, taking the first and second games by totals of 21 to 13, 21 to 15; while the score of the third, won by Matt and partner, was the same as the latter. Wednesday, 3d.—M. Belford and John Grady concluded their match of best in nine games, the latter having won three out of the four contested on the first day of play. Grady also won the first two games, after resumption, scoring 21 to 9 and 21 to 15, which constituted him the victor in the series. The alley was next occupied by James Mack and W. Courtney, who met in a very evenly-contested match not long before. They played two games, both of which were won by Mack; scores, 21 to 15, 21 to 17. Courtney's hands were sore from play during the holidays, and he didn't do so well as usual. A match, Mack and Belford vs. Courtney and Grady, has been arranged to take place at Casey's on Wednesday, Jan. 10..........At McQuade's, 404 Madison street, junction with Grand street, this city, the following competitions took place on the 4th inst.: John Manix and James Colton vs. Michael Landy and John Murphy, best three in five games. The former couple were victorious, securing the first game by a score of 21 to 16, the third by 21 to 14, and the fourth by 21 to 20; the second game was won by Landy and mate, 21 to 19. The second contest was between Thomas Burke and Michael McMann on the one side, and T. Ryan and O. McQue on the other, best two in three games. The first-named couple captured the first game, counting 21 against 19, but they were beaten in the two following games, 21 to 16 and 21 to 18.

THE ALLEGHENY CLUB of Pittsburg, Pa., have very liberally engaged to provide a suitable hall for the coming Convention of Professional Baseball Clubs to organize the International Association, in case that city is selected as the locality of the Convention. We hope Mr. Waite will issue the call for the meeting at an early date, so as to have everything prepared by Spring, and also so as to prevent the stealing of players prior to March 15, which seems to have begun. The Allegheny Club will present a very strong team this coming season, including Galvin, pitcher; Holbert, catcher; Goodman, Williamson and Nichols on the bases; Nelson, short stop; with Creamer, Dolan and McKelvey in the outfield. Galvin and Dolan hail from the St. Louis Red Sox, Williamson and Creamer from the Neshannocks of New Castle, Holbert from the Louisville, Nichols from the Mutuals, and Goodman from the Actives of Reading. Nelson, formerly of the Mutuals, and McKelvey played with the Alleghenys the latter part of last season.

THE PROSPECTS of the Buckeyes for the ensuing year look extremely bright. The managers of the club are active business men, who are pushing everything for the interest of the club. They have determined to be represented at the meeting of the non-League clubs; but they protest against the holding of the same either at Philadelphia or any other point so far East, believing that in so protesting they are but re-echoing the wish of the majority, if not all the Western clubs, for a more central place, such as Pittsburg. The Bucks have as yet secured but three men for their next year's nine, viz.. Barnie, Burke and Strief, but they are in correspondence and in the act of closing with several more prominent players. They would like to hear from first-class players on the subject.

THE PRACTICE vs. precept of the Western League is thus shown in the case of Dorgan of the Syracuse Stars, of which player a Syracuse paper says that he has violated his contract with the Stars to join the St. Louis Club team as tenth man at a salary of $1,000. On this *The Philadelphia Mercury* comments as follows: "The League rules sanction this dishonorable practice, and only prohibit it *after* March 15, 1877. Up to that date the League organizations can *steal* any players they wish. Comment on the above is unnecessary."

DEVLIN, the noted pitcher of the Louisville nine of 1876, is at issue with that club on the question of the violation of the letter of their contract with him. The threats of the Louisville Club to force him to play with them next season seems to have roused Devlin to resistance. It would appear that the penalty of expulsion from the League has not the same influence it exerted last year. Practically, it only deprives a player of employment in six of the forty odd professional clubs which will enter the arena in 1877.

"THE BOSTON HERALD" has incurred the displeasure of the Western League's organ by its telling criticism on some of the legislative enactments of the League. *The Herald* of last Sunday ably demolishes a labored defense by a Chicago correspondent of the rule which practically reduces players' salaries. The League wanted to deduct one dollar a day for expenses, and they would have succeeded but for Ferguson's opposition. *The Herald's* views are sound on the subject.

THE VIOLATION of contracts with players attempted by the League in their deducting thirty dollars for uniforms and fifty cents a day for expenses, when on tours, from the salaries of players, has been resisted by Battin of the St. Louis nine. He refused to play with the club in 1877 unless this new rule was made void, and the St. Louis Club consented to forego its observance in his case.

THE PUBLICATION of the official book for the League, which will contain the constitution, playing rules and official proceedings of that body at Cleveland, together with the averages of players in League clubs for 1876, has been awarded to Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Bro. of Chicago. The book will be on the market in a couple of weeks.

JAMES CLINTON, right-fielder and change-pitcher of last year's Louisville Club, has not as yet been engaged for the coming season. His address is No. 285 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NICHOLS of the Mutuals of 1876 has, it is said, been engaged by the Allegheny Club for 1877. They have secured a fine young player, and a reliable man.

LETTERS addressed Manager Louisville B. B. Club and Mr. Pike of Cincinnati B. B. Club are in our care.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.—On Thursday, Jan. 4, a pigeon match, between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Dr. W. F. Carver of San Francisco, was shot on the Oakland Park Course. It was at 30 single birds, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and under English rules. Bogardus won by one bird, killing 26 to his opponent's 25. A second match between the same parties, at 20 birds each, Chicago Prairie Club Rules, 21yds. rise, was won by Dr. Carver, who killed 19 to Bogardus' 18. A third match, at five pair, between the same parties, 18yds. rise, under Prairie Club Rules, was won by Bogardus, who killed 8 to Dr. Carver's 7.

THE FOUNTAIN CLUB had an outing at Brown's Hotel, Ocean Boulevard, Long Island, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 3, six members taking part in a shoot at 7 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. H and T traps, Long Island Club rules. The prize was a handsome gold badge, which was tied for on five by J. McMohan and H. Miller, the former of whom, in shooting off, killed three birds straight, while Miller brought down but two; consequently McMohan was declared the winner. Mr. Ditmess was referee.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE-TEAM of 1876 met on Jan. 4 for the purpose of deciding as to the time and place of holding the next competition for the Centennial Trophy. Regret was expressed that, by the rules under which the contest originally took place, it was not allowable to alter the time of competition to once in two years, and it was finally agreed that the match should be shot some time in September.

AMATEUR PRIZE SHOOT.—On Wednesday, Jan. 10, will be inaugurated at J. S. Conlin's Gallery, No. 930 Broadway, an amateur prize-shooting contest, for twenty prizes, offered by the proprietor, and ranging in value from one dollar to twenty-five dollars. Winners of gold badges in any of the previous contests at this gallery are barred from competition.

BOWLING.

GOING FOR PRIZES.

The most enjoyable event of the season was caused by the Athletics sending invitations to members of all clubs belonging to the National Association to meet at Heiser's, in Williamsburg, on the night of Jan. 5, and bowl for a life-size doll, and also witness the bowling of members of the Athletic Club for their annual prizes. It was intended as a reunion of the Association, and those who failed to attend missed a treat, as hospitality was openhanded, and there was fun enough for a brand-new circus. The prizes were placed on the reporter's table, and all of them were done up in brown paper, except a bottle of wine, a cigar-box and a cigar-case, which deserves particular mention, as it was made out of black walnut, decorated with gold, revolved on a pivot, and made in the shape of a soda-fountain. The bowling throughout this game was the best individual playing of the season, and was deservedly applauded by the visitors. Mr. Delap started off at a rattling pace, was never overtaken by any of the team, and, ending with a total score of 204, won the cigar-stand. The second on the list was Mr. Field, and he chose the bottle of wine for his prize. Mr. Fredericks picked up one of the paper parcels, and it contained a sandwich of sweet smelling "Sweitzer Case." Mr. William Moller thought he had a valuable gift in the cigar-box, but, on opening it, discovered nothing but sawdust, with one penny wrapped up carefully in tissue-paper. This created quite a laugh, and when order was restored every gentleman in the team picked out his prize, Roffgar getting a wisp-broom, and Richardson, the last one, consisting of three Victoria cigars done up in a large match box. The remainder were made up of all sorts of funny things, and everybody seemed well pleased with his memento. The following is the score:

Roffgar	146	Field	190
Wm. Moller	176	Rhodes	144
Delap	204	Richardson	143
Hopps	161	Conover	166
Fredericks	189—876	Leonard	157—800

After a barrel of beer was dissected, the guests were called upon to play for the non-talkative baby, and in looking around it was discovered that nearly all the clubs were represented, the Pin Knights having Messrs. F. Anderson, Altebrand, Kollhause and Jake Moller to battle for them; while the Nassaus sent as delegates to uphold the honor of their club, Messrs. Robert Orr, J. Church, Conover, J. Orr, Adee, F. Baker and J. Grum. C. Moore did his best for the Columbias, and the interests of New York were looked after by Vossler of the Empires and Messrs. Peckham and Groh of the Terpsichores, while Mr. David McAusline fought for the *press*. R. Orr, the veteran sculler, and F. Anderson were selected to captain the two teams, and, after tight work between J. Moller and Anderson, it was the luck of the former to win the squealing doll by four pins. The rolling in this game was not as good as in the one preceding, but, nevertheless, all enjoyed it; and thus ended one of the happiest evenings spent in a similar manner for a long time. Appended is the score:

F. Anderson	172	R. Orr	166
F. Baker	151	J. Moller	176
Altebrand	154	J. Church	163
J. Grum	107	J. Orr	130
C. Moore	139	Vossler	158
Peckam	117	H. Groh	115
Kollhause	122	Conover	167
McAusline	121—1083	Adee	90—1165

GRAMERCY vs. FRANKLIN.—In the Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, in the early part of last week, a match was played between the Gramercy Boat Club and the Franklins. It was all one-sided from commencement to end, the Gramercy winning by a majority of 379. Annexed is the score:

FRANKLIN.		GRAMERCY.	
W. H. Hogan	108	Naething	162
Bogart	106	Gillett	145
Hayes	129	A. Naething	131
Henderson	91	C. Naething	143
Lear	88	Eiseman	175
Madole	93	Winnie	118
Tedford	107	Allaire	150
Johnston	95	Goodrich	136
Scott	101	Mills	125
Laich	121	Raymond	131
Pearly	115	Holmes	110
Metzger	89—1243	Luers	96—1622

MAJOR FULTON, the celebrated Creedmoor shot, and several associates met in the alleys at Broadway and First streets, Williamsburg, a few evenings ago, and resolved to organize a bowling club. The membership will be limited to a round dozen, and the organization will be perfected at the next meeting, when they will roll their first game.

AT A MEETING of the Pin Knights, held at their club on Jan. 4, the following officers were elected for the present year: J. C. Fink, president; M. Krudot, V. P.; G. W. Strus, secretary, and E. Altebrand, treasurer. Their annual ball will take place at the Apollo Rooms Jan. 24.

AQUATIC.

FASTEST STEAMING ACROSS THE PACIFIC.—In THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, issued this week, will be found a record of the quickest trip from Yokohama, Japan, to San Francisco, Cal., based on a telegram received in New York Dec. 27, 1876, which stated that the steamer Oceanic of the Occidental and Oriental S. S. Co. had accomplished the passage in 14 days 13 hours. Since THE ALMANAC went to press we have received the log of the vessel for this trip, from which we learn that the correct mean time between the ports named was 14 days 15h. 20m. The mean time from Hong Kong, China, to San Francisco, inclusive of 2 days 1h. detention at Yokohama, was 22 days 5h. 20m. Time from Hong Kong to Yokohama, 5 days 13 hours. This beats the previous best time, made by the P. M. S. S. Co.'s City of Peking, 7 hours and 35 minutes from Hong Kong, and 19 hours 40 minutes from Yokohama. The Oceanic sailed from Hong Kong 3.10 P. M. Dec. 4, arrived at Yokohama 6 A. M. Dec. 10—distance sailed, 1,599.6 nautical miles; sailed from Yokohama 7 A. M. Dec. 12, arrived at San Francisco 5 A. M. Dec. 26, 1876—distance sailed, 4,633.4-5. Our readers would do well to cut this out and paste it in THE ALMANAC, to avoid error.

IN VIEW of the refusal of Oxford and Cambridge University oarsmen to break in upon their long vacation by training for and rowing a race on the Thames with representatives of Cornell and Yale, it has been suggested that the Americans send a crew to the Henley Regatta, where they would be afforded an opportunity to measure blades with the men of the O. U. B. C. and C. U. B. C. Those who offered this suggestion, however, were presumably unaware that said regatta occurs in the month of June, about commencement week with our collegemen, which would prevent our oarsmen from arriving on the Thames a sufficient length of time previous to the regatta to enable them to properly prepare themselves for so important a meeting. The only way to overcome this will be to send over a graduate crew, which may be done a year hence by Cornell.

DAUNTLESS BOAT CLUB.—At a regular monthly meeting of the Dauntless Boat Club of this city, held at the Grand Union Hotel, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: O. H. Collin, president; M. Freeborn, first vice-president; O. J. Conklin, second vice-president; Wm. R. Morse, secretary; J. H. Redfield, treasurer; B. M. Loutrel, captain; W. G. Demarest, lieutenant; O. H. Collin, H. W. Walter and Frank Gillelan, trustees. The club will give an amateur minstrel entertainment and reception on Friday evening, Jan. 12, at the Lexington-avenue Opera-house, Fifty-eighth street. They will be assisted by the Argonauts, New York, Athletic, Nassau and other well-known boat clubs, and the affair promises to be both novel and enjoyable.

THE GENTLEMEN who have been placed in nomination for officers of the Brooklyn Yacht Club are: Commodore, John S. Dickerson; vice-commodore, James D. Smith; rear commodore, R. W. Huntley; president, P. M. Ostrander; secretary and treasurer, William T. Lee; assistant secretary, George C. Dunning; measurer, John M. Sawyer; fleet surgeon, J. G. Johnson; judge advocate, John Oakley; trustees—Robt. Dillon, W. R. Wadsworth, Charles W. Blossom, S. McElroy, and the president, secretary and treasurer ex-officio; regatta committee—H. W. Turner, Wm. Bishop and John F. Ames.

THE TRITON BOAT CLUB of Newark, N. J., have chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Louis E. Saunier; vice-president, Wallace Van Ness; secretary, George H. F. Gray; treasurer, A. W. Conklin; captain, George D. Small; lieutenant, W. A. Brintzinghoffer Jr.; log keeper, James McClave; trustees—J. C. Littell, C. S. Glaze and J. W. Morrell; delegates—to P. R. A. R. A.—M. P. Hayne, J. L. Myers and L. E. Saunier, who were instructed to cast their votes for Archibald W. Conklin for Commodore.

WALLACE ROSS of St. John, N. B., whose friends talk of matching him against that other noted Dominion sculler, Ed. Hanlon of Toronto, is now on his way back from England, where he journeyed quietly for the express purpose of having built by Swaddle & Winship of Scotswood the shell boat which he is now bringing back with him, and in which he hopes to score a victory over the Toronto sculler.

THE EAST BOSTON (MASS.) YACHT CLUB elected the following officers Jan. 1: Commodore, George R. Palmer; vice-commodore, Walter S. Wendall; fleet captain, Charles West; secretary, P. W. Goliff; financial secretary, E. Burham; treasurer, Charles F. Loring; steward, George B. Atwood; trustees, John H. Pierce, Wm. McCormack, Jas. L. Meagher; measurers, M. J. Dolan, R. M. Wood.

THE AMERICUS BOAT CLUB of this city have elected the following officers for 1877: President, W. E. Cody; vice-president, C. J. Krank; secretary, J. Burckhardt Jr.; treasurer, R. Allen; captain, M. Allen; lieutenant, Wm. Allen; trustees, G. Burckhardt, E. Blum and Wm. Lang; delegates, W. E. Cody, J. Burckhardt Jr. and A. Herrlein; janitor, F. Wagner.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY EIGHT for 1877 will be made up out of the following twelve candidates: Collin and Cook ('76), James Clarke and Warner ('78), Thompson, Livingstone, Hyde, Keater and Polhemus ('79), Wescott of the Law School, and Hart ('78), S. S. S. They will do gymnasium work all Winter. The crew will row in last year's boat.

ED. HANLON, according to report, manifests a desire to get on a match with Billy Scharff, the race to come off on Toronto Bay, Ont., in June next. When Hanlon puts up some money, and issues a formal challenge in the proper way, doubtless Scharff will talk business with him.

JOSEPH MARSHALL was triumphant over Henry Humphrey in an open-boat match, for a "tenner" a side, one mile on the Tyne, Eng., Dec. 16.

COL. J. H. MCLAUGHLIN, who attributes his defeat by Owens, at Boston, Mass., to the injury his left foot and leg had previously sustained, is now at Oneida, N. Y., doctoring the bad member, with a view to a try for the recovery of his lost laurels. We understand that he and his agent have had a misunderstanding, resulting in a severance of their business relations.

THE JAMES KEARNEY ASSOCIATION will hold their annual complimentary ball at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 10.

BILLIARDS.

A RUN OF 417!

The fact that Sexton and Slosson had both been in New Orleans for some weeks without crossing cues suggested that, as Sexton was about to depart and Slosson would shortly follow, they could not more fitly bid adieu to the Crescent City than by playing publicly together. It was accordingly proposed to institute an 1800 point game for a purse of $150, the winner to take the receipts, and to this both players consented. Those who proffered the purse subsequently thought that it would cost them but little more to virtually double it, and they proposed to increase the purse-money to $200 or $250, and back Slosson with it, provided Sexton would back himself. To this Sexton consented, being fortified with a confidence derivable from his not having lost a game during his sojourn of two months in New Orleans. A match for $200 a side was accordingly made. There was no other change in the programme, the original stipulation as to a game of 1,800 points, played on three nights at the Globe Theatre, the winner to take all the receipts and incur all expenses, being still adhered to. The dates chosen were Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 5, 6, 7. The telegraph reports that Sexton closed the second night's play with a run of 311, thus equaling Slosson's achievement in the fourth inning of his game with Garnier at Irving Hall, in this city, on June 16 last. This brought Sexton's score up to 1,200, and play for the night had to cease with an unfinished run. Resuming on Sunday night, he made 106 more, thus recording a run of 417, which is 106 greater than ever made before, and 205 greater than had been made up to May 17, 1876, when Sexton himself, running 251 in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, superseded Maurice Daly, whose run of 212, made at Tammany Hall, this city, on March 3, 1874, had for more than two years been high. On May 25, 1876, in Philadelphia, Sexton ran 287, since which time his best of record, until last week in New Orleans, had been 177. He won the New Orleans game by a score of 1,800 to 976, his average being the astounding one (for so lengthy a score) of 24! Rudolphe alone has averaged anything like it, but it has been in games of 400 and 600 points. It has been several times surpassed in games of 300 points, but 25, by Rudolphe against Sexton, is the best that has been made in any other game of 600 points or more.

BREVITIES.—Jos. Gleason's new room, 96 Duane street, was opened last Monday afternoon, Jan 8. ......At night, Adrian Izar, Garnier and others gave an exhibition at Charles Silverbrandt's room, 1,500 Broadway....John Bessunger has joined the forces at Izar's room....A gentleman looking remarkably like Herman P. Butler is in town. Can it be that Herman has ended his long absence?......T. G. Gallagher, Anthony Honing and Eugene Carter are to give exhibitions in Ohio and elsewhere......A day or two ago, Slosson played a game in which his opponent, a well-known New Orleans professional, averaged only one and a half points to the run. Slosson won that game......In his letter to THE CLIPPER of about two weeks ago, T. J. Gallagher seems to have effectually disposed of Louis Shaw. If that letter left Shaw with any desire to play Gallagher, it may be assumed that the latter's play in the Cleveland tournament has put an absolute quietus upon Louis......The father of William and John Sexton, an invalid for many years, is alarmingly ill. ......Frank Palmer is in Jacksonville, Florida...... At the Rotunda, New Orleans, on Jan. 2, Slosson was beaten by Frank Maggioli, who is once more a resident of that city, by 8 points in 300, the averages being 7.26-37 and 7.34-38, and the best runs 58 by George and 44 by Frank. On the 3d, Slosson scored 500 to Maggioli's 176, the winner's average being 25, while his best runs were 71 and 218. Maggioli averaged 8.16-20, and his best run was 82......At a meeting of the Northwestern and Southwestern Billiard Congress, held in Chicago on Jan. 3, it was resolved that Wm. Burleigh and Louis Shaw be expelled from the Congress, and be forever debarred from playing for the championship of the Northwest and Southwest, "for the reason that Burleigh agreed at the last championship contest in that city to 'throw' the game for a monetary consideration in Shaw's favor, the latter knowingly participating in the transaction." This game was played on Feb. 19, 1876, and was declared "off," because of fraud, nearly a year ago. That declaration having been made, and the stakes returned, it had been supposed that these players were expelled, and the transaction almost forgotten, many months ago, the Congress having convened for the purpose of taking action as early as April 10 last.

OBITUARY.—It is our unpleasant duty to call attention to a singular coincidence. Among the death-notices in *The Herald* of last Saturday, Jan. 6, were the following, one after the other:

DEVOY.—On Friday, January 5, William Devoy, a native of the parish of Newbridge, County Kildare, Ireland, aged 50 years.

His relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday, January 7, from his late residence, No. 70 East Broadway, at one P. M.

DEVOY.—On Wednesday, January 3, 1877, of pneumonia, William Devoy, aged 45 years.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, Saturday, at half past ten A. M., from 221 East 81st street.

The younger of the two, we are informed, was the well-known Billy Devoy, famous as a racket-player, and also well known from his connection with metropolitan billiard-rooms within the past eight years. He died, we learn, at the rooms of the new Racket Club, of which he had been superintendent since its opening, about six months ago. He last figured with marked prominence as a racket-player in the course of the international matches between Fred Foulkes of this city and William Gray of Cambridge, Eng., assisting Foulkes in his practice for the return games, which toook place at the old court in Thirteenth street, this city, April 22, 23, 1867. Foulkes died here on March 7, 1868; Gray in Windsor, Eng., on Dec. 17, 1875. Billy Devoy had figured in rackets for upwards of twenty years, and his face was a familiar one in the old court in the Bowery. His zest for the sport never lagged, and last Spring he devised a new and cheaper ball, on which, when he called to show it to us, he pardonably laid much store. Our informant, who has no doubt as to the identity of the one who died of penumonia, states that he was ill but four of five days, and was buried in Calvery Cemetery, from his mother's residence. It is surprising that so prominent a man should have passed from among us without publicity, other than the usual death-notice inserted by the family, being given to his death or burial; and we are not without hope that, as his surname was wont to be spelled in different ways in print, a mistake has somehow been made. Although as we pen these lines on the eve of going to press, there comes to us a confirmation of his demise.

MAURICE VIGNAUX REBUKED.—These columns recounted last Spring how Maurice Vignaux, who held the Challenge Cup by no stronger right than that of a broken pledge to return to this country with it before the Fall of 1875, treated William Sexton, who, to play him for that emblem where he should not have been required to play him, undertook a round journey of 3,000 miles at an expense of $2,000 to a gentleman who also forwarded to Paris a table for that match. Vignaux won Sexton's stake-money, $500, and as winner of the match, played at the Grand Hotel, Paris, he received the entire receipts. Declining Sexton's challenge for a *bona-fide* game, he endeavored to get him to play a "hippodrome" for a large stake nominally, but really for gate-money only. Upon discovering the true character of the new "match," Sexton declined to proceed with it. Vignaux had gone to some trifling expense in making arrangements for it, and he brought suit against Sexton to recover half of that insignificant outlay. While Sexton was in his hotel abed, his clothes were seized, and he had to cable to this country for the means to give security against a possible termination of the suit. The American billiard-table was also levied upon by Vignaux, Sexton's clothes not being valuable enough. By the cable, under date of Jan. 6, we learn that the Tribunal of the Seine has decided that Vignaux was not justified either in seizing the billiard-table or in demanding that Sexton pay any portion of the expenses of the unplayed "match," and it has condemned him to pay 100 francs fine and costs.

END OF THE CLEVELAND TOURNAMENT.—Resuming from our last week's report, the sixth game was between Carter and Thatcher, the former winning by 300 to 162, his best run being 98, and his average 5.20-56. The next game of the day (Dec. 30) was won by Honing, who averaged 5.20-56 to Heiser's 4.43-56, the best runs being 41 by Honing and 43 by Heiser, who was beaten by 23. Gallagher inaugurated the new year by running 247 (fifth best on record) against Heiser, who scored 195 while his opponent was making 350. Gallagher's run of 247 was made in his fourth inning, and his average was 23.5-15, Heiser's being 13.13-14. With a closing run of 114, and an average of 9.5-30 in a total of 275, Honing won the ninth game of the tournament, beating Thatcher by 15. This gave Honing the first prize. The final game was played on Jan. 2, when Gallagher, with runs of 199, 56, and 40, scored 350 to Carter's 145. The loser's best runs were 55 and 44, and his average was 8.9-17, Gallagher's being 20.10-17. This gave Gallagher the second prize, Heiser taking the third and Carter the fourth.

SEXTON, SLOSSON AND GALLAGHER.—Holders of CLIPPER ALMANACS for the year 1877 will make a note of the fact that, since that work went to press, Slosson has been deposed by Sexton as maker of the highest run on record. Slosson's 311 is now second, though it remained first up to the close of 1876. Third on the list is Thomas J. Gallagher with 247, Sexton having three runs of record above this, and Slosson one. Next to Gallagher's 247 comes Daly's 212, and next to that comes Gallagher's 199. Sexton's best runs are now 417, 287, and 251.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WESTON'S LATEST WALK.—E. P. Weston began an attempt to walk 505 miles in six consecutive days at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., at 12.05 A. M. Monday, Dec. 18. P. Crossland, G. Ide and G. Parry were engaged by the management (who offered £550 in prizes) to walk with him, each to walk forty-eight hours at a time. Weston began by walking 105 miles and a lap without a single stop, and at the conclusion of the first twenty-four hours had completed 115 miles, having halted but 18m. 10s. Ide, previous to retiring from the track for the night at 11.07:18, had covered 83 miles, resting 5h. 9m. 22s. during the day. On leaving the track at 11.58:45 P. M. on the 19th, Weston had left behind him 186 miles 3 laps, to Ide's 152 miles. The third day's work was closed by the American at 12.08:44 A. M., 21st, with a record of 252 miles, which he had increased to 326 miles at 11.55:30 P. M., same day, and to 395 at 10.48:29 P. M. on the 22d. Parry, who succeeded Ide, made 100 miles in his first twenty-four hours, retiring at 11.37:35 P. M., and at 11.49:43 P. M., on the 21st, he had placed 163 miles to his credit. Crossland now took up the walk, and at 11 o'clock on the night of the 22d had walked 104 miles 3 laps, making an aggregate of 420 miles for the Englishmen. This is the latest information we have concerning the walk. It was not considered possible for Weston to complete even 500 miles in the allotted time.

A SEVEN-MILES WALK, for £25 a side, took place between John Hurley and Joseph Barnes at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Dec. 18. Barnes went off with a slight lead; but inside of eighty yards Hurley deprived him of it, and, going along at a rattling pace, completed the first mile in eight seconds less time than Barnes, who, after going four miles and a lap, when he was hopelessly beaten, gave up. After going a short distance further, Hurley was told to stop.

THE 100-YARDS FOOT-RACE at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Philadelphia, on New-Year's afternoon, between Barnes and Coates, resulted in a victory for Barnes by a half yard. The previous race between these men ended in a draw on account of a false start being made, and the referee ordered them to run it over again, with the above-mentioned result.

J. BARNES of Camberwell, an account of whose race with J. Hurley appears elsewhere, and Lester Dole, the American short-distance walker, have been matched to walk four miles, for £25 a side, at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Jan. 15.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for John S. Barnes, J. W. Stubbs, and Geo. F. Avery.

THE TURF.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION STAKES.—The stakes opened by the Kentucky Race Association, to be run for at their Spring meeting in May next, closed on Jan. 1. The Phœnix Hotel Stakes for two-year-olds closed with 20 entries, among which the names of the brilliant two-year-old performers Glenella, King Faro, McWhirter, Glentina, Classmate and Lisben appear. The sweepstakes for three-year-olds, one mile and five-eighths, closed with 16 entries, the majority of them being also engaged in the Phœnix Hotel Stakes. The stake for two-year-old fillies, dash of half a mile, closed with 15 entries, and the stake for two-year-old colts and fillies closed with 21 entries. The handicap sweepstakes for al lages, one mile and a half, has 16 entries, among which the names of Heretog, Emma C., Linsmore, Bombay, Springbranch, Calvin, Chesapeake, Necy Hale and Big Fellow are prominent. The sweepstakes for four-year-olds, two miles and an eighth, has 8 entries, among them The Nipper, Bombay, Heretog and Largenteen. The Phenix Hotel Stakes for 1878 closed with 27 entries, and the Elkhorn Stakes for three-year-olds, to be run at the Fall meeting of 1878, closed with 26 entries.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.—In consequence of only one of the stakes of the South Carolina Jockey Club originally advertised (the Hampton Stakes for four-year-olds) having filled, a complete change has been rendered necessary in the programme of the race meeting, which commences at Charleston on Wednesday, January 17, and continues over the three following days. Purse races take the place of the stakes which failed to fill, and there will be three contests on each day of the meeting, comprising hurdle races, dashes of one and two miles and other distances, and mile heats and two-mile heats. Several of the stables that have made Baltimore their Winter quarters have already arrived in Charleston, where they will be reinforced by others from the South and West, and those belonging to South Carolina. This will be the first legitimate racing meeting of the campaign of 1877.

ERIC.—Robert Bonner of this city, has purchased, through B. S. Strader of Lexington, Ky., from Jas H. Bryan, the four-year-old trotting colt Eric, by Ericsson, for a large price. He distinguished himself by winning the 3:30 purse at Lexington last October, beating Almont Jr., Lady Prewitt, Paddy, Andy Mershon, Pandora, Forest Golddust, Ike, and Indianapolis. He won the first heat in 2:34¾, the fourth in 2:34¼, and the fifth in 2:32¾. Two days after, he won the first heat of the race for four-year-olds in 2:28¼, which is the fastest four-year-old time on record. It is not a little singular that Eric's sire, Ericsson, made in 1861 the fastest four-year-old trotting record up to that time—a mile in 2.30½. This remained unbroken until Allie West, in 1874, reduced the record to 2.29¾, and now comes Ericsson's son, and gains the proud distinction of lowering the record to 2:28¼.

BOARD OF APPEALS.—Hon. C. W. Hutchinson, chairman of the District Board of Appeals for the Atlantic District, has called a meeting of the members for the transaction of business, to be held in this city on Jan. 23. The Board consists of Edwin Thorne, Gates H. Barnard, W. M. Parks, Charles W. Hayes, George Sturges, C. J. Hamlin, and the chairman.

"WATSON'S RACING GUIDE," a work the completeness and accuracy of which have rendered it a welcome annual visitor and pocket companion to turfmen and all others interested in this species of sport, has already made its appearance. It contains a carefully compiled record of the racing events of 1876.

POOL-SELLING.—The newly organized National Association of Breeders, in their Constitution and Bye-laws, recently adopted at their meeting at the Everett House, in this city, declare that the pool box shall be strictly prohibited at all their meetings, together with all forms of gambling.

THE RING.

THE FATAL GLOVE FIGHT.
The Inquest and Verdict of the Jury.

The Coroner's jury summoned to investigate the cause of the death of Daniel Davidson, who, as stated in last week's CLIPPER, died on Dec. 28, at Revere Hall, Boston, Mass., shortly after the conclusion of a glove match between him and P. J. McDermott, met at the Third Police Station there on Monday evening, Jan. 1, for the purpose of hearing testimony. Patrick J. McDermott was the first witness called. His testimony was as follows: Davidson and myself agreed to have a private set-to; there was no admittance-fee at the door; we were to have gloves on; I have known Davidson several years; we have had a sparring match once before, same as this; the first one was his exhibition; it was in Cambridge; we sparred then till I was exhausted; we wore gloves similar to the last time; we had no seconds; so far as I know, there was no money up at the match at Revere Hall, and no fees were taken at the door; I never had any trouble with him; there were no hard feelings; the afternoon of the match I had drunk some, not heavily; had not seen Davidson that afternoon till we met in the hall.

Wm. E. Crockett, the next witness, testified: Live corner of L street and Broadway, South Boston; was present at the match simply as a spectator; made no effort to obtain a license for this exhibition; I did see Alderman Bigelow about a license for a set-to with gloves between Mr. Baker and myself; a set-to in an exhibition usually lasts from two to four hours; nothing to regulate the time save the pluck and perseverance of the contestants; in this case there appeared to be no feeling between the men; three or four rounds before the close of the contest, I said to the timekeeper: "Look out, Sol, that you do not carry this too far;" don't know why I said it; I think a glove-contest is a very serious affair; the injury is not outside, but inside—exhaustion; I think neither man was in good condition; the trouble was with the way they lived; they were not tough and hearty.

A. W. Baker testified: Was present at the set-to in Revere Hall; I knew before the match that McDermott and Davidson were to have a friendly set-to; I was asked to furnish gloves, which I did; have them here. [The gloves were shown to the jury.] They are not different in any respect from ordinary boxing-gloves; I didn't consider Mr. Davidson in good condition; I helped care for him from the Monday before the match; took him to my house that day and gave him a bath of bay-rum, but no water; he would not take a water-bath, because he said he was afraid of pleurisy; didn't consider him in good condition, because his wind was short and he was too fat.

Miss Georgina Davidson, sister of the deceased, testified: My brother's health had been perfectly good up to the time of this occurrence; never knew him to complain of pleurisy; he took dinner at home about 2 o'clock on the day of the match, and he ate very heartily.

At this point an adjournment was had to Thursday evening, when the inquest was resumed. John Dixwell, M. D., testifying as follows: Reside at No. 10 Beacon street; about 5 P. M. on Dec. 28 was called to attend a man said to have been engaged in a prize-fight: went to Revere Hall and saw a young man lying on the floor, feet towards the stove, and his head on a pile of coats; he was partly stripped, and was called Dan; he was unconscious, with no motion of the limbs, and his eyes were fixed; his pulse was irregular, as was also his heart; thought he was laboring under one of three conditions—concussion of the brain, concussion with compression, or simple exhaustion combined with the above; applied cooling applications to his head, his feet being wrapped warm; he did not show any consciousness while I was there; saw that the chances were unfavorable when I first saw him; think he lived about twenty minutes after I arrived; the pupils of the eyes were dilated.

Lieutenant White of the Third Police was the next witness. He testified that he was present at the glove contest, and substantiated the evidence of other witnesses regarding the manner in which the contest was conducted.

Coroner Cilley stated he was present during a portion of the set-to, and examined the two contestants as well as he could in the intervals of the rounds. He said that he thought that McDermott was suffering more than Davidson; and when he left the hall he thought that the latter would win in three or four rounds more; and when he was called subsequently to view the remains of the deceased he was greatly surprised.

Josnua B. Treadwell, M. D., who made the autopsy, gave a full report of the condition of the body and its various organs. He found no contusions upon the head or neck, and if he had not been told that he had been struck he never should have supposed that such was the case. The death was clearly caused by violent exertion, and any kind of violent exertion, such as rowing or running, might have caused death. Death was immediately due to a congested state of the lungs, which seemed to have been produced by a diseased condition of the heart, influenced by exhaustion, to which deceased had been subjected.

Charles Coleman was the last witness, and he testified to having been well acquainted with Davidson, and to having heard him frequently complain of suffering from pleurisy.

After considering the evidence about an hour, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that Daniel Davidson came to his death "by reason of exhaustion, resulting from organic disease of the heart, aggravated by the violent exercise incidental to the glove contest in which he participated."

JACK MACDONALD, the second of the lamented Heenan in his unfortunate battles with Sayers and King, was tendered a benefit at the Cambridge Hall, London, Eng., Dec. 21, and we are gratified to learn that it was quite largely attended. Old Jim Ward, Alec. Keene, and others of the old stock lent their aid, and the arrangements were under the management of Prof. Flynn, while Joey Jones, attired in ring costume, officiated as master of ceremonies. Among those who sparred were Tom Simmonds and Habbijam of Birmingham, Plantaganet Green and Jack Walton, Young Hundreds and Alec. Lawson (the latter not having fully recovered from a long and serious illness), Punch Callow and W. Ryan, and Bat Mullins and pupil; Graham and Beebe also wrestled.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS had a benefit at Free-trade Hall Manchester, Eng., Dec. 5, and from the account of the affair published in a local journal we learn that the hall, which is capable of holding over six thousand persons, was crammed with the light-weight's friends. The show included boxing by Chambers and Young Vixey of Liverpool, Phil Clare and Harry Lee, Buck and Dodd, Duckworth and Arthur of Glasgow, Sutherland and Black, Riley McLeod and Sam McGowan, Hoggart and Smith, John Flynn and Mick the Grecian, and Wood and Gardner. Wrestling by Bibby and Acton and Gall and Blacky, and exercises with 56lb weights and cannon-balls by Peter Adair.

STEVE TAYLOR AND MIKE GILLESPIE set-to for the benefit of Beckler and Tracy at the International Theatre, Sansom street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Jan. 5. Others who had volunteered to appear failed to do so. Taylor is to take a benefit at the Parisian Varieties, Eleventh and Wood streets, that city, on Saturday evening, 13. Joe Goss is advertised to wind-up with him.

BILLY EDWARDS AND BATSY SHEPPARD sparred at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on New-Year's night, for the benefit of Mr. Hopkins, owner of the Theatre Comique. They are engaged to appear this evening, 9th, at the Comique there, and expect to make a tour of the Eastern States.

SEDDONS' MOUSE AND JIM KELLY are to take their joint benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 11. Prior to the appearance of the beneficiaries, the stage will be occupied in succession by a number of clever sparrers, wrestlers, and Hill's troupe of variety performers. The show commences at three o'clock.

THE COMMITTEE ON LICENSES in Boston, Mass., have resolved that it is inexpedient to license exhibitions of wrestling and boxing—a decision which will probably prevent any public entertainment of this character for some time.

MIKE GILLESPIE is up for a benefit at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, Jan. 16. He will face Lew Chambers in the wind-up.

WE HAVE THREE LETTERS for "Joe" Goss.

JAMES OWENS and his cousin, Edward Cox, gave a wrestling exhibition at Murray Hall, Brockton, Mass., Jan. 5. Owens won two in three falls, pretty lively work being done by both men.

AMUSEMENTS.

SWEET DAYS GONE BY.
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ALL PUBLIC SINGERS SENDING THEIR ADDRESS TO THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RECEIVE A COPY OF THE ABOVE POPULAR SONG, with orchestral parts, FREE. JOHN S. COX, 1,002 South Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. 42-2t*

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BETWEEN THE ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Did I sigh, or was it your fancy?
You're certain—quite certain? Ah, well—
Who is that in the box with De Lancy?
No matter. You're bound I shall tell
Why it was that I sighed. On my honor,
'Twould puzzle me sorely to say:
A sigh is hardly in keeping
With the rollicking tone of the play.

And here, in the midst of this glitter,
This glory and glamour and glare,
One ought to forget what is bitter,
And drown the grim spectre of care;
One ought to be merry, if ever,
And find himself quite at his ease
With the music, the play and the people,
And with you at his side, my Louise.

That air is from "Il Trovatore;"
I like it—the opera—don't you?
The orchestra isn't my story?
Beg pardon; it isn't, that's true.
Then why do I shun a confession?
I've nothing, my love, to confess;
A sigh is a trivial matter,
To cause you such honest distress.

Let me say that you never looked fairer
Nor younger, I vow, than to-night;
Your beauty is riper and rarer
Than ever before in my sight;
And the play is the best of the season,
And you are a queen to my eye,
And nothing could add to my pleasure—
How awkward it was, then, to sigh!

Perhaps 'twas the music awaking
A memory long overcast;
Perhaps the champagne I've been taking
Has brought up a ghost of the past.
Whatever it was, I was thinking,
Just now as you spoke, of the days
When I lived on the farm at The Corners,
And dreamed of the world and its ways.

The stage and the footlights vanished,
The strains of the music were hushed,
While memories long ago banished
Like a great wave over me rushed;
And the present was drowned so completely
That my eyes could only behold
How the world was twenty years younger,
And I was but twenty years old!

And there, in the box, where De Lancy
Sits reading the bill of the play,
I saw in the realm of my fancy
The meadow-land stretching away;
And the house, with its broad, black chimney,
And the brave old sycamore-trees,
And the gate, with its broken hinges—
They were there in the box, Louise.

And I heard—not the music of Verdi—
But the brook as it rippled along
At the foot of the gnarled-oak sturdy,
Repeating its rhythmical song;
And the meek-faced cows in the pasture—
I saw them distinctly, I'll swear—
They were gazing in mildeyed wonder
From the back of De Lancy's chair!

And the full-throated robins were singing
A song that I had not forgot;
And De Lancy himself there was swinging
A reaping-hook down in the lot;
And the echo of childish laughter
Rang out on my listening ear,
And I saw but the gold of the sunset
While I gazed at that gilt chandelier.

You smile at all this, and no wonder—
My picture is stupid? Alas!
Could you look as I looked at it under
The magic of memory's glass.
It would steal from the past such a beauty
As should hold and enrapture your eye,
As would thrill you and fill you with longings
Which might, perhaps, end in a sigh—

A sigh for those days strong and sturdy,
When life had no intricate sums,
When I could not tell Balfe from Verdi,
Nor the taste of St. Julien from Mumm's;
When I toiled with an honest endeavor
And slept without dreaming of stocks;
When I ate with my knife and a relish,
And never had sat in a box.

And I sighed because I was thinking
Of hopes that were hollow and vain,
And because, while fancy was linking
The present and past in a chain,
There rose yet another fair vision—
The face of a girl whom I knew
In those days when I lived at The Corners,
And before I thanked fortune for you.

Was she pretty? Well, not if you fancy
The models of beauty seen here;
With our critical friend there, De Lancy,
She'd hardly pass muster, I fear;
Yet her eyes were the deepest of azure,
Her brow was surpassingly fair,
And her cheeks were as fresh as the roses
Which to-night you have placed in your hair.

And I loved her? There, pray don't be jealous;
It's twenty years now since we met,
And a passion, no matter how zealous,
Never lasted through twenty years yet.
I loved her, perhaps, or I thought so,
In those early, confiding old days,
When I lived at the farm at The Corners,
And dreamed of the world and its ways.

There were tears in her eyes when we parted—
But that was a long time ago;
Perhaps she has lived broken-hearted?
Perhaps so—I really don't know.
But, trusting alone to my fancy,
Her heart is all right, I should say—
That is she in the box with De Lancy,
And—here's the last act of the play.

HANDSOME ANDRE;
OR,
THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XXXI.
THE DUEL.

The new phase which the case of Robert and Irene had now assumed necessarily modified the plans that the two young men had formed.

Instead of going to the chateau at Jouy, they decided to remain at St. Germain, firmly resolved never to lose sight of the Count while the Queen kept Mlle. De Laumirail her prisoner. But what was her intention? It was difficult to foresee that. But the kindness which she had exercised towards Robert and Andre made them very hopeful, when they considered what would probably be the treatment of Irene. It was true, their pardon by the Queen had been due to the personal and earnest intercession of Mazarin; but, if the Cardinal was disposed towards clemency, would not Ann of Austria, who got her inspiration in all things from her Prime-minister, be equally so disposed? Notwithstanding the crime of having taken part with the rebels against their King, they had been pardoned and set free. It was not likely that the Queen and the Cardinal would change their minds in regard to their case; so they determined to remain near Irene, in the hope that her captivity might not be much longer than had been their own.

On leaving the chateau, they went at once to the village-inn and roused the lazy landlord from his slumbers. A good room was furnished them, and they slept soundly, thanks to the weariness induced by the toils and excitements of the day.

The next morning early Robert arose and hastened to the chateau alone, without informing Andre of his intention. He asked an audience of the Queen, and, to his great astonishment, she accorded it at once.

"Pardon, your majesty, for this intrusion," said he; "but, last night, in the excitement of my position, I failed to say to you all I wished."

"Speak, then. I will hear you," said the Queen.

"Your kindness and the forbearance with which you have treated me have won my undying devotion, and I desire to prove it by devoting myself and my sword to your service."

The Queen smiled, and the Baron, thinking he detected incredulity in her look, continued warmly:

"Do not imagine I seek position or honors of you in your hour of success. I beg but the favor of being placed where I may be most useful to you."

"It is thus, monsieur," said the Queen. "I would be imprudent to refuse your offer. You know how rude has been our life during several years past. Our court is reduced to a very limited number of true hearts who have shared our evil fortunes. In such a condition of affairs it would be impossible for me to give you position or honor, or designate to you what should be your special functions. But in times of war the services of a gentleman and a soldier are precious to such a cause as ours, and I accept your proffer in the name of the King."

"Then, your majesty, I await your orders."

"Make your abiding-place this chateau. Our courtiers are not so numerous that our eye cannot find you among them when I require your services."

With these words she touched a silver bell.

An officer appeared in answer to the summons—not a court-butterfly in silk and jewels, but a gristly warrior bearing the rough stains of battle on his harness.

"Monsieur Varader," said the Queen, "inform Captain Treville of our musketeers that the Baron de Jouy, here present, shall always have free access to the chateau, and that he may be relied on in any service that the interests of the King may require. You may go, monsieur," she added with a gracious smile.

Robert bowed and followed Monsieur Varader, who conducted him into the presence of Captain Treville. The latter inscribed the Baron's name on his tablets, and then examined him carefully from head to foot. Doubtless the result of this inspection was favorable to the young gentleman, for, on its conclusion, the stern look of the captain softened somewhat.

"You are welcome, monsieur," said he. "The King's faithful friends have been few in the rough times that we have passed through; but, thanks to the victory of yesterday, you will see their number increase till his majesty will not know where to put them."

Robert hastened away to inform Andre of the happy results of his visit. He found him up and dressed in different clothes from the uniform he had worn the night before. The transformation in his friend's appearance could not fail to strike the Baron with an uncontrollable surprise. Andre noticed the look of wonder that his friend bestowed on him.

"My dear Baron," said he, "the host of this inn is the very incarnation of wisdom."

"In what respect?"

"Why, it is he who has worked the change in my personal appearance which you must notice."

"But why?"

"You remember the not very flattering remarks, made by the officer who captured us last evening, in regard to the uniform I wore?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"Well, this morning our host, when he saw me coming downstairs, remarked that I wore very dangerous colors to flaunt about St. Germain. It appears that the house of Orleans hasn't exactly the odor of sanctity about it in this vicinity. He assured me, besides, that I could not walk the streets of this village in that uniform without finding a quarrel on my hands at every ten steps."

"That is very true," said Robert.

"So the landlord proposed that I should avail myself of a hunting-costume left here by a gentleman patron of his inn, which I have done, and with what result you may see for yourself. Tell me, please, what do I look like?"

"You appear like a gentleman who is on a long journey, and prepared for dust and rough adventures."

"Good," said Andre. "Then I am perfectly satisfied. I was afraid there was something comic in the set of my new costume. But what news do you bring me?"

"Good news, indeed. I am received in the service of the King," said Robert, "and we can, therefore, go in and out of the chateau when I please, and thus watch the fortunes of poor Irene."

"Don't say we can come and go. You may, it is true," said Andre; "but as for me, as Jerome says, I am not of gentle birth, and cannot be received where you are free to come and go at your pleasure."

"Don't believe that," said the Baron. "Come with me at once, and you shall see that my name will pass us both into the royal dwelling."

"I can't believe that," said Andre; "but there is no harm in trying; so, come on, and we'll settle the question very soon."

"Come, then, for to-day is to mark the turning-point of our fortunes, either to permanent good or crushing evil."

"How is that?" asked Andre.

"Why, the moment the Count hears of the disappearance of Irene from the convent, he will be certain to hasten into the presence of the Queen."

"Of course. That is to be expected."

"He will suspect us, and will bring all his influence to bear against us. This will be the most dangerous attack we have yet suffered. So I shall haunt the chateau until the Count has had his interview with the Queen, and I know what is the result."

"Come, then," said Andre thoughtfully, as if deeply impressed with this view of the critical condition of affairs.

They hastened to the chateau. When they entered the courtyard they noticed two foaming horses held by a liveried servant. Robert stopped suddenly and seized Andre by the arm.

"That is the Count's livery!" said he in a whisper. "There is Jacques, his valet — his accomplice, in fact."

"Come on," said Handsome Andre, "and we'll soon learn what we have to expect."

On his part, Jacques had evidently recognized the Baron, for he turned away with an embarrassed look. As for Robert and Andre, they promenaded the court, patiently awaiting the result of the momentous interview which they were now certain was in progress at last.

The Count had, in fact, learned of the abduction of Irene, and, as suspicion at once fell on Andre as the accomplice of the Baron, he had hastened to St. Germain to solicit the Queen's order for the arrest of the two friends. He was at once admitted to the presence of her majesty.

"I come," said he in a voice that trembled with the rage that agitated him, "to call down all the severity of your majesty on two wretches who have dared brave your orders and mine in violating the sanctity of the asylum in which my sister was placed ——"

"You need go no further," said the Queen gravely; "I know what you would say. Have no fear, monsieur. Mlle. De Laumirail is in a place of perfect safety. She is here under my charge."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Count. "But how comes it so? And why does your majesty ——"

Ann of Austria was evidently in no good humor this morning, for she frowned and interrupted him abruptly with a fresh topic:

"Monsieur, you have a strange fashion of distorting the truth," said she severely.

"Pardon, your majesty, but I do not understand ——"

"This morning I have questioned Mlle. De Laumirail. She has given me an astounding explanation of your motives for pursuing the Baron de Jouy to the death, and for immuring her in a convent."

"Your majesty's tender heart has been imposed upon, I see," said the Count with a hypocritical softness of tone. "You have been deceived by a tissue of skillfully woven falsehoods."

"Say not so, monsieur. I know all. I know how the Baron de Laumirail died, and how loyally you kept your promise as a nobleman with Handsome Andre and the Baron Robert."

"I was not bound by such a promise, madame. It was forced from me when I was a prisoner in fear for my life. As to the death of the Baron, my uncle, it was the result of an accident—a mistake."

"I know," said the Queen; "but the crime is the same, and it weighs upon the head of the Count de Laumirail."

"I was menaced in my rights, your majesty, and I had a right to defend them. I could not use force against my father's brother; so I chose my foe, and he was the man who stood between us, and who had been the cause of all the dissensions in our family."

"Do you pretend, monsieur, that assassination may be justified as the means of settling family differences?"

"No, madame; but at the moment I was not master of myself. The marriage was about to be solemnized, and I was about to lose the richest portion of my father's estate. I gave way to my anger, and lost control of myself."

"Indeed!" interrupted the Queen. "But you have had a long time to recover your reason. How happens it, then, that, far from obeying the dying wishes of your father and your uncle, you not only stole the will that gave the Baron Robert the Barony of Laumirail, but, further, you insist on withholding from your sister her rightful inheritance?"

The Count was confused. It flashed upon him that the Queen indeed knew all.

"I am the head of the family, madame," said he, reddening, and striving to overcome a choking sensation. "It was for me to judge if the marriage proposed by my father was likely to prove to our interest. I am sure, therefore, your majesty will only need to be reminded of the promise made me three days ago that my sister should take the veil, to assure your order for her return to Val de Grace."

"This is audacious, monsieur," said the Queen angrily. "You forget that above you is the King, who has greater right than you to judge what is best for Mlle. De Laumirail. Have you come here with these bold words to claim your sister from his hands in denial of his rights of judgment? Have you no lurking fears that he may demand of you an account of the blood you have shed, and the felonies you have stooped to commit? Believe me, monsieur, when I say you may esteem yourself fortunate that the services you have rendered our cause close your eyes to the crimes of which you have been guilty, and be content, therefore, to leave us the care of terminating this affair according to our pleasure."

With these words Ann of Austria gave an imperious wave of the hand in token that the interview was at an end, and, turning her back upon him, left the apartment.

"Oh! but I will be avenged for this!" cried the Count, grinding his teeth in rage, and shaking his clenched fist at the chair in which his sovereign had been seated during the audience.

It would be difficult to describe his furious rage, or the wild thoughts that rioted in his brain. Not only had he been unmasked, and the series of crimes he had committed been unveiled, but, in addition, he had been subjected to the greatest humiliation a nobleman could suffer. The honors and emoluments he had labored for and dreamed of had been swept away from the prospect at one blow. If he was hateful in the eyes of the Queen, what had he to hope for from the young King or the Cardinal? Turenne's victory had brought him almost to the realization of his hopes. Soon the triumphant King would make his entry into Paris. Soon, too, those who had served him faithfully in his dark hours of misfortune would receive the reward of their fidelity. The Count had considered all this long before. In his judgment the government of a province would not be too great a recompense for the sacrifices he had made for the cause of his King. Governor! Why, it would be a little royalty! It meant a magnificent residence and royal emoluments. The least of his caprices would become a law, and no barrier could oppose the gratification of his appetites. He was approaching this end. He already saw himself rich, powerful, and flattered by his courtiers. He was crowned a petty king already in his dreams.

And in a moment all this glory had vanished, and left him crowned with shame. The edifice he had built in his dreams had vanished at the rude awakening of the ungrateful Queen. A terrible anger struggled in his breast when he stalked out of the apartments of Ann of Austria.

But when he had reached the courtyard of the chateau, and while he was in the act of mounting his horse, he recognized the Baron and Handsome Andre carelessly wandering about the inclosure. He grew livid with intensified passion. Instead of springing into the saddle as he had intended, he dropped the rein and deliberately walked towards Robert, who stopped and waited for his enemy to come before him.

Andre read the fury of disappointment that was depicted on the face of the Count.

"Be prudent now," he whispered to Robert. "If I am not much mistaken, the Count has been taken to task by the Cardinal, or by the Queen herself, perhaps. He is dangerous under the circumstances. Be on your guard."

Hardly had he finished these words of advice, when the Count planted himself resolutely before the Baron.

"Was it you, monsieur," said he with forced coolness, pulling at his beard with his right hand and nervously playing with the hilt of his rapier with his left—"was it you who conducted Mlle. De Laumirail to this chateau?"

"Yes, monsieur, it was I," answered Robert defiantly.

"And it was doubtless you, too, who invented the tissue of lies and absurdities by which you have gained the good will of her majesty the Queen?"

"I have told the truth—the whole truth, monsieur."

"Scoundrel!" cried the Count, beside himself with rage; "vile beggar! is it your aim to do our family all the injury you can?"

"I have only done my duty," answered the Baron firmly.

"Was it your duty to take advantage of the bounty of my father and the innocence of my sister? Was it your duty to rob me of the Barony of Laumirail? Was it your duty to defy my authority over Irene, and to tear her from the sacred asylum in which I had placed her?"

"It was my duty to carry out the dying wishes of your father and the instructions of my benefactor, your uncle. It was my duty, too, to protect the life and interests of Mlle. De Laumirail against you, her brother."

"Blessed be the chance that has set us face to face, then," hissed the Count.

"For a long time back, monsieur, you could have such a meeting only for the asking," said Robert coolly.

"Up to this time I have disdained to cross swords with an intriguing beggar, such as you are, and for whom I have entertained the most profound contempt," said the Count between his clenched teeth; "but now I see that I must myself crush the serpent my uncle warmed in his bosom."

Robert shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"You are mad," said he.

These words only served to increase the fury of the Count.

"Yes, I am mad," cried he, "when I see that Heaven permits such creatures to breathe the same air with me. Come—on guard, monsieur! Robber of women and fortunes, we shall see what countenance you will have when you face the sword of a gentleman?"

"Your friends know well enough, and to their cost, how I can meet danger," said Robert.

"You have only had to do with maladroit adventurers heretofore," replied the Count.

"You were worthy to command them," retorted the Baron scornfully.

"Not another word! Draw your sword, monsieur!" cried De Laumirail, his face turning scarlet in his fresh access of passion.

"I wish no words with you," said the Baron; "pass on and go your way."

"Not till I have killed you, dog!" screamed the Count, drawing his rapier.

"Put up your sword, monsieur," said the Baron coldly. "I will not fight with you."

"What? You will not fight?"

"No."

"Is that your determination?"

"I cannot draw my sword to engage in mortal combat with the brother of her I love."

"Then I must give you courage; and, to do it, I must cuff you as I would my valet."

With these words the Count advanced towards Robert with hand uplifted to put his threat in execution. The Baron did not move an inch nor relax a feature, but calmly awaited his coming.

"Will you give me satisfaction?" asked the Count, fairly foaming at the mouth.

"No," replied Robert firmly.

The Count drew back his hand to deliver the blow. Andre, who had been watching every movement, saw now that the action would shortly follow the threat. Quick as a flash of light he sprang forward to draw his friend back and spare him the humiliating affront that was intended for him. He pushed Robert aside, but, unfortunately, the Count's hand swept around quicker than our hero had calculated. The result was that, before Andre had time to get out of the way, he received the blow on the side of his head, and, staggering, fell to his knees under its force.

He sprang to his feet with a howl of fury, and tore his rapier from its sheath.

This violent scene had already attracted a number of witnesses, consisting of the few soldiers who were lounging about the court off duty, and who stood off and enjoyed the quarrel as a happy relief to the monotony of their life.

Andre turned towards them.

"My friends," said he, as well as his choking rage would permit, "I call you to witness the unprovoked insult I have received." Then, turning to the Count: "Monsieur, I demand immediate satisfaction."

De Laumirail turned away from him with a sneer.

"Either you will defend yourself, or I will kill you like a dog," cried Andre. "Do you understand me? Turn and give me answer with your sword, robber, perjurer and assassin!"

The Count faced about suddenly. These insults stung him like sharp blows of a whip, and revived his anger in all its fury. Andre rushed upon him. De Laumirail had barely time to parry the furious blow that was aimed at him. This was the beginning of a desperate struggle. The Count forgot the quality of his antagonist in the anger that possessed him; so the mad duel raged unstayed.

In fact, Andre would in his rage have done what he said. If the Count had not defended himself, Andre would have killed him.

He recovered his coolness entirely after he had exchanged a few passes, but he still pressed the Count desperately.

"What good fortune!" cried he, as he cut and thrust at his adversary. "This is what I've been wishing for for months past. Now, Robert can marry her he loves, and there will be nobody left to interfere."

All this time the Count kept retreating, driven before the mad assaults of his active foeman, until his back was against the wall of the courtyard.

"Now," said Handsome Andre with a savage laugh, "is the time to show you, monsieur, the favorite cut of my fencing-master, Sergeant Brasdefer."

"Say you so?" said the Count fiercely. "Not yet."

He had taken advantage of an opening, and Andre felt himself wounded painfully in the right shoulder, and the hot blood trickling down his arm and breast.

"Bah!" said he, recovering himself. "It is nothing! I know that thrust. It is the one the victim always employs the moment before his death. Prepare yourself."

The soldier spectators roared with laughter at this. The gayety and youthful vigor of Andre evidently interested them much in the result of the duel.

But, warned by his previous experience, and feeling some slight effects of the cut on his shoulder, he carefully refrained from saying a word from this time forward, during the fight. It was now his turn to retreat, for the Count pursued his advantage with a savage vigor. There was murder in the gleam of his eyes, and our hero saw it. This quelled his high spirits, and he fought more safely than before.

In vain Robert had tried to interfere and separate the combatants. Andre would not listen to him, and the Count was beyond all reason. Suddenly the young pupil of Brasdefer took the offensive again. His antagonist was taken by surprise, and before anyone of the spectators was aware of it, so rapid was the movement, his body was pierced by our hero's sword. He dropped his rapier, closed his eyes, made several ineffectual attempts to steady himself against the wall, to which he had been again driven, and finally fell heavily to the ground.

The soldiers crowded about him, and, raising him in their arms, were about to carry him into the chateau.

"Well, what's going on? What's the trouble here?" suddenly asked a stern voice.

When they heard this voice the troopers laid down their burden and stood in the attitude of "attention."

CHAPTER XXXII.
DOOMED TO DEATH.

The voice that occasioned such consternation was that of Captain Treville. One of his musketeers, passing across the court on an errand, had witnessed the duel in progress, and had hastened to the captain's quarters and informed him of the fact. But Captain Treville had arrived too late. He leaned over the wounded man.

"What do I see?" cried he. "The Count de Laumirail?" Then, turning to the soldiers: "Carry him to my quarters, see him well cared for, and have the physician summoned at once."

Four of the troopers carried off the wounded man. Andre was coolly returning his rapier to its sheath when Treville's eyes finally fell on him. Addressing him, the officer said:

"It was you who killed this gentleman?"

"Yes, captain."

"Very good," said Treville sternly. "Here, two of you seize this young man and be responsible for his safe keeping."

The soldiers knew there was no such thing as disputing the orders of the captain, so they took Andre prisoner, though much against their secret inclinations.

"But, captain," protested our hero, "everybody here will bear me out in what I say, that I only defended myself, and that the Count struck the first blow."

"That has nothing to do with me," answered Treville roughly.

"But, captain, would you have calmly submitted to such an indignity yourself?"

"It is not a question of what I would have done, but of what you have done."

"Very well; I've avenged the blow, at any rate," said Andre coolly.

"You have fought and shed blood within the grounds of a royal chateau, young gentleman, and which chateau, moreover, is at this very time the residence of the King and the Queen-mother. You have, therefore, committed the crime of contempt against their majesties, which is punishable with death. Come, my young blade, your case is very clear."

On a sign from the captain the soldiers dragged Andre away. A few minutes afterwards he found himself a solitary prisoner in a narrow cell in the castle, lighted by a small, heavily-barred window, which looked out upon the broad moat that surrounded the royal fortress.

Captain Treville was empowered by the Queen to make the most searching inquiry into the details of the sad event and the acts that led to it. Now, the captain was not a man to avoid his duty or to do it by halves. He therefore made the most conscientious inquest into the causes of the affair, called the witnesses of the quarrel and the duel before him, and, after questioning them carefully, formed the private conviction that all the wrong was on the side of the Count.

Of all those whom he had before him as witnesses, Robert was, of course, the one who most ardently sided with the prisoner. For, thought the Baron, was he not the direct cause of the fight? If the unfortunate Andre was at that moment languishing in a prison-cell, was it not because he had too ardently espoused the cause of his friend? So Robert neglected no means by which he might restore to liberty the man who had thus won his eternal gratitude, and who had so often risked his life for him. If he did not attain this end, it was not from lack of energetic work and entreaties. But it was in vain he addressed his prayers respectively to the Queen and the Cardinal; they answered invariably:

"We must await the result of the legal inquiry."

This inquiry lasted several days. Finally, when Captain Treville had gathered testimony from every imaginable source, he paid a formal visit to Andre in his cell. Here he proceeded to subject the prisoner to a long and minute examination, which confirmed the depositions he had already taken at such length. Our hero answered with a frankness and courage that had a powerful effect on the stern soldier.

"Yes," said he, pulling at his moustache in a nervous way peculiar to him when he was embarrassed, "I see that you are right. If this ugly affair were not complicated by the death of the Count, perhaps your friends might draw you out of your trouble, but ——"

"What!" cried Andre, "is Monsieur Laumirail dead?"

"He died yesterday. He was taken to a neighboring inn, where he was cared for by the King's own physician, but nothing could save him."

"Heaven is just," said the young prisoner. "At last poor Robert can live in peace. At last Irene is free!"

"Don't feel glad too soon," said the captain; "for this accident is a deplorable thing for you."

"Well, what will be its effect on my case? It was an honest duel before witnesses."

"True; but this was another affair. This was a case of bloodshed in a royal chateau. That may be construed into the crime of contempt of his majesty the King."

"Then death awaits me?" said Andre sadly.

"It is natural to fear death," said the captain. "I pity you, but the law has no mercies."

"Fear!" cried Andre, recovering himself. "Heaven be praised! I do not fear it. Yet I have seen too much of it lately to say it is not terrible. But I can die bravely captain, and without fear."

"We shall see," said Treville. The officer spoke sadly, but Andre made no answer. He was buried deep in thought, and Captain Treville noticed a dark shade pass over his boyish face. The prisoner appeared to have completely forgotten that he was not alone.

"Poor Colombine!" he sighed.

"Colombine?" repeated Treville. "Did you not mention the name of Colombine?"

"Yes, captain."

"And is she the charming little actress of the Theatre St. Laurent?"

"The same, monsieur."

"You know her, then?"

"I have known her from her infancy. We were children together—playmates then, lovers now. Fortune separated us for a time, and we were only lately reunited. Ah! but why didn't I think of it before?" said Andre suddenly. "It was at her house I first saw you."

"You first saw me?" repeated Treville. "You know me, then."

"I had the pleasure of supping with you, monsieur."

"In her house?"

"Certainly."

"When was this?"

"Why, don't you remember a certain perf rmance at the theatre when the entire quarter round about was set in a state of riot by a Mazarinade which was sung on the stage by a young actor?"

"Do I remember it? I should say I did. But that must have been four months ago."

"And so it was; fully that. Now, don't you remember that night you supped at the house of Colombine with Jerome, her brother, the Marquis of Villebrune, the Syndic Laberlue, the Duchess of Longueville, and a certain Mlle. Cydalise ——"

"Oh! It was you, then, who played that trick?"

"Yes; I was Cydalise. I saved myself from your soldiers that night by hastily donning one of Colombine's dresses."

"The trick was original, I must confess," said the captain, smiling; "and it was you that old imbecile was hugging on the sly."

"And the old fool was my uncle," added Andre.

The captain burst out laughing.

"Your uncle?" repeated he, holding his sides. "Ha! ha! ha! Not only making love to a man, but that man his own scapegrace nephew! That is too good."

"Yes, monsieur," continued the prisoner in a sadder tone; "and since my escape that night I have seen Colombine, and we have renewed our vows. I have asked for her hand, and it has been agreed that in two months she is to leave the stage and we are to be married. That was our plan, but it is all over now. It is not fear, but the remembrance of that that makes me sad on the approach of death. It is hard, captain, very hard ——"

Andre dashed away a tear which, despite his greatest efforts, had struggled to his cheek. The captain felt deeply moved. Such courage, such youth and such misfortune enlisted all his sympathies.

"What devil had you in hand," said he, "that you could not have dragged that cursed Count outside the walls of the chateau before you killed him?"

"The place of combat was not of my choosing, monsieur. The sting of the blow he gave me made me blind to all the consequences."

"I understand perfectly the impulse on which you acted, and I do not know but that I should have done the same under similar circumstances. But, unfortunately, there is the law. There is only one very slight hope for you."

"And what is that?" asked Andre.

"That the state of disorder in which the ordinary affairs of the country have been thrown by the civil war may have disarranged the adminstration of justice and scattered the Judges. After my inquiry is finished, and my report is made, I do not know what hands it may fall into."

"What matter to me!" said Andre in tones of discouragement.

"It is possible," said the officer, "that the vicissitudes of war may oblige the Queen to leave St. Germain suddenly, and your affair may be forgotten."

"Yes, and I left for life a prisoner in this dismal cell," said the prisoner. "No, no. I would much prefer the end should come at once. Poor, dear Jeanette! If I could only see her once more and take my last farewell ——"

"Oh, don't wish that; it is impossible," said Treville quickly.

"I know it, but that is what makes me saddest of all."

"You love her so much?"

"Truly I do, monsieur; more than I can express. And I need not tell you she is worthy of the love of any man, for you know how beautiful, how amiable she is; and, come to think of it, they do say you have made a little love to her yourself. Perhaps, therefore, I have done wrong in opening my heart to you thus."

"True, I did love Colombine, my poor boy," said the captain, "but you have not done wrong in reposing your confidence in me, for I am not one of those creatures who, falling in a love passage, set themselves to destroying the hopes and happiness of others more favored. I love Colombine yet, and I do not think I can give her a better proof of that love than by interesting myself in your case, and striving to save your life."

"What! monsieur, will you do this? And for a rival in love?"

"Certainly, I will. I will take good care, for my part, not to disunite two hearts that are bound together so affectionately. If it is possible to save you, I will do so. If I cannot deny the crime you have committed, I can extenuate it in my report; and more, I can express my opinions on your case to the Queen, the Cardinal and the young King."

"Ah, monsieur, you overwhelm me with your kindness," said our hero, deeply moved by the generosity of his rival.

"And I hope," said the captain, "that a long and faithful service in the army will give my words some weight. Rely on me, then, and be assured that you are the only person after the Queen to whom I have ever made such a promise."

The prisoner clasped the hand of the gallant soldier in both of his, and pressed it warmly. The officer took his leave and the iron door clanged to. Andre was alone with his bitter thoughts. The day passed with the most cruel alternations of hope and despair. He did not conjure up any delusions, however. He knew very well that the disrespect to the person and presence of royalty which made up his crime was punished with death. He knew that such an offense had never yet been pardoned; but still he hoped. But why, and for what? He could not explain. Still there was a faint ray of light in his heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EPH HORN—Died January 3, 1877.
For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. 1.

THE LATE EPH HORN.

INCIDENTS IN A LONG AND BUSY LIFE.

Wellnigh a sexagenarian, and certainly superannuated professionally, there has just left us a veritable Momus in the minstrel olio, and one who, to give his own last words a meaning different from that in which he employed them, was "always a good man at the end." The portrait we give is not that of Eph Horn as he appeared in the days of his decadence as a performer, when his face was white with beard, and his aspect grizzly, if not patriarchal. It represents Eph Horn when he was in the plenitude of his fame, when he came before the footlights at his own pleasure, and in obedience to naught but the popular desire—not when necessity and pride forced him to cling to a calling for which he had ceased to be fit. Those who had known him in his prime could bear with him to the last, and to them it was pitiful to see him last Summer, in the city of his birth, a subject for mocking mirth at the hands of "the rising generation." It was saddening to reflect that the whirligig of Time could be so relentless in its revenges as to make the god of one generation the guy of another.

Evan Evans Horn was born in Philadelphia in 1818. Concerning his earliest years as a professional, we have been informed that for a long period he was the subject of Prof. Rogers' lectures on mesmerism, and we have likewise been informed that he was also utilized by the more celebrated Dr. Lardner in his experiments with laughing-gas and other chemicals. It has been published that he first joined a minstrel band in Philadelphia in 1837, but we are unable to find documentary evidence that he was connected with a band before 1844. The published story is that Ed. Deaves was with this band of 1837; but we fancy that the gentleman, who is now an actor in San Francisco, will not corroborate this. Dan Gardner informs us that Bob Sheppard had a band at Temperance Hall, Philadelphia, in 1837, which included Ole Bull Meyers, Jim Sanford, Tony Winnemore, and Billy Whitlock; but Mr. Gardner adds of John Diamond and Ed. Deaves, whom the printed story of 1837 states were at Temperance Hall, that Diamond was not with them, and he did not know Mr. Deaves prior to 1840. (Mr. Sam Sanford assures us that Mr. Deaves "came to the front with the Virginia Serenaders in Philadelphia in 1846.") Mr. Gardner further states that this Temperance Hall band afterwards (from about 1840 until near 1850) played at the Chinese Saloon once or twice a week, and gave concerts all over the city, under the management of Eph Horn's brother. Fulton Meyers (a brother of "Ole Bull") states that this troupe played at Temperance Hall in 1837-8-9, and he corroborates all else stated by Dan Gardner, who expresses himself certain about the year 1837, and is of the opinion that Eph made his first appearance in Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, under his brother's management, in 1836 or 1838. Sam Sanford writes us that Eph entered into minstrelsy in 1843, was with him in 1843, and continued with him as endman until he (Horn) left to travel with Van Amburgh's Menagerie in a band of four, of whom Bob White and David P. Bowers were two. Mr. S. refers us to a bill, published some years ago in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, in proof that he and Horn were together in Baltimore in November, 1843; but, hunting up the bill itself, we find that the date is Nov. 2, 1844. Probably before our inside forms go to press we shall hear from Mr. William Lesher, who in 1837 was playing the violin at Temperance Hall, Philadelphia. His testimony, if received in time, will appear under the head of "Negro Minstrelsy." The subject is of more importance than the ordinary reader is likely to attach to it. If what has been published is true—if Messrs. Gardner and Fulton Meyers state what they personally know of, instead of merely what, having read years ago, they have come to believe they know of—then the claim of Frank Brower, R. W. Pelham, William Whitlock, and Dan Emmett, as having formed the original minstrel band, falls to the ground. It is singular, however, if William Whitlock was a member of a band in 1837, that Emmett, Brower and Pelham, his companions in February, 1843, and thenceforward, should have sought to claim originality for a minstrel troupe organized six years later. Finally, we have the certificate of Whitlock, Brower and Emmett, dated July 29, 1859, that the band of 1843 was the pioneer troupe; and subsequently we received from the late Richard W. Pell ("Pelham"), the other member of the band, his endorsement of that certificate. The opinions of Messrs. Fulton Meyers and Dan Gardner are entitled to weight, and in that sense we again open a case that was once thought to be closed forever. And, in doing so, we shall state that we have long desired to know who were the Black Minstrels, mentioned in the memoirs of the late William Wood, actor, as being stars (or an experiment?) at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1833?

In our chronicles of Eph Horn we shall confine ourselves to documentary evidence, except to say that Mr. S. S. Sanford informs us that Horn, whose specialty in the first-part became bone-playing, first took clappers in hand at Carlisle, Pa., in 1843 [1844?], in place of John Diamond, who had become indisposed. Mr. Sanford says he was then (1843) twenty-six years old. The Baltimore band, of which we have already spoken, is the first, with Eph Horn in it, of which we have documentary evidence. We find it in Philadelphia late in the Summer of 1844. From Philadelphia they went to Baltimore, opening at the Museum on Nov. 2, 1844. The band then comprised Sam Sanford, the original John Diamond, F. Tonton, C. Purcell, and Eph Horn. In December the Ethiopian Serenaders were consolidated with the Virginia Serenaders. It would be extremely difficult to individualize these particular "Ethiopian Serenaders," as every quartet of minstrels then traveling were liable to assume that title for advertising purposes. The troupe as reorganized continued to perform in Baltimore and Philadelphia for several years, among the additions to it being William Horn, brother of Eph. He was its agent, leaving it in 1847 to assume the same position with respect to the Philadelphia Sable Harmonists, made up of Charley Jenkins, "æolian banjoist" and musical director; Adams, tambourine; Johnson, violinist; La Conta, bones; and Rudolph, "guitar-banjoist." William Horn was long ago "gathered to his fathers." It was while the troupe of Virginia Serenaders were in Philadelphia at the lecture-room of the Chinese Museum, corner of Ninth and Sansom streets, now occupied by a part of the Continental Hotel, that attention was called to Eph Horn as one of the rarest of humorists. No one who saw him in the "Dutch Drill" in conjunction with Jim Sanford, who was of the company at least as early as 1846, can ever forget it. Poor Jim Sanford! A most tasteful dresser off the stage, the neatest of men, and yet fated to meet a lingering and miserable death.

Eph Horn's first appearance in this city, where he was destined to become so great a favorite, was in 1847. "The Original Virginia Serenaders," as they were then being billed to distinguish them from later and numberless "Virginia Serenaders," had completed an engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, lasting from June 28 to July 3, and on Aug. 14 they opened at the old Minerva Rooms, Broadway. There were then, besides Horn, who rattled the bones, J. R. Meyers, violinist, and better known as "Ole Bull" Meyers; A. F. (Tony) Winnemore, banjoist and composer; Kelly, Chinese chimes; F. Solomon, accordeon; and James Sanford, tambo. They wound up on Sept. 11, and went back to Philadelphia, reappearing at the Minerva Rooms, this city, on Dec. 13, 14, 15. Horn continued with this troupe, whose time was mainly spent in traveling, until Earl H. Pierce organized his famous band as a rival to E. P. Christy's, then occupying Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway. Pierce located his sable galaxy at the old Olympic Theatre, 442 Broadway, opening April 8, 1850, with J. B. Fellowes as musical-director. Under its successive titles of Pierce's Minstrels and Fellowes' Minstrels, Horn was with this band at the Olympic, at the Society Library Rooms, at the Olympic again, and at the Hall of Lyrics, the last-mentioned house having been erected on the site of Tattersalls, 444 Broadway. It was subsequently popularized as Wood's Minstrel Hall. Horn withdrew from the Hall of Lyrics and from Fellowes in March, 1851, and on April 2, in conjunction with Charley White, sought to establish a rival establishment six doors above, in the old Coliseum building. It was opened under the name and style of Horn & White's Ethiopian Opera-house. Without being exactly the meat, it occupied the meat's position in a sandwich whose outside layers were E. P. Christy's on the next block above, and Fellowes' house below, all three being on the same side of the street. It was a failure, and therein silence was absolute after the performances of April 28. The band went traveling, but even the road proved unprofitable. Horn then enrolled himself under the responsible banner of S. A. Wells, whose troupe that Summer fulfilled a notable engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston; while Charley White, if we remember aright, returned to his forlorn hope in hot weather—Barnum's Museum, corner of Broadway and Ann street. Reaching Gotham once more, Horn resumed with Fellowes on Jan. 12, 1852; but after Feb. 28 the Hall of Lyrics ceased to know Fellowes' Minstrels, who, their places at 444 occupied by Wood's troupe, took to traveling. This sudden transformation has an inside history, which need not be entered into here. Horn's reappearance in this city was on Dec. 1, 1852, at Barnum's Museum, for the benefit of the late C. W. Clarke, who in the matter of taking benefits has probably never been matched by any other stock actor. The secret of this was not alone his popularity with the public and his intimacy with the press in those days. He could always command a host of volunteers, since he was popular among professionals, for under his management Barnum's Museum was always a first-class house as regards number of people to work the stage, and, above all, it was a first-class house as regards salaries. Shortly after this Horn was engaged at the old hall, now occupied by Wood's Minstrels, and after several months spent there he joined Campbell's Minstrels in the Summer, withdrawing therefrom to associate himself with Buckley's Serenaders, at 539 Broadway, in this city, in the Spring of 1854, and afterwards with E. P. Christy. This marks his first appearance at the memorable Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway. He remained with Christy until July 13, 1854, that night being devoted to the benefit of Earl H. Pierce. It was the last of the season, and the end of E. P. Christy's long reign there. After volunteering for some benefits in August, the bulk of the troupe, with E. P. Christy at its head, sailed on Sept. 20, 1854, in the late Commodore Vanderbilt's steamship North Star, for San Francisco. The company disorganized shortly after their arrival, and some of them returned at once to the States. Horn remained, and with the late Jerry Bryant and the late Sher. C. Campbell managed the San Francisco Minstrels. After a professional sojourn there of about eighteen months, he returned to the Atlantic States and to his home in Philadelphia, making his first bow, after his long absence from that city, at the Arch-street Theatre in July, 1856. His reappearance in this city was on Aug. 25 with Charley White's Serenaders, at 539 Broadway (Chinese Assembly Rooms). In October he began with Jerry Bryant & Ben Mallory's Campbell's Minstrels at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Afterwards he joined the Buckleys in the little hall now occupied by Tony Pastor, leaving them late in the Spring of 1857 to organize a band of his own to make rapid marches in conjunction with Sloat & Sheppard's Circus during the Summer. With this circus in Michigan, in May, he was also clown. It was in Vermont, while he was thus traveling as proprietor of Horn's Minstrels, that his tent was demolished by a mob who were enraged at the unintentionally severe injury done to a boy who had attempted to evade the ticket-seller by crawling underneath the canvas. In the Winter of 1857-8 he figured in a new role to Philadelphians, that of clown at Welch's Circus, it being about this time that an equally surprising transmogrification occurred in this city, the late George Holland, comedian, blackening his face and joining Wood's Minstrels.

Falling back upon burnt cork, in the Summer of 1858 Horn was with Ordway's Æolians, Boston, and there, on behalf of admirers in that city, he was presented by Dr. John P. Ordway with a valuable watch and chain. Thence he came to this city and was added to the forces at Wood's New Marble Hall, near Prince street. He retired from that establishment in November, and on the 22d and 23d of that month was clown at the National Circus, Philadelphia, going thence to the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, as clown for Tom King's Circus, which began there on Nov. 24. Leaving Tom King in a hurry, he again set sail for California, and on Jan. 3, 1859, opened at the Lyceum, San Francisco, with Max Zorer, Frank Medina, W. M. Barker, Tom Romaine, C. Henry, Tom Raleigh, C. D. Abbott, Frank Hussey (Hussey had the misfortune to accidentally kill Raleigh), Mike Mitchell, S. A. Wells, Charley Backus, and Master Lewis. In the Spring Horn & Backus took this strong party among the California Hills; and on April 30, in anticipation of his leaving the Pacific coast, "Uncle Ephraim" had a grand testimonial benefit at the American Theatre, San Francisco. He got back here in June, and after a brief visit to his family in Philadelphia took Max Irwin's place at Wood's Marble Hall, beginning in July along with D. A. Wambold, now coproprietor of the New-York-San-Francisco Minstrels. His next notable engagement was probably his first of all with Bryants' Minstrels at 472 Broadway. (See programme in "CLIPPER VARIETIES.") Dan Bryant had become ill, and sailed for Europe to recuperate. A great gap had to be filled in part; and while it could not be filled thoroughly on the tamborine end, it could be closed up in the olio by the employment of Eph Horn, who began on March 26, 1860, and continued until the season closed, July 14. Among the extravaganzas he here made his own were "The Deserted Miner," the Stranger in the burlesque of that name, the Doorkeeper in "The Masquerade Ball," "The Breakneck Act" (with dead Jim Carroll), "The Locomotive Darky," the pathetic ballad of "Lord Lovel and his Lady Nan-cy-see-see," "The Burlesque Convention" (with Carroll and Jerry Bryant), "Woman's Rights" (an amplification of W. W. Newcomb's specialty), "Old Tobacco Jake" (with old Dan Emmett), Bobby the Gouger in "Scenes at Farnborough" (a take-off on the Heenan and Sayers fight, which "ill" Dan Bryant had really gone to see), and "The Power of Music" (with Carroll as the banjoist). After the season ended, he joined Campbell's Minstrels, who inaugurated their circuit at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Oct. 13, 1860. Soon there was another gap in the Bryant semi-circle—one that never could be filled. Death laid his chilling finger upon the finest minstrel of the Bryant family—one who could probably create the loudest laugh with the least effort at volubility of all the men who ever sat upon the end, and who had but to move a muscle or two to evoke a roar. Jerry died on April 8, 1861. Since his last appearance his set of lively clappers had been handled by Timothy W. Norton, who was soon to follow Jerry Bryant into the land of shadows. Eph Horn was once more summoned, and on May 6 he relieved Norton, remaining until July 15, 1862, and enlivening the season with his noted song of "And He Laughs—Ha! ha!" his Ike Bitters in the burlesque on the Sons of Malta, his quartet singing with Dan Bryant, Emmett and Hilton in "We Come from the Hills," his pathetic ballads of "The Railroad Conductor" and "George's Love," his "Walk Along, John," and "Felks Dat Put on Airs," his C. Sharp to Dan Bryant's A. Flat in "The Long Branch Rusticators," his Mons. Hairmanprestodigitaterist, with Dan Bryant as the Confederate, in the act of the mysterious disappearance of potatoes, and finally his Mrs. Haller to the Stranger of Dan Bryant.

The season of 1862-3 found him again with Wood's Minstrels, reorganized, he beginning with them on July 7, when their new hall at 514 Broadway was inaugurated, and remaining until about the close of the season of 1863-4. On Aug. 3, 1864, he inaugurated the season with Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge in Boston, and was to have sailed on Oct. 23 under engagement with Sherry Corbyn to open at the New Idea, San Francisco. This, we believe, was his initial engagement for a variety house; but he never fulfilled it. Being granted permission to defer his departure, he continued at the Boston house, which was burned on Oct. 25, and rebuilt and opened Dec. 21. In February, 1865, he was among the drafted men in Philadelphia, but the promise of a speedy ending of the war stripped this fact of its more serious import; and on May 3, 1865, he and Dan Bryant sailed for Europe in the steamer Persia. He was announced to open with Moore's Christy Minstrels in London early in June, and presumptively did so. At all events, on June 19 he appeared with that band at Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool, in "Woman's Rights," "The Locomotive Nigger," and "The Four Crows," and on June 28 he was presented by that troupe with a handsome silver goblet. He returned with Dan Bryant, who began playing here in white and Irish, and on Sept. 11, when Bryants' Minstrels reopened their hall, Eph was with them. This season ended on June 2, 1866, and was the final one at Mechanics' Hall of the Bryants, who had occupied it since Feb. 23, 1857. It was also the final season of minstrelsy there. Bryants' Minstrels did not again appear in this city until May 18, 1868, when they opened their new hall on Fourteenth street, Horn also then reappearing, though in the Spring of 1867 he had played for a brief period with Kelly & Leon, who on Oct. 1, 1866, had begun at 720 Broadway. On Aug. 23, 1869, when the same house (Hope Chapel) was converted into a variety theatre by G. T. Reeder, with John Stetson Jr. and Clinton Eddy as managers, Eph was of the company, the season closing Oct. 9. This is about his earliest appearance on the variety stage, to which of late years he adhered when performing at all.

In the Summer of 1870 he was with John Allen & Charles Pettingill's Minstrels, who among other places performed at the Bryants' Fourteenth-street Hall from June 6 to 18. In the Summer of 1872 he went again to England, and in August and September he and Hughey Dougherty were with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, Horn expatiating upon "Women's Rights," and Dougherty discoursing from the stump. Horn was there as late as the first week in January, 1873, and on the 13th began with Sam Hague's Minstrels in Liverpool, receiving a benefit there on July 31, and reaching this city on the last day of August. Almost since then he had resided with Tony Pastor while that gentleman was in this city, and in Philadelphia while Tony was traveling. On Sept. 9, 1876, he had a complimentary benefit at Enochs' Varieties, in the latter city, and on the following Dec. 4 he began at Tony Pastor's, 585 Broadway, closing on Dec. 16 in "The Palmy Days in Dixie," which was his last engagement in this city. On Dec. 25, Christmas-night, he performed in Trenton, N. J., which was his final appearance upon the stage.

A SHOWMAN'S ELOQUENCE.—Now, then, gentlemen, pay at the door and pass in. The fiery, untamed giant of the Mississippi Valley is just stepping into the ring, only half as old as any man twice his age, and weighs sixteen ounces to the pound from his shoulder down. The only real, original and genuine young giant of the Mississippi Valley now on exhibition in this country, all others being impostors and frauds. Measures five feet and ten inches from the sole of his foot, a total height of eleven feet eight inches, and has a voice like the conch-shell. Born in the land of Menditty, where there is neither house, town nor city; where they dig potatoes with their toe-nails; warranted not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel, balk in the eye or cut in the stop, and secured at a great expense for positively this season only in Indiana. And the small sum of one dime passes you in to see this wonderful masterpiece of nature's journey-work, the fiery, untamed, star-striped, royal American Bengal "giant of the Mississippi Valley." One ticket for a dime or three for a quarter—one for yourself, your wife and your daughter. And still they come! This way, ladies and gentlemen; roll up, tumble up, any way to get up and see the most wonderful, exhaustive and expensive collection of natural living curiosities ever grouped together under one canvas—the big snake, the live lion stuffed with straw, the wild anaconda of the woods, the colt with two heads, the calf with five legs, the wonderful wild men of Borneo, the fat girl and the "young giant of the Mississippi Valley." And one dime takes you into the whole show.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

"NO OPENING—WRITE AGAIN."

A THEATRICAL AGENT'S STORY.

TO DICK FITZGERALD, BY WILLIAM DEVERE.
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

So you read "Not in the programme," hey?
You "liked it" well, of course.
"Profesh" could understand its points,
And I fancy some are worse.
'Twas a true tale, but badly told,
More like a novel old;
Its wind up is the bright side
Of this little story told.

See, here's two letters and a card
That came for you to-day;
I hope they bring good news, my boy,
And an opening right away:
So while you break the seals and read,
I'll write this "add" up here;
I wish "biz" would pull up a bit,
For things look deuced queer.

There's poor Jim Rhodes the heavy man—
He was in here twice last night;
But that piece aint on at the "London"—
If it was he'd be all right;
And there's Ladue, she's been here too:
It's tough with her, poor soul!
An invalid mother at home to nurse,
And no wealth to get food or coal.

Theatrical agencies are gone.
Why, two or three years ago,
When I went in the "biz," "graft was immense,"
But it's different now, you know.
I've got more people booked, my boy,
Than could play each week in the year,
And nearly fill each minstrel hall
And variety theatre here.

What! "kicking" again? Why, what's up now?
Bad news—I see it plain—
From Shelby, hey, and Stetson too;
"No opening—write again."
"The same old story," you say. Oh, pshaw!
See here, what would you do
If you had a wife and "kids" to feed,
And no "snap" for a month or two?

Why, bless you, I knew a poor fellow once—
It's only a year or two;
Just give me a light, while I fill this pipe,
And I'll tell the story to you.
There's nothing doing at all to-day,
So let us chat a while,
And then we'll take a skip down town,
And indulge in a friendly smile.

It was only a year or two ago,
As I have said before,
When "Tony" was in the Bowery
And Carl Klein he kept next door,
While Poole was yet at the Comique,
And things with us were fair;
I was sitting one morning early
Right here in this very chair,

When a fellow I knew—an *actor*, too,
Not one who deals in cheek,
Or one of these Talmaed Romeos
For six and a half a week,
But a scholar and a gentleman—
Came in at that very door,
With a woebegone and weary look
I never saw before.

"Why, what's the matter, George?" I said,
For I noticed right away
That something was amiss with him;
"You're looking glum to-day!
Wife and the kids all well, I hope?"
He smiled a ghastly smile,
But I noticed a sharp twitching
Of the under-lip the while.

"Come in, my boy; let's have a talk—
I've half an hour to spare;
I want to chat about the times—
Be seated, have a chair.
The postman will be in here soon—
His calls of late, 'twould seem,
Are like Pat Rooney's serial tales—
Quite few and far between."

"What's that? 'Twas Campbell wrote that line;
But then, of course, you know,
That plagiarists are cheeky chaps—
At least, I find them so.
Originals are not so fresh,
Just at this very time,
As authors of 'Beautiful Snow,'
Or the poets who wrote 'Crime.'"

He studied, and then asked me
If I'd anything to do
For him—he hadn't worked a stroke
For near a month or two.
And when he spoke of the "kids" at home,
I pledge my word to you
It kind of made me weaken;
But what was I to do?

I told him something might turn up
In perhaps a day or so,
And asked him to drop in again,
To brace him up, you know;
But I noticed something curious
In the look of his bright eye,
And when I said "Good-afternoon,"
He answered me "Good-bye."

After he'd gone I turned my thoughts
To business right away;
I had some correspondence
With customers that day;
But somehow, when I started
To write, I can't tell why,
Instead of ending with "Truly yours,"
I wound up with "Good-bye."

Did you ever have a feeling
That things weren't just in place—
A kind of idea that your head
Had "got off its cabase?"
I cannot tell exactly how,
Nor yet the reason why,
But I still heard ringing in my ears
Those little words "Good-bye."

I went around the corner
And I took a quiet bowl,
Came back, and undertook to write;
But, "pards," upon my soul,
That anxious face kept haunting me,
No matter how I'd try
To keep from thinking how he looked
When he said to me "Good-bye."

It was no use; I "piked" around,
But didn't do a thing;
I couldn't read, I couldn't write,
I couldn't talk or sing;
So I put on my coat and hat,
And said I—to myself:
"I'll go 'cross town and find out George
And spare him a little wealth."

Now, Brother De Witt Talmage said
That actors never could
Sneak in at the gate of heaven,
Or do a bit of good;
But perhaps he doesn't see it all,
For I know some of the boys
Who do a good thing sometimes,
And don't make any noise.

And there's dear Florence Nightingale
Went out in dead of night
To nurse Crimean soldiers;
And, if I remember right,
Miss Adelina Patti went
Around to help the poor,
Although, perhaps, she didn't kneel
On a velvet-cushioned floor.

Well, to proceed, I went 'cross town
To a building that you know—
A tenement-house in Chrystie street,
In a place called "Lovers' Row."
I climbed up three long flights of stairs,
But at last I reached the door,
And I knocked with a dread feeling
I had never felt before.

No answer came; I knocked again;
I listened—all was still;
And over my whole being
There crept a deathly chill.
I called aloud, the neighbors came,
We bursted in the door;
We entered, and the one we sought
Was kneeling on the floor.

His wife and little children
Were stretched upon the bed,
And close beside their wasted forms,
Was the father, kneeling, *dead*—
Dead of a weary, broken heart,
Because his wife and children dear
Had starved in this great city,
With no hand to aid them, near.

Died of a broken heart. O God!
Can such things really be
In this great, heaving, throbbing world,
And no one there to see?
Ah! yes, my boy, there sure is One
Who notes the sparrow's fall,
Whose ever-loving eye is on
The sinner, saint and all.

A postal-card beside him laid—
I stooped and picked it up;
It told the old, old story,
How grief had overrun the cup;
For on one side I clearly read
The actor's home and name,
While on the other were these word
"No opening—write again."

A little ray of sunshine stole
Athwart the attic-floor,
Lighting the tear-stained faces
Of the neighbors round the door—
Gilding the silken tresses
Of the darlings that he loved,
Alike unto a messenger
From that great throne above.

They'd gone away from us, my boy,
Up to that grand old home—
Up to the One who bade us all
"Suffer little ones to come"—
To that bright land where there's no more
Of sorrow, care or pain,
To a Manager who never said:
"No opening—write again."
The Welcome Club, '76.

HOW GAS WAS FIRST USED.—Great was the amazement of all England when, at the close of the last century, William Murdoch discovered the use of combustible air or gas. So little was the invention understood and believed in by those who had not seen it in use, that even great and wise men laughed at the idea. "How could there be light without a wick?" said a member of Parliament when the subject was brought up before the House. Even Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns by gas, and asked one of the proprietors if they meant to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gas-meter. Sir Walter Scott, too, made himself merry over the idea of illuminating London by smoke, though he was glad enough, not so long after, to make his own house at Abbotsford light and cheery on wintry nights by the use of that very smoke. When the House of Commons was lighted by gas, the architect imagined that the gas ran on fire through the pipes, and he, therefore, insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall, for fear of the building taking fire; and members might have been seen touching the pipes with their gloved hands, and wondering they did not feel warm. The first shop lighted in London by the new method was Mr. Ackermann's, in the Strand, in 1810; and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas-lamp on the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage. Mr. Murdoch was, however, too busy with other pursuits to continue to study the use of gas, and, though he was undoubtedly the first to apply it to practical purposes, many others laid claim to the honor, and other people quickly reaped the benefit of his cleverness and ingenuity. In this he shared the general fate of inventors.—*Coal Trade Journal.*

PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. M. DE HYLTON, M. D.

Parted, are we? Had I fancied
We might thus have parted been,
I should not my heart have tutored
To regard thee as its queen.
Years, long years of ardent loving,
Might not then have cheered my soul
Onward, but to find us roving
Where diverging channels roll.
But 'tis done, and we are parted—
Parted, yes, beyond recall;
I am free, though broken-hearted,
And my spirit mourns the fall.
When, in truth, I vowed to love thee
Until death should still my soul,
I ne'er dreamed the fates above me
Would have let false hope control.
But 'tis done, and love hath vanished,
Vanished ever from my breast;
Pity now, since love is banished,
Prays thou mayest still be blest.
Mortal joys are doomed to languish,
Love is fated to be chilled;
But, ere I had felt this anguish,
Would my heart had long been stilled!
We are parted! What a volume
Of unuttered sorrow dwells
In each memorative column
That within my bosom dwells!
Couldst thou read the bleeding bosom
Where Love leaves her broken shrine,
Thou might'st there behold the blossom
Of Love's promise steeped in brine.
But we're parted—yes, forever!
And forever though it be,
Love may linger 'round thee ever,
And, in spirit, weep for thee.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

A *tableau vivant*. Only a very common one, to be sure—"a wedding in high life!" The air redolent with the perfume of orange-blossoms, the music, the toilets, the wealth and display—everything just as it should be—perfection. Nothing uncommon in these days of princely fortunes and lavish expenditures. But the face of the bride was deathly white, with that intense pallor which reveals the workings of some hidden woe. It was not timidity that caused her to shrink from the man by whose side she stood—a tall, slender man, whose dark skin and jetty hair and eyes betokened Southern birth. She shrank and trembled when her hand touched his, while the fatal words were pronounced which made her his wife—with the inward agony and recoil of a proud, pure, sensitive nature, from contact with a coarse, sensual, cruel one. It was only a marriage of convenience; and that, too, is nothing uncommon. I am sure everyone will agree with me in these days of bartering souls for money.

The great cathedral was crowded. It was *the* affair of the season, and not to be seen there augured ill for your position in society. Not to know Miss Hope Lascelles was tacitly admitting yourself a nobody, and not to be received by the bride when she became Mrs. Lacey was complete annihilation. Being beautiful and a belle (notwithstanding that her fortune had not been prodigious), she had fluttered in society for a season, at the end of which she rested on her laurels to become Mrs. Ralph Lacey. This arrangement had been effected entirely without reference to her wishes or her future weal; throughout the whole transaction she had been but a puppet in the hands of a stronger will. This will had decreed that Miss Hope should become the possessor of young Lacey's half-million, the only unpleasant adjunct being the fact that Lacey himself, must necessarily accompany it. He, regarding a wife as a pretty piece of furniture, was more than willing; for she was "quite the style"—"stunning"—as much the fashion as cardinal-red.

The words were spoken at last, the ring was on her finger, she was bound and chained, and her master, with his cruel eyes and cold, sarcastic mouth, was not the man to use his power carelessly. They were leaving the church—the crowd gazing with criticising eyes—noting each detail of the exquisite toilet, and marveling at the icy pallor of the bride.

"Looks like a marble statue!" somebody whispered. "Wonder if she's really up to this sort of thing? Any previous penchant? How is it, Gordon?"

"Why, don't you know?" They were moving slowly out of church, the immense throng pushing and elbowing its way onward. "Oh, to be sure! You've just returned from Europe, and know nothing of our gossip, and what Mrs. Grundy says. If you had been at home, however, you couldn't have failed to hear about the bride and Jack Langley. You see," added Gordon, drawing forth his cigar-case as they stepped out upon the pavement, "Miss Hope and Jack were in dead earnest, no mistake about that. But, you know, she was dependent upon her aunt, Mrs. Morton, for support, and Jack—— Bah! what's a fellow to do with an expensive wife on a salary which barely suffices to pay his board-bills, and supply him with boots and gloves? And that's what the aunt thought, I imagine," added the speaker dryly. "For she put her foot down on the whole proceedings. She had been dangling after Lacey for her niece all the season, so she comes to the fore, patches up an engagement between Miss Hope and Lacey, uses her influence to procure a foreign clerkship for Jack, gets him dispatched at once to Austria or Belgium, or some other outlandish place, the marriage is put upon the boards at once, and so *voila tout*. Lacey is a jealous, high-tempered cur—I beg pardon of the canine species for the comparison—and Miss Hope has a little spirit of her own. Expect developments. And I'll tell you something more, Lacey has been playing fast and loose with that fiery little Bianca of the Italian-opera troupe. You remember her?"

"Yes! What has become of her?"

"No one knows. She disappeared from the troupe some time since, and vague rumors float about, which touch Lacey unpleasantly. However, there is no certainty in them."

"And Mrs. Morton knew all this when she forced Miss Hope into the marriage?"

Gordon laughed.

"Of course! That was nothing; only the way of the world, you know! To settle her niece advantageously was the good old lady's object, and she has succeeded. But I wouldn't give a rush for the young lady's life, should she and Bianca chance to meet."

A slender woman's figure, muffled in a long cloak, slipped hastily by the speakers. She glided onward for a short distance, then turned in at a secluded doorway, ascended a narrow staircase, and entered an apartment handsomely furnished. The cloak fell to the floor, and she stood in the centre of the room—a woman with a creamy complexion, waves of raven hair, and eyes which had first beheld the light beneath Italy's fair skies. She laughed to herself—a low, unpleasant laugh—as she stood there alone.

"So the young signora's life is in danger. *Altro!*"

She threw herself upon a gilded sofa, and, for an hour or more, remained wrapped in deep thought. The opening of the door aroused her at last. She glanced up. Ralph Lacey stood before her. There was an uneasy look in his eyes. Evidently he dreaded the scene which was about to follow. He sat down by her side.

"Bianca," he whispered; "you see I obeyed your summons at once."

"I have heard, signor, an old English quotation about discretion being the better part of valor."

Bianca's voice was scornful, but ominously calm.

"It is at a great risk that I come," continued the crafty villain. "You know—you were present today?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, "I saw the farce of marriage performed between you and that white-faced girl."

He laid one hand upon her shoulder. She struck it down fiercely.

"Coward! Villain!" she hissed through her set teeth. "Your promises, where are they? I have lost my soul for you, Ralph Lacey. Don't dare to touch me now!"

"Coward! Villain!" he repeated slowly, while a strange light gathered in his angry eyes. "Those are ugly words to be used to a gentleman, and by you—who ——"

"*Stop!*"

Her eyes blazed like fire as she sprang to her feet and stood before him. Something glittered and gleamed in the dim light of the evening which filled the beautiful room. It was a shining dagger, richly-chased and studded with gems, and it bore upon its hilt the name "Bianca."

"So you would murder me?"

He sprang forward and wrenched the dagger from her grasp; then, turning suddenly, he struck furiously at her. But, with the adroitness of one accustomed to such weapons, she sprang aside, only to receive the blow upon her arm. With a low moan of agony, she sank to the floor. He turned to leave her.

With a mighty effort she drew the dagger from the wound, the hot blood spouting forth as she crouched there, her great, dark eyes fixed upon him.

"Blood for blood, Ralph Lacey!" she said quietly, but there was murder in her voice. "We shall meet again!"

But, with a low, mocking laugh, the wretch fled from her presence. A few weeks later the Laceys embarked for Europe.

In a fashionable gambling-house at Wiesbaden—the crowded resort of young and old, male and female—a crowd had gathered around a trente-et-quarante table, at which a certain American gentleman was winning prodigiously. It was curious to note the eager faces watching the game; and the observed of all observers was Ralph Lacey, the successful player. Near by Gordon, who had come out in the same steamer, was standing, his eyes fixed upon Lacey, who, with a heap of fredericks-d'or before him, was throwing his whole soul into the game. Gordon chanced to raise his eyes; they encountered a pair of blue orbs from the opposite side of the table. A glance of surprised recognition, and in a moment more two hands were clasped in joyous greeting, as they stood side by side.

"Gordon, how are you, old boy?"

"Langley! Who would have expected to meet *you* here? Thought you were in Vienna."

A shade crossed Langley's face.

"So I was, Gordon, in that confounded banking-house. But a relative of mine has died recently and left me—well, independent, and I've come here for a short vacation."

"I congratulate you, my dear fellow. The clouds are gone from *your* sky!"

Gordon seized Jack Langley's hand again in a cordial grasp.

"While the wood is preparing, our hearth grows cold;
When the dream is fulfilled we are weary and old;
When we've gathered the money, the picture is sold,
And everything comes too late—too late!"

quoted Jack sententiously, indicating Ralph Lacey, with a sudden gesture as he spoke.

"True!"

"Gordon," Jack's voice was very low and impressive, "I shall kill Lacey yet!"

"Jack!"

"Upon my word, I—but hush!—see there!"

They stared in surprise as the slender, delicate figure of a young man, who had been standing near, made his way through the crowd that clustered around the trente-et-quarante table. It was a dark face, lighted by strange, wild, dark eyes, the mouth hidden by long, drooping moustachios. He made his way directly to where Ralph Lacey sat, and jostled him as he moved, upsetting the pile of fredericks-d'or upon the table. With a muttered curse, Lacey started up and turned angrily to the intruder.

"Puppy!" he hissed. "Apologize, instantly!"

The stranger laughed insolently.

"Apologize!" he repeated, in a low, clear voice, which thrilled through the crowd of curious gazers. "Not to Ralph Lacey!"

He dashed one slender hand, all glittering with shining rings, full in the face of the other as he spoke; then, adding coolly:

"You will find me at the English hotel," walked calmly away.

There was a rustle of woman's garments, and Hope, leaning on the arm of her aunt, approached the table. There was a listless look in her large eyes, and a weary expression in her cold, pure face, which told the story of her suffering. They had sold her for wealth and position, and the glittering desolation of her empty life was killing her.

Jack Langley turned his head and their eyes met—the first time in many weary months. Between them now a dusty shadow fell, like the shadow of a tomb. He sprang forward a step, then hesitated and drew back; it was like death, this tearing open the great, ghastly wound which absence had covered, at least from sight. Her pale face grew whiter; she put up one hand with a despairing gesture. It was the hand that wore Ralph Lacey's wedding-ring. Jack saw it, and turned away with a groan. Then Gordon drew his arm through his own and hurried him from the scene.

The next morning Langley received a *cartel* from Lacey. The excuse for the challenge was rude behavior to Mrs. Lacey; he had observed the meeting between his wife and Langley, and was confident that something had occurred for which Langley was accountable, inasmuch as Mrs. Lacey had fainted directly after Langley had left. He demanded satisfaction, and begged to suggest an early hour for the meeting.

Gordon glanced over Jack's shoulder as the latter beckoned him to approach.

"Poor excuse for a duel—eh, Jack? Can't you see the game? He saw the effect your sudden and unexpected appearance produced on his wife, and so—cold-blooded villain that he is—he has decided to put you out of the way in the most speedy and scientific manner possible. He is a notorious duelist, and invariably leaves his mark."

Jack did not answer. One thought alone filled his mind to the exclusion of all common and mundane affairs—Hope loved him!—loved him still! The words sang themselves over and over in his heart, like the joyous carol of a song-bird. Gordon touched his hand.

"Jack," said he, "let me be your second. I know the usual place of meeting; duels are common occurrences hereabouts. By the way, I shouldn't wonder if Lacey had *two* on hand. Do you remember the quarrel last night and the young stranger?"

Jack nodded. A strange look had come into his frank, handsome face. He seated himself at his desk and replied to the challenge in brief. Then he placed the note in the hands of his friend.

"Attend to this for me, Gordon," he said. "I have some other matters to settle before the hour appointed for the meeting."

Gordon shook his head depreciatingly as he took the note.

"It's a bad business, Jack—a bad business! Nevertheless, I shall stand by you and see you safely through—if possible. But," he paused, and an anxious look overspread his kind face—"Lacey always wings his man!"

At sunset a carriage drove slowly up to the place of meeting. A lone, secluded spot—a mile or so out from the city—a clump of huge old trees, and around not a bush to break the uninterrupted monotony of the picture. The sun was just setting, and dropping red streaks like blood all over the green of the velvety grass, and trailing its crimson banners over the dreadful scene which met the eyes of the beholders, and chilled the blood in their veins. There, at the foot of a giant oak, lay the form of the young stranger, shot dead. Near by lay Ralph Lacey, dead and cold, his white face turned upward to the chill evening sky, the pistol with which he had taken the life of his antagonist clenched in one stiff hand. But in his breast a dagger, richly chased and studded with gems, was buried to its hilt, upon which gleamed and glittered the name "Bianca."

They had their meeting, without seconds or companions, alone and secret. And there, without shrift or prayer, Ralph Lacey had shot his opponent down. The undischarged weapon, which lay by the side of the young stranger, was proof conclusive of the cold-blooded murder which Lacey had perpetrated. But retribution had closely followed the dastardly act; for the young man had dragged himself to the side of the miscreant, and plunged the dagger into his heart with all the strength and power of a dying man.

There they lay, alone and dead. It was a terrible sight! Jack and his friends soon placed the bodies in the carriage, and slowly returned to Wiesbaden. And here the secret cause of Lacey's death came out. The young stranger was Bianca, who, in male attire, had followed him early and late for her revenge. And at last she had gained it—"blood for blood!"

Hope did not assume a grief which she did not feel; and, soon after, Aunt Morton "to the contrary notwithstanding," she donated Lacey's wealth (the horrible money for which her happiness had been bartered) to a charitable institution, and married Jack Langley.

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife,
God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes,
Good keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she bursted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

A RUFFIAN'S TRIUMPH,
OR THE PRIMA-DONNA'S VENDETTA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

A dreary, dismal rainy night in the city, faint moonshine struggling through a low-driving scud, the street-lamps looking like yellow comets without tails, in the distance. It is eleven o'clock, and the patter of feet has become more intermittent on the Bowery, yet under the protection of a large umbrella a good-looking young woman is waiting, evidently impatiently, on the corner of Houston street. But for a certain coarseness of skin, roughness of hair and general redundancy of outline, she might have been pronounced pretty. Even by the uncertain light of the adjacent gaslight it was perceptible that her color rose, and a thrill or a shudder shot through her frame, as the man she most wished to see in all the world stood at her side. He would have been regarded good-looking in any rank in life, but to Maria McCoy and others of her class his clear, well-cut features and jetty ringlets rendered him an absolute Adonis.

Maria slipped her arm through his, and clung to him with the fond tenacity of a woman who loves a worthless fellow with her whole heart and soul. His manner was a compound of bucket-shop gallantry and pitying condescension.

"You say I never put you on a job, Archie. Well, I have a job to put you on now."

"Well, what is it, old gal? Spit it out."

Thus elegantly admonished, the girl pointed to a large and attractive lithograph in an adjoining window, and said:

"Archie, do you see her, there?"

"What, that opera-shrieker? That Italian prima-donna there? What about her? Diamonds, eh?"

The girl nodded, and while he took a doubtful cigar from his vest-pocket, and smoked thoughtfully under the umbrella, she told her discovery with her mouth close to his ear. They had reached Astor place ere her narrative ended, and they came to a halt.

"Come, you have done it, old gal," the man said. "Give us a kiss for luck;" and they parted, the girl proceeding downtown, the man taking an uptown car.

Half an hour later the following scenes were being enacted at a detached house on a semi-fashionable avenue.

Outside: a man is prowling about the grounds examining windows and rain-water spouts, evidently bent on an unholy mission.

Inside: A beautiful woman of thirty is reclining, rather than sitting, while her maid brushes out her wealth of raven hair. Her dark eyes are full and lustrous as those of a deer, and at present they have a mournful expression, in their far-away look, peculiar to that animal. She is essentially a handsome woman, and, like most handsome women during certain portions of their life, she is at present musing of a man. Yet the ravishing cantatrice is a married woman, and the gentleman who at present occupies her thoughts is not her husband. While she dismisses her maid, and still continues her musing, let us add a few words explanatory of herself and her position.

Rebecca Abrahams, as her name implies, was an Israelite. Born and educated in London, she early evinced an extraordinary talent for music, accompanied by a voice of altogether exceptional excellence. With the perseverance and pertinacity peculiar to her race, she studied and labored hard, until she attained the summit of her ambition and made her debut as a veritable prima-donna. From that time her course was upwards—a series of triumphs, with wealth and coronets and genealogical trees at her feet. She had already changed the name of Rebecca Abrahams for the more euphonious professional one of Abi Novello, and when, after her great triumph in Madrid, the Marquis de los Montes de Villanero threw himself, his estates (very much encumbered) and his substantial title before her, she coyly accepted the brilliant offer. Thenceforth the Castilian hidalgo traveled with the lady and her baggage, and helped to dissipate a large share of her earnings at the gaming-table.

Before the "magnificent creature," as the Marquis called his wife, reached New York, she was disgusted with him morally, socially and physically. He was a strutting, blustering, tippling, smoking, diminutive hypocrite, jack-pudding; and on the morning of the night when she is introduced to the reader she had been consulting a handsome lawyer respecting an Indiana or Connecticut divorce.

While Archie Pyke was stealthily effecting an entrance into the back basement, then, the Marquise de Villanero, on the third-floor front, soliloquized in this fashion:

"The lawyer said he could obtain it. How smart he seems! and how thoughtful! And yet what a fool I could make of him if I chose! I saw it before I had conversed with him five minutes. He has evidently plenty of talent and energy and audacity. I wonder if he has the presumption to suppose I could ever allow him to declare that he cared for me. It would be amusing. Nina, is that you?"

Nina did not reply, and a faint rustle in the adjoining room, which had called forth the question, ceased as soon as she spoke.

The prima-donna was not afflicted with nervousness; far from it; but her jewels and valuables were in that room, and her heart beat faster than usual while she listened. The house was very silent. Her lord had gone to California. There was but an old woman and Nina in the place.

She listened intently. Yes; she was sure somebody was moving stealthily about in the next room. She was on the point of giving an alarm; but her courage came back the higher for its interruption. She turned down her student's lamp, crept to the door of the next room, and laid her hand firmly but quietly on its lock. As she pushed it noiselessly open, she discovered the figure of a man with a dark-lantern standing over her empty jewel-box. At the same moment he discovered the intruder, and, as he applied the muzzle of a pistol to her head, swore a savage string of ghastly oaths. She neither spoke nor moved. The man turned the light upon her face. All that she could perceive of the burglar was a dark shadow behind this vivid glare. What Archie Pyke beheld was a pale and majestic woman, with a beautiful chiseled face, erect and dauntless, fronting his leveled weapon without the slightest sign of fear.

He has never seen such a vision of loveliness; and he lost his head for a moment, and stood speechless. The lady surmised the effect she had produced, and was equal to the occasion.

"Return every jewel to that box," she said, with a calm tone of authority. "Better make no resistance. I was forewarned of your design. There are five armed men in the house, but I don't want to see you hurt."

The burglar was aghast! The calm assurance of the woman completely overawed him—she was so beautiful, moreover, and female beauty was his one spot of peculiar softness. Still, the man's instinct of preservation prevailed, and he said:

"If you move, miss, I'll shoot. One word spoken loud, and I'll shoot as sure as hell!"

"Shoot away!" she replied with perfectly feigned composure; "you will alarm the house and erect your own gallows."

"Well, you *are* a cool one!" he exclaimed in accents of mingled vexation and approval. "Hang it, you're the spunkiest gal I ever saw. I wouldn't take a thing from you but a keepsake."

"You can't have a keepsake. Now I am going to turn up the gas, and you will walk out before me."

He was evidently under a spell. He was glad to know he was perfectly sober. He wouldn't have spoken a rough, insulting word to this divinity for the world. He turned to go, and as the gas lighted up the elegant apartments Archie Pyke saw a bow of scarlet ribbon, pounced upon it, and thrust it inside his vest.

As she followed the foiled burglar downstairs, the situation had a strange fascination for her. Not in the early portion of that evening, when the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience greeted her in her splendid personation of Lucretia Borgia, did she feel a more triumphant thrill than when she followed this subdued ruffian downstairs, and saw him out into the street.

"Look here, miss or madam," said he when they reached the door, "I don't know that I can promise never to come here again. I don't know that I can stay away. But, look here. You've only to speak the word, and I'd lay down my life for you. I'm damned—excuse me, miss—but you're the finest gal that ever lived, an' I'd like to see you again."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she opened the door. The man's admiration was honest, and, therefore, acceptable; it was a tribute to her power.

"Archie Pyke."

He snatched her beautiful hand, pressed it with his lips, and, with something between a sob and a sigh, darted into the street and was lost in the darkness.

"She must have been well backed," said Archie to himself as in the early morning he turned into Hester street. "She must have been well backed to act so cool. But, jumping gods! wasn't she beautiful—holy Moses! And that infernal Maria must have squealed—put me in a regular trap. Lucky I was sober. As for Maria, I'll give her hell."

It is but just to Mr. Pyke to state that, so far as poor Maria was concerned, he kept his word. No assurances or "Bible oaths" of hers would persuade her infuriated lover that she had not betrayed him. She was discarded there and then, and the chivalrous Archie threatened to "kick the life out of her" if ever she accosted him under any conceivable circumstances again.

Mr. Archibald Pyke now became a regular patron of the opera. Every night on which the enchanting prima-donna appeared he was present, overdressed in that flash style which gentlemen of his class are apt to affect when they ape the "Broadway statue." He had some cash, moreover, and for the nonce he abandoned his former associates. Seated in the auditorium of the Academy with a powerful lorgnette to aid his naturally keen vision, the burglar gloated over the luscious form of the ravishing songstress. For, criminal and jail-bird that he was, this man had drunk from the cup that poisons equally the basest and the noblest of our kind. His infatuation was complete. He forgot reason, prudence and common sense—forgot everything but an unappeasable longing for the impossible. He lingered about her residence; he ran after the carriage that bore her from the theatre; and, finally, driven to desperation, he wrote her a letter, threatening to do something fearful unless she spoke to him just once more.

She was not unaware of the frenzy she had wrought in the heart of the man. She had recognized him at the Academy, she had seen him on the street. Her own private affairs were becoming more complicated every day. Something akin to a passion had developed in her bosom for the handsome lawyer Denis Bennett. The Marquis wrote to her every day with exemplary affection and exasperating regularity. The lawyer was playing an astute game. He was piling Pelions upon Ossas of difficulties in the way of obtaining the divorce. She was in hot haste to be free. The lawyer was willing to set her free—conditionally. To this end he zealously applied himself to wooing. Archie had discovered this intimacy and threatened dark revenge, as we have already said. There was nothing for it but to see the burglar—besides, she wanted to ascertain what manner of tool he might be made. She might need his services, if he were perfectly reliable, and if his infatuation were complete.

Closely veiled and accompanied by her maid, she met the ruffian, dressed like a flunkey Beau-Brummell, one "off evening" in March, in a retired street.

The man was as pleased as a child with a new toy.

"I'd shed my heart's blood for you," he said. "Can't you give me a job? I'd like to follow you to the end of the world."

With an impatient motion she suppressed his enthusiasm, and ordered Nina to fall behind. In a few words the burglar received his instructions. When she ended, he quivered as if he had received a sunstroke.

"And *then* you intend to—to wed the lawyer?" he said in a low voice, which startled her. "I won't do it!"

"You won't do it?"

"Not if you intend to marry that loafer. I'd sooner put up a job on *him* than the *other*."

How bitterly she regretted the madness of her course! Here she was in the power of a felon—an unscrupulous, bloodthirsty felon—who for the gratification of his fierce desires would hesitate at nothing. What must she do? To retreat was as dangerous as to advance.

A policeman came slowly along. She paused irresolutely.

"Twouldn't be any use," said the burglar, with a meaning glance. "He knows me. We've had a 'divvy' before to-day."

She clasped her hands—the delicate gloved hands—and her voice shook as she spoke:

"Once for all, will you perform the mission? If not, there is nothing further to be said." She took a roll of bills from her pocket as she spoke.

"I'll do it," said he; "I was a fool just now. Never fear, I'll do it. Make yourself easy. You can trust me," and he stowed the money into a concealed pocket in his clothes, and with a confused air hurried away.

The engagement of the prima-donna was at an end so far as America was concerned. London, Paris and St. Petersburg were awaiting the operatic queen. Yet, spite of the reiterated prayers and supplications of her business-manager, she lingered in New York. By-and-bye threats of actions for breach of contract reached the distracted major-domo. Nothing had any influence with the cantatrice. She was incorrigible, and M. Louis tore his hair and blasphemed.

The decree of divorce lay in Denis Bennett's office. The Marquise de Villanero had bound herself to marry the lawyer as soon as everything was safe. Yet, in spite of his emphatic assurance that all was safe, she wouldn't name a day for their union. Until she appointed the eventful date, Denis Bennett refused to deliver the document. Not only so, he threatened to furnish the newspapers with "racy particulars." She implored him to be patient; but witheld all particulars respecting the burglar's mission.

Days passed, and the Marquise heard nothing from her emissary. He had been sent to California with instructions to make prisoner, and, if necessary, to maim, her gambler-husband, but by no means to murder him. Archie Pyke had acquaintances in the Golden State, and he said "the job would be easy enough."

"Yet, if it be easy, why don't I hear from him according to agreement? Can the fellow have proved unfaithful, after all? What a fool I was to trust the wretch. What a pitiful dilemma I am placed in."

Thus the beautiful woman worried herself and tried the patience of Mr. Denis Bennett, while Archie Pyke had never left New York City—the ground of such extraordinary inaction being as follows:

Nina, the prima-donna's plump and pretty little maid, had looked favorably upon the flash attire, tawdry jewelry, and shining, greasy ringlets of Mr. Pyke. She had noted him as he sauntered past the house gazing up at the windows of her mistress. With a woman's quick perception where a rival is concerned, she perfectly understood his hopelessly mad infatuation. She had no idea, until the evening of their meeting, that the idolized cantatrice and this man had ever met. She was shocked, surprised, and green with jealousy. The maid regarded the burglar as her lover. She had met him and talked confidingly about her mistress and her habits, acquaintances, etc., while she had by no means been conservative of her own favors. Was her mistress also in love with this handsome scalawag, while she was at the same time engaged in an intrigue with a Jove-like lawyer? As she walked behind the pair she could not hear a word of the contract; but she saw madame place something in Archie's hand. Then her mind was made up. She would hurry after him and expose the perfidy of her mistress.

She found Archie at the usual rendezvous at midnight, after the Marquise had dispensed with her services for the time-being and retired.

"Ah, you're here!" said Mr. Pyke. "I knew you'd come, and so I waited. Yet I ought to have been fifty miles away, by right."

"Archie, don't you know you're a born idiot—a pitiful dupe?" said the woman with bitter emphasis.

He sprang like a horse to the lash.

"It's hell, I know, but I can't help it. I know everything you can tell me. It's no use talking."

The cunning Delilah tried different tactics. By a piece of playful coquetry she assailed Archie's natural susceptibilities, which, his mates affirmed, made him a fool of the deepest crimson dye wherever a woman was concerned, and this woman was in his eyes as an angel of light second only to her peerless mistress.

Therefore Nina, like Delilah, shore her Samson of his secret, and bound him hand and foot. He confessed the object of his journey and showed the money he had received. Then the temptress showed him how the cantatrice was procuring a divorce from her present husband, and would marry Lawyer Bennett the very next week after it was obtained—how the said lawyer was locked up with her in his private office for hours at a stretch; how he remained in her rooms till long after midnight; and that they ought to be husband and wife already, if, indeed, they were not. Indeed, she opined that the California mission to *delay* the Marquis—that was the delicate non-committal way in which the cracksman had put it—proved that they were already married.

Mr. Pyke was in a paroxysm of rage.

"Damn her cold heart and cool ways!" cried he, swinging his muscular arms. "I'm a fool! I don't know what in hell kept me from slipping my knife into that white throat of hers the first time I saw it. I wish I'd been dead and rotting in my grave before I went into the house that night!"

The temptress was ready with a suggestion.

"If you were a *man*, you would be revenged."

The emphasis was bitter, and the look was exasperating.

"How?"

"You remain in New York, and write to the Marquis in California about his wife's proceedings—you know his address. He's as jealous as a turtle—or a tigress—or a Spaniard, which he is. You send the letter—he'd soon be in New York."

"Do you know that's a bully good idea!" cried Mr. Pyke, slapping his thigh. "I'll do it."

A trusty amanuensis was employed next day, and the letter was duly mailed. Nina and the burglar were in frequent communication, and the maid watched every movement of her mistress like a female Vidocq, and faithfully reported to her swell-mobsman. The plot was skillfully constructed, and hence, when the Marquis arrived at his wife's residence late one evening, when the lady and her lawyer were excitedly discussing the situation, the lovers were demoralized. The man of law deemed it prudent, for this occasion only, to precipitately retreat from the house by the back staircase, and the little aristocrat ushered in by Nina was for the time being master of the situation, and he improved it accordingly. He danced round, and scolded and questioned and vituperated, while the beautiful Jewess apparently had lost her usual nerve and presence of mind. She had been evidently foiled and betrayed by the burglar, and she feared to move, not knowing how much her infuriated husband knew about her plans.

Denis Bennett was almost as disastrously checkmated. He sat in his office next day, anxiously awaiting a letter or message from the woman he loved. The decree was worthless—the document of divorce was not worth the paper on which it was written. He had been playing a double game, and had suffered a repulse when victory seemed within his grasp.

Archie Pyke had been duly posted by Nina of her mistress' discomfiture.

"All right," said he. "Now we've got them, Nina."

The maid scarce understood him, and said so; but, without vouchsafing any explanation, he walked thoughtfully away, and an hour after sought the discarded Maria. The poor creature was delighted to see him. Producing a pocket-flask, he invited her "to take a smile and let bygones be bygones." Whereupon she kissed him with fervor, and again enrolled herself in his service.

The consequences of this interview were soon apparent. Fashionably and even elegantly attired, her hair frizzled and her face powdered, Maria waited upon Mr. Bennett at his downtown office. Archie would have preferred Nina as his messenger, but he was afraid to trust her.

"What is your business? What can I do for you?" asked the lawyer somewhat petulantly, as Maria was ushered into his sanctum.

"I am the bearer of a private message," said the woman softly. "I am from Madame De Villanero. The poor lady had not an opportunity of writing a line; both her maid and she are watched, every movement."

"Well, what did she say? Speak, my good young lady. What was the message?"

"She wants you to be in the grounds back of the house at eleven o'clock precisely. She will meet you there, and she bade me remember to tell you that the rear door would be left open."

"And that was all?"

"That was all, sir;" and, while the handsome Solon pondered on the extraordinary request, and the unpleasantly suggestive circumstances that had evidently demanded it, the messenger curtsied and withdrew.

When Denis Bennett let himself through the unlocked wicket into the grounds behind the prima-donna's residence, a strange trepidation chilled his heart. Contrary to his usual habit, he was armed. Suspicious by nature, and trained to be suspicious by profession, he thought it just possible that the messenger might have been an agent of the Marquis. As he crouched along the wall, behind the evergreens, the fashionable lawyer looked like some prowling assassin. The moon now and again shone from behind drifting masses of cloud that looked like some gigantic wood-piles, and twice he consulted his watch. The idea of an ambuscade faded from his mind.

"She is evidently under rigid surveillance," he muttered. "What an ass I was not to obtain a regular decree."

A short, sharp, low crash, as if a peanut-shell were being broken, reached his ear. He turned quickly round; but, before he could realize that there was a man behind him, he saw the flash of a pistol, and simultaneously dropped senseless to the earth, pierced clear through the brain.

It was a singular coincidence that the Marquis de los Montes De Villanero, at the moment this tragedy was being enacted, stood at the back window, looking at the very spot in the grounds where the shot was fired. He saw the assassin run towards the rear gate, and, actuated by jealousy and suspicion, he at once drew his pistol and fired several shots at the flying figure. The successive discharges enabled a policeman near to realize that something abnormal was being enacted. Hurrying in the direction of the shots, he reached the back gate just as the fugitive was about to emerge. The latter uttered a fearful imprecation, wheeled round and rushed for another door near the coach-house that he knew of. But he was now between two fires. The policeman behind and the Marquis on the flank were blazing away at him, while the maid added to the uproar. The prima-donna, however, exemplified rare presence of mind under the circumstances. Quick as thought she drew a beautiful revolver, and, placing the muzzle to her husband's ear, shot him dead on the spot. Then she commenced to cry "Murder! murder!" in tones that would have pierced the heart of an anchorite. The policeman, his fire being exhausted and his attention directed to this new alarm, floundered about like one demented, and Archie Pyke, the assassin of Denis Bennett, effected his escape.

When a force of policemen entered the premises and discovered the dead husband and the dead lover of the illustrious prima-donna, she was frantic with the despair that chilled and paralyzed her heart. She scarcely dared to trust herself to speak, and yet she was compelled to speak. Her evidence was directly opposite to and contradictory of that of the policeman who had been first at the scene. Nina, the maid, corroborated her madame's evidence in every particular. The Marquis had fired upon the lawyer, who had come to consult the Marquise on a matter of business. Shots had been returned on both sides, with the dreadful consequences with which they were familiar. The flying man was some intending robber or housebreaker, surprised by the unexpected fusilade, directed, as he probably thought, at himself. The theory was accepted. Yet there were three women who knew differently, and kept the secret! Stranger still, two of these women loved the assassin, and the third, an assassin herself, hated him.

The mysterious crime was a nine days' wonder, and some new catastrophe engaged the popular mind. The bereaved Marquise had discharged her business-manager and her maid, at the bidding of a ruffian. Archie Pyke had played for the prize placed so high above his reach, and had won it. A week after the double tragedy she had admitted him completely disguised, with a false gray beard, eyebrows, bent shoulders and a violin case. Could he have known how the woman loathed him! Yet here was she compelled to meet him with as much secrecy, duplicity and caution as though he were really the favored lover for whom she had sacrificed husband, honor and all! Could he have known! He *did* know, and it maddened him till he forgot reason—forgot everything but the present torture, the cruel longing to call this woman his own, and press her to his heart.

She brought out her diamonds—dear to her soul—and offered them to this brute if he would leave her forever, on the word of a man.

"They are yours—you coveted them; now leave me unmolested while I cross the Atlantic with my grief-pierced heart."

There was such a pathos of quiet despair in her tones that he was driven to fury.

"To cross the Atlantic?—to sail next week?—to take my last, my very last look on ye, and never to see you no more? Is them the conditions?"

Her eyes were full of mute agony, and her voice was husky when she spoke.

"Oh, you'll go, won't you? I'll always think of you kindly—and—gratefully. I *will*, indeed."

"Put back your cursed diamonds!" he said savagely. "I won't do it. You and I will hitch up together, or it'll be worse for you. We'll be a fine team together, either on Murderers' Row and the gallows or in first-class establishments during a European tour. Take your choice, but reckon me in with you, either to rot in a jail or to drive in a carriage."

The woman's wonderful courage failed her. She accepted the humiliating conditions. Dressed in deep mourning, and accompanied only by an aged professor of music from France, the idolized prima-donna sailed for Europe, and soon afterwards died in Venice of consumption. As for Archie Pyke, he died by the hand of a hired assassin; and the engagement of that assassin was the last act performed by Rebecca Abrahams, alias Abi Novello, otherwise the Marquise de los Montes De Villanero.

POOR OLD DARBIGNE.

Mr. Darbigne didn't go home until very late Tuesday night, and when he reached his domicile he let himself in with a latch-key, and stole softly upstairs, so as not to disturb his family. A night-lamp was burning in his room, and Mrs. Darbigne's snores came from the shaded bed like the cadences of a freight-engine on the up-grade. As he was removing his coat, Mr. Darbigne suddenly stood still, frozen, rooted to the spot with horror sublime, and rage. Then he fell on his knees, and, holding his hands towards the ceiling, shrieked:

"O Heaven! have mercy on this dishonored house," and then sprang to his feet yelling: "Villain! villain! villain! your life or mine!"

Mrs. Darbigne sprang up in bed, screaming:

"What is it? Oh, mercy! mercy! madman, what is it?"

And the children in the adjoining room woke up and shrieked and howled and wept in piteous terror, while Mr. Darbigne charged round and round the room with a revolver in his hand, diving into the closets, plunging under the bed, upsetting furniture, chasing Mrs. Darbigne out of his sight, and calling on his innocent babes to fling themselves out of the windows and save their lives from misery and shame—a preventive that the babes did not take to very kindly, preferring to huddle up in the middle of their bed and yell. The uproar roused the neighbors. They kicked in the front door and rushed upstairs, seized the raving Mr. Darbigne, pounding him over the head with a chair leg, and wresting his revolver from his reckless grasp, and then they demanded explanations.

"Find him for me!" said Mr. Darbigne. "See me face to face with the villain, and I'll drink his heart's blood! Oh, madness! madness! Oh, shame! shame! shame! Find him for me, or kill me! He's in this house this very minute!"

"Who?" they all yelled. "Who is he?"

"Yes," wailed poor Mrs. Darbigne, who had hurriedly dressed herself in a log-cabin quilt. "Who? In heaven's name, who?"

"Oh, oh, oh!" yelled Mr. Darbigne; "you hear her, men—you hear this perfidious woman? Here," he shrieked, pointing with his trembling finger, while the words shot like fiery arrows from his pale and foam-flecked lips, "here! The man who wore those trowsers!"

All eyes looked towards the chair on which they hung, and then, with one wild, heaven-piercing yell of laughter, the crowd of neighbors let go of Mr. Darbigne, and went tumbling over one another downstairs, howling in derision and splitting the midnight with roars of inextinguishable laughter. The children who had trooped into the room went giggling off to bed, and Mrs. Darbigne, flinging herself on the pillows, screamed hysterically: "O Darby, Darby! O Marmaduke! you'll kill me yet, I know you will! O you old fool Crawl into bed! O you senseless idiot, that's my chemiloon!" Tableau.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"WOOD-BUTCHERING."

INTER.—Tambo, what are you doing now? I have missed you from the haunts you used to frequent. I hope that no evil has befallen you; that you have not been married—or something even worse?

TAMBO.—Oh, no, sah; I'se been hard at work, learnin' de wood-butcherin' trade.

INTER.—Learning the what, sir? The wood-butchering trade! I am in the dark regarding that trade. Will you cast the bright light of explanation upon us?

TAMBO.—Go 'long wid you; I'm no moulder; I don't cast things. I'se a carpenter.

ALL.—Oh-h-h. Ye-e-e-s.

TAMBO.—What's gettin' ober you fellers? Nuffin strange about dat, is dere?

INTER.—Not at all, Tam; but we were only remarking upon the singular appellation you applied to your trade.

TAMBO.—I'se not peddlin' apples at all; don't I tole you fur de las' time I'se a carpenter.

INTER.—Ah, yes; now we have it. A carpenter and joiner, I presume. Do you manage to make your *board* by it?

TAMBO.—Don't *axe* me such foolish questions; course I makes my board, and a great *deal* more besides. I get one dollah a day, and when I *adze* that up at de end ob de week I has six dollahs.

BONES.—I *saw* you was puttin' on a good *bit* of style; had a notion to *hammer* you fur a dime to get a schooner.

INTER.—Yes, you do look *spruce*-d up a bit; it *augurs* well for your future. You were always very *plane*.

TAMBO.—I make it a *rule* always to look nice; can't *chisel* me out ob dat.

BONES.—I saw de tailor *nail* you for dat little bill; you can't get out ob dat, Tam.

INTER.—What is this I hear, Tam? There must be a *screw* loose somewhere.

TAMBO.—Now I'll jus' tell you how it was, Mr. Johnsing; I does owe dat man for a pair ob pants, but dis ting of habin' it cast up to me by Bones I don't like. Dem pants was made ob such bad stuff dat dey had to be *weather-boarded* 'fore I had 'em a week—I don't pay fur clothes like dem.

INTER.—Well, Tam, that is rather rough.

TAMBO.—Oh, I won't lose nuffin if I pay him. I made by gettin' dem pants fixed.

INTER.—You made? How?

TAMBO.—Well, when I got de pants fixed, I had 'em *re-paired*, and I wear one pair to work. Yah, yah!

INTER.—How excessively sharp you have become by using edge tools. While we think in wonderment of your superior ability, the South Carolina Electoral Colleges will lull us with

Coaxing With a Kiss.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

The ways of love are strange,
And Cupid's roguish sway
Will cause the fickle heart to change
A hundred times a day.
When love is in a pet,
And wooing goes amiss,
You'll find the very best thing yet
For you to do is this:
Chorus.—Try coaxing with a kiss—
It is the soul of bliss—
There's nothing in the world so sweet
As coaxing with a kiss.

Again, in married life,
If wishes are denied,
By either husband or the wife,
And lips are closed with pride,
Don't fly into a rage,
For that is quite amiss,
But take the counsels of a sage,
And gain your end by this:
Chorus.—Try coaxing, etc.

Young ladies of the day,
And lovers, too, as well,
Remember, 'tis the surest way,
This plan I have to tell—
Whate'er the wish may be,
'Twill never come amiss
If you but take advice from me
And earn your wish by this:
Chorus.—Try coaxing, etc.

J. H. McVICKER'S First Appearance in Boston, Mass.

Of the persons named in the following bill, contributed by W. G. Dearborn of Boston, J. B. Wright is living in that city in retirement; Henry W. Fenno died there July 14, 1862; J. H. McVicker is now manager of the Lyceum Theatre, in this city, and of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Munroe died in the last-named city June 23, 1875, after having been some years in retirement; J. Munroe is practicing law in Boston, Mass.; W. Cowell died in Philadelphia Feb. 24, 1868; S. D. Johnson, also died there July 24, 1863; F. E. Aiken is managing a company supporting Miss Genevieve Rogers throughout the country; Geo. Johnson is still living; Reuben Meer is dead; Mrs. J. J. Prior is living, and appears before the public at intervals; Mrs. J. R. Vincent is a member of the company at the Boston (Mass.) Museum; Miss Melville is in retirement, we believe; Miss Fanny Howard is living in retirement in Boston, Mass.; J. J. Prior died in Toledo, O., May 1, 1875; Charles H. Saunders died in Boston July 15, 1857; Mrs. Tyrrell is now Mme. Ivan Michels, and is before the public; Samuel Lake died in Boston July 28, 1859; E. B. Williams died in this city April 21, 1867; Miss Jane Parker still follows the profession.

NATIONAL THEATRE,
Corner of Portland and Traverse streets,
WRIGHT, FENNO & BIRD, LESSEES.
Private Boxes, $1; Dress Circle, 50cts.; Family Circle, 25cts.; Pit, 25cts.; First and second Galleries, 12½cts.
Acting Manager....................Mr. J. B. Wright
Treasurer....................Mr. H. W. Fenno.
First appearance in Boston of
MR. J. H. McVICKER,
a young American comedian whose success in New York and Philadelphia has established him as a legitimate representative of Yankee characters.
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1, 1851,
will be presented a popular drama, written by J. T. Robb, Esq., the celebrated Western dramatist, entitled
THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.
Isaiah Shattuck....................Mr. J. H. McVicker
with the song of "Our Nation's Progress."

Mr. Nelson........F. Munroe	Jake....................R. Meer
Lawyer Cranston.J. Munroe	Julia..............Mrs. J. J. Prior
Mr. H'ry Danville.W. Cowell	Betty.........Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Mr. Manton..........F. Aiken	Sally..................Miss Melville
Samuel Ellis..S. D. Johnson	Molly..............Miss Howard
Ichabod..........G. Johnson	Black Bet..............Miss Mack

In the course of the piece a political stump speech and shingle-splitting dance.
Previous to which
NORA CREINA

Rod'ick O'Connor.J. J. Prior	Norah Creina...Mrs. Tyrrell
Timothy Tut.C. H. Saunders	Widow Brady,
Gormon..........N. Sandford	Mrs. J. R. Vincent

Comic Medley Dance....................Mr. S. Lake.
To conclude with a new drama written by C. A. Logan, Esq., entitled
THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE, OR THE YANKEE TRADER.
Eben Pettingell, Captain of a ship from Marblehead, Mass., Mr. J. H. McVicker

Coffin, his mate...G.Johnson	Sac Lac..............F. Aiken
Emperor of China,	Poetah..................R. Meer
E. B. Williams	Herbert..........N. Sandford
Hong Long..C. H. Saunders	Bulbul...........Mrs. J. J. Prior
Chopstick.....S. D. Johnson	Oooo.......Miss Jane Parker

During Mr. McVicker's engagement he will appear in "The Home of the West," "Family Ties," "Sam Patch in France," "Hue and Cry," "Vermont Wool-dealer," etc.

AN UNFORTUNATE STAR.

BY FRANK HARRINGTON OF BALTIMORE.

You see here before you a victim of fate;
Dejected, bankrupt and forlorn,
Who has seen better days, though not many of late,
For now I look seedy and torn;
I've struggled quite hard, but it seemed all in vain—
My efforts they ne'er would accord—
And oft I've appeared on the stage when in pain,
Yet never received one applaud.
Repeat last two lines.

I've often been told that my acting's sublime,
And oft I've been praised in my art;
I know it's unpleasant to stick in your lines
If the climax depends on your part;
It makes a bad wait, and oft' spoils a good scene
Which might have gained shouts of applause;
Then I'd vow that I never would stick so again
Unless I had really good cause.
Repeat last two lines.

I tried once my fortune to gain as a star—
The time I shall never forget—
I tried to act Hamlet, a play above par,
Which I've often had cause to regret:
My make-up was bad, so the papers all said;
My acting the worst kind of gall;
I tried hard to please, but I'd rather been dead
And made no appearance at all.
Repeat last two lines.

The night I appeared, ev'rybody was gay,
And all seemed well up in their part;
But a cloud seemed to hang over me all that day,
With a choking sensation at heart;
My delivery was bad—I hardly could speak—
My lines were entirely gone;
You'll ask for the reason—I'll tell you the same—
I'd a wife that was starving at home.
Repeat last two lines.

THE OPENING BILL of Wheatley & Clarke's Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., for the Season of 1859-60.

William Wheatley died in this city Nov. 3 last; John S. Clarke has been closely connected with London, Eng., theatricals during the past nine or ten years. A recently published English work says of him: "It is pleasant to cite the amount of public favor accorded in London to the most celebrated of Mr. J. S. Clarke's impersonations. The number of consecutive nights that he has played Ollapod, Bob Acres, and Dr. Pangloss were sixty in the first case, one hundred and twenty-seven in the second, and two hundred and fifty in the third. In fact, 'The Heir-at-law' and 'The Poor Gentleman,' with Mr. J. S. Clarke in the principal comic characters, were the first of the great runs of revived old comedies upon the London stage." John Dolman has retired from the profession, and is practicing law in Philadelphia; John Gilbert is a member of the company at Wallack's Theatre, in this city; John McCullough is now manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Wallis is still before the public; S. D. Johnson died in Philadelphia, Pa., July 24, 1863; Mr. Reilly and Mr. Street still follow the profession; Mrs. John Drew is the manager of this theatre; Miss Emma Taylor died in this city Feb. 24, 1863; Mrs. John Gilbert also died here April 27, 1866; Mrs. Stoneall is acting in Chicago, Ill.; Miss Kate Nagle is in temporary retirement; the Miss Wood who danced between the pieces is Rose Wood, now an actress engaged in Wallack's Theatre.

WHEATLEY & CLARKE'S ARCH-STREET THEATRE.
FIRST NIGHT OF THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON.
THIS EVENING, MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1859,
the popular and improved star company will appear, for the first time in several years, in Morton's celebrated comedy, in five acts, entitled
THE SCHOOL OF REFORM, OR HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.
which will be presented with appropriate appointments, scenery, and an unapproachable cast.

Lord Avondale....J. Dolman	Bailiff..............Mr. Street
General Tarragon.J. Gilbert	Jailer..............Mr. Little
Mr. Ferment...W. Wheatley	Mrs. Ferment...Mrs. J. Drew
Bob Tyke (first time),	Julia Tarragon,
J. S. Clarke	Miss E. Taylor
Frederick...Mr. McCullough	Mrs. Nicely...Mrs. J. Gilbert
Old Man..............Mr. Wallis	Mrs. St. Clair..Mrs. Stoneall
Timothy.........S. D. Johnson	Sheiah.......Miss Kate Nagle
Peter..............Mr. Reilly	

Villagers, Wedding Guests, etc.
The popular orchestra, under the direction of the distinguished leader, MR. CHAS. R. DODWORTH, will perform a variety of admired musical selections, including the overture to "Der Freischutz," with "Casta Diva," from "Norma."
MR. AND MISS WOOD WILL APPEAR IN A FAVORITE GRAND PAS DE DEUX.
To conclude with, for the first time in three seasons, the side-splitting comedietta of
MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

Mr. Somerton..John Dolman	Mrs. Somerton,
Mr. Brown, a City Broker,	Miss Emma Taylor
J. S. Clarke	Mrs. Brown.Miss Kate Nagle
Mr. Smith, a Tailor,	Mrs. Smith....Mrs. Stoneall
S. D. Johnson	

TO-MORROW, TUESDAY, A FAVORITE COMEDY, with a variety of other entertainments.
Admission, 25c.; secured seats in dress-circle, 37½c.; parquet, 50c.; seats in private boxes, 75c.; whole private box, $5; gallery, 12c.; gallery for colored persons, 25c.; private box in gallery for colored persons, 35c. Doors open at 7¼. To commence at a quarter to 8. Box-office open from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M.

CITY SCENES.

Banjo Solo.

BY BARRY BLACKBURN.

Some people like to sing about their own true love so gay,
Or taking little moonlight strolls to pass the time away;
But I'll sing to you about those things you see most every day,
And of the men who talk them up and make the people pay.
There's the dashing, crashing peanut-man,
Australian humpbacks from the can;
Roll up, tumble up, fall in line,
Wrap 'em up for half a dime;
You pays your money and takes your choice,
And listen to his talk—
All these things and many more
You'll see in your daily walk.

Excelsior soap that makes a foam that will float a man-of-war,
California diamonds, rings for the gal that you adore;
Here we have a Chinese paste to mend your children's toy,
And the Humpty Dumpty acrobats to please the little boy.
Spalding's glue and pop-corn, too,
Sold red-hot from Kalamazoo;
Champion polish to make your boots shine—
All can be bought for half a dime.
You pays your money and takes your choice,
And listen to their talk—
And all these things and many more
You'll see in your daily walk.

Here's a chance to test your lungs, or your strength to try,
Or take a squint at the man in the moon through a telescope near by;
Here's your sparkling lemonade, ice in every glass—
Quench your thirst and cool your brain ere this stand you pass.
Sideshow Johnny and his wonderful tent,
His organ playing the Granger's lament,
His talker on deck a blowing full blast,
Extolling the wonders as you pass;
You pays your money and takes your choice
And listen to his talk—
All these things and many more
You'll see in your daily walk.

GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS In San Francisco, Cal., in 1858.

Appended is a reminiscence of the days when the minstrel boys sought a fortune in the Golden State. Old Time has crossed a number off the roll since then, as our record shows. T. Maguire and R. M. Hooley are both living and still in management; Charles Koppitz died in St. John, N. B., June 22, 1873; Sher. C. Campbell died in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26, 1874; George Christy died in this city May 12, 1868; Wm. M. Barker died in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 11, 1864; S. A. Wells died in Virginia City, Nev., Aug. 27, 1864; Master Eugene and G. W. H. Griffin are before the public; Gus Howard died in Alexandria, Va., March 27, 1874; George H. Coes is performing in variety theatres; Edwin Deaves is on the dramatic stage in 'Frisco; Myron Lewis is in enforced retirement.

FORREST THEATRE.
T. Maguire and R. M. Hooley....................Proprietors
Stage-manager....................George Christy
Business-manager....................R. M. Hooley
Musical Director....................C. Koppitz
Superintendent Box-office....................Jno. Connelly
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.
CROWDED HOUSES. NOVELTY WITHOUT END.
GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 18, '58.
PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.
Overture....................Troupe
Opening Chorus....................Company
Belle of Appellachi....................S. C. Campbell
Sparkling Sunday Night....................Geo. Christy
I Dream of Home....................W. M. Barker
The Sugar-cane Green....................S. A. Wells
Darling Nelly Grey....................S. C. Campbell
My Mary Ann....................Geo. Christy
The Nightingale Polka (with piccolo obligato, by Mr. Koppitz), Troupe
PART SECOND.
GRAND CONCERT—A LA MUSARD,
Introducing the celebrated Anvil Chorus, from the opera of "Il Trovatore," with all the appointments; together with gems from "Norma," and the favorite drinking-song from the opera of "Lucrecia Borgia," a la Madame La Grange........by..........Master Eugene
And Grand Solo Contra, a la Bottisini.... G. W. H. Griffin
Musard the great Impressario....................Geo. Christy
Banjo-solo....................Gus Howard
Duet....................Campbell and Barker
Pas d'Afrique..........Mast. Eugene and Geo. Christy
Ballad....................S. C. Campbell
"Blow You Windy Morning," with local verses..Geo. Coes
Ethiopian-fling....................Mast. Eugene
Flute-solo....................Mr. Koppitz
Whistling chorus..............Wells, Coes and Christy
Quintessence of Old Virginny..........Mast. Gus Howard
BARBER'S-SHOP IN AN UPROAR.

Boss Barber......S. A. Wells	Brush Boy.......Gus Howard
Little Shaver.....Geo. Coes	Pike Countryman, Geo. Christy

Tamborine-solo....................Mast. Gus Howard
To conclude with the very laughable sketch entitled
CRIMSON CRIMES.
Chunk, a musician....................George Christy
Tremer, a dandy barber....................S. A. Wells
Stuffum, a showman....................E. Deaves
Grabem, a policeman....................G. Coes
Sukey, wife to Chunk....................Master Eugene
Mrs. Seemer....................M. Lewis
Other characters by the company.
Prices of Admission.—Dress circle and parquet, $1; first tier, 50cts.; second tier, 25cts.; orchestra seats, $1.50; private boxes, $5.
Doors open at half-past 7, performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

SLEEP ON.—SERENADE.

Sleep on, sleep on, in calm repose,
Unheeding worldly sorrow;
The night which steals from thee thy woes
Flees at the dawn of morrow.
Fly, thought of care,
From maiden fair,
Nor come again to-morrow.

Sleep on, unconscious of my lay,
Till morrow's early dawning;
The stars which o'er thee cast their ray
Fade at the light of morning.
Come, visions fair,
To her repair,
Nor leave her with the morning.

Sleep on, in purest sleep's delight,
All heaven is o'er thee gleaming;
The moon which bathes thee in its light
Pales at the morning's beaming.
Come, dreams of love,
From Heaven above,
And light her with your beaming.

Sleep on, forget not love of mine,
Nor leave it unrequited;
It dies not with the night's decline,
Nor flees when day's benighted.
The stars and moon
Will die as soon
As love of mine requited.

J. HENRY HAAREN.

IN MEMORY OF EPH HORN.

Eph Horn, whose death is recorded in this issue, began an engagement with Bryants' Minstrels in this city, March 26, 1860, and we append a copy of the programme given on that occasion. Napoleon W. Gould is living in retirement in this city; Jerry Bryant died here April 8, 1861; Dan Bryant, who was then prevented by illness from performing, also died here April 10, 1875; Mr. Ainsley Scott is now performing in Australia; T. B. Prendergast died in Utica, N. Y., March 6, 1869; Tim Norton died in this city Jan. 25, 1862; W. L. Hobbs died in Philadelphia, Pa., July 12; Wash Norton and G. W. Charles are still before the public; Neil Bryant is living in this city in temporary retirement; P. B. Isaacs died in Carson City, Col., Sept. 6, 1865; and James Carroll is also dead.

MECHANICS' HALL,
472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
Front seats invariably reserved for ladies.
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
BRYANT BROTHERS..........Proprietors and managers.
Children in arms positively not admitted.
The management are happy to announce an engagement, for a short period, of the New York favorite
EPH HORN,
who will appear every night in connection with
THE BRYANTS
in a new budget of comicalities, burlesques, etc.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1864.
Doors open at half-past 6; curtain will rise at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
Gentlemen will please not stand in the doors or passageway while the audience are coming in or going out.
N. B.—POSITIVELY NO REPETITION OF THE SEVERAL ACTS.
NOTICE.—In consequence of the continued ill-health of MR. DAN BRYANT,
he will be unable to appear for a few weeks. Due notice will be given of his reappearance.
PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.
Instrumental Overture—new..........Bryants' Minstrels
Opening Chorus—Operatic—new....................Company
"Ettie May, or Good-Bye, Boys."..........N. W. Gould
"The Darkies' Sigh."....................Jerry Bryant
"Old Friends are Gone"....................J. Stratton
"Dandy Broadway Swell"....................M. A. Scott
"Down in the Dell"—New—by Hobbs ..T. B. Prendergast
"Irishman's Shanty"....................T. Norton
Finale—"Happy and Light"—Laughing Chorus..Full Band
PART SECOND—VARIETIES.
GRAND TIN-PAN-O-NI-ON.
Pot pouri, a la Musard, arranged expressy for this troupe, by W. L. Hobbs
Prima Donna....W. Norton | Conductor.Sig. Jerro Bonesio
Pas Seul, burlesque....................G. W. Charles
Pathetic Ballad—original....................Eph Horn
Congo Cocoa Dance....................Norton Brothers
Clarionet Solo....................W. L. Hobbs
"WE COME FROM THE HILLS,"
Scott, Prendergast, Jerry and Norton.
Flutina Fantasia....................Neil Bryant
Locomotive Darky—original....................Eph Horn
PART THIRD—PLANTATION.
THE THREE HUNTERS,
Carroll, Norton and Jerry Bryant.
Plantation Jig....................W. Norton
The performance to conclude with Dan Emmett's original plantation song-and-dance,
AINT GOT TIME TO TARRY,
introducing the entire troupe in their Southern Festival.
Admission, twenty-five cents.

PATRICK JAMES McCARTHY.

An Irish Song.

TO PAT CASEY, JACKSON, MICH.
BY JOHN McVEIGH.

Good people, sure, I claim your kind attention
For a few words that I am going to mention,
Though to notoriety I make no pretention;
I will tell you of our dear ould Paddy's land,
Where the Irish girls, you know, are very pretty,
And the boys are all so humorous and witty;
Here's a jovial cove that comes from Dublin City,
In that precious spot they call ould Ireland.
Chorus.—I am ever blithe and gay,
Sing and dance the live-long day,
No matter what the people say,
I'm hearty.
Ireland is the place I claim,
Singing songs that gained me fame,
I glory in the good ould name
Of Patrick James McCarthy.

Sure, a short time ago I took a notion
That the best thing I could do was to cross the ocean,
To see America in full commotion,
And enjoy the comforts of that land;
And I find it to be a purty place, sir,
Where to be Irish it is no disgrace, sir,
Where you meet your neighbor face to face, sir,
And he's willing to take you by the hand.
Chorus.—I am ever blithe and gay, etc.

Good luck to this great American nation,
May she ever hold her proud and lofty station,
And her starry banner wave all o'er creation
As an emblem of liberty and light;
And here's to the memory of Ireland's heroes,
Who nobly stood beside her in her woes,
And bravely faced her many bitter foes,
Who had dared to trample on her rights.
Chorus.—Dan O'Connell, Emmett, too,
They were ever brave and true
In what e'er they strove to do
For Ireland.
And their names are ever dear
To Irishmen far and near;
So let us give one hearty cheer
For dear ould Paddy's land.

A LONDON, ENG., PENNY THEATRE PLAYBILL.

We append a copy of one of the above-named, cut from *The New Yorker* of Jan. 12, 1839: "The playbills of the Penny Theatres are never printed. The expense of printing is too great for the state of the treasury to admit of that. They are all written, and are seldom to be seen anywhere but on a board in the immediate neighborhood of the various theatres. The titles of the pieces are always of a clap-trap kind." The following is a specimen:

On Thursday will be performed at Smith's Grand Theatre
THE RED-NOSED MONSTER, OR THE TYRANT OF THE MOUNTAINS.
Red-nosed Monster....................Mr. Savage
The Assassin....................Mr. Tonge
The Ruffian of the Hut....................Mr. Dartman
The Villain of the Valley..........Mr. Price Short
Wife of the Red-nosed Monster..........Mrs. Tapster
Daughter of the Assassin....................Miss Black
To conclude with
THE BLOOD-STAINED HANDKERCHIEF, OR THE MURDER IN THE COTTAGE.
The character by the Company.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—Accept our thanks for your appreciation and valuable service.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Your dedication problem requires trepanning. See?

L. S. ATKINSON.—Many thanks for your kind compliance; now an examination will be more satisfactory.

JOHN GARDNER.—Though not unexpected, we rather regret the decision of your club. The problems you spoke of will soon be welcome; your offer will be thankfully accepted.

J. PARKINSON.—Solution of Probs. 1,045-6 correct; please display your own on diagram.

J. M. SHEPPER.—Enig. 1,046 right, and your appreciation merited; solutions all right; do not be afraid to besiege the harder ones. In Enig. 1,044 place the offending Black Pawn at K Kt 5th.

E. C. MEEKS, Buffalo.—The note was Mr. Ensor's, and we incline to the belief that he knows more of that game than both of us.

C. B. COOK.—Enigma 1,046 right. When you are certain of your new problem, pass it in—on diagram.

HERR H. MEYER.—The criticisms are very welcome; but, *under the circumstances*, we should decline interfering with Mr. Brown's last problem, however great the gain to art.

DEATH OF R. B. WORMALD.—The chess world was startled to hear, most unexpectedly, of the decease of this distinguished gentleman, the chess-editor of *The Illustrated London News*. We have not learned any particulars as yet.

THE RECENT MATCH, the 3d, East vs. West of Scotland, was played at Edinburgh on Dec. 2, Twenty Champions vs. Twenty. The East won, but only after the good showing—Drawn, 8; West, 23; East, 27.

LIFE OF PHILIDOR.—A copy of this work by the late lamented Prof. Geo. Allen was recently sold for $60. It was notable as the first work ever printed on vellum in this country, and cost its owner about $80.

PAULSEN VS. ANDERSSEN.—The last *Schach Zietung* completes the record, in full, of the last grand match between these veteran masters. The match was five games to win, and the result, a striking commentary on Paulsen's want of practice. Prof. A. scored the first three games in succession, after which he only won the seventh. The eighth was a draw, Paulsen winning the fourth, fifth, sixth, ninth and tenth games. The match was contested in the Augustea Club, Leipzig, July 14-19, 1876.

Enigma No. 1,049.

(A Curiosity,)
BY MR. REICHHELM.

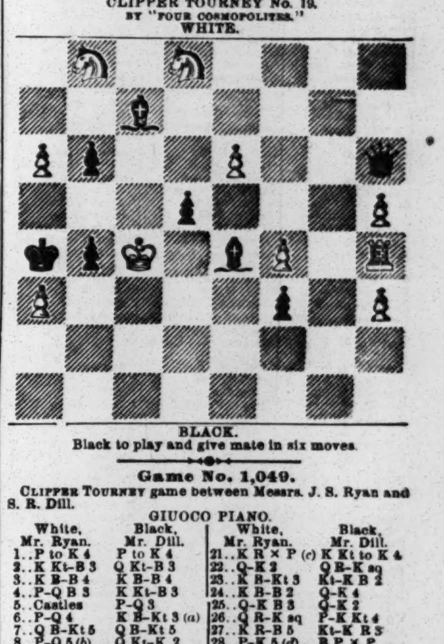
Q Kt 8, Q R 8, K Kt 6, Q R 5, K R 8, Q R 7, Q Kt 6, and 4, K B 6, K R 6, K Kt 7, and 5.

at Q sq, Q B 5, K sq, K Kt sq, Q Kt 4, Q 2, K B 2, K R 2.

White, having to play, is compelled to give mate in two moves.

Problem No. 1,049.

CLIPPER TOURNEY No. 19.
BY "FOUR COSMOPOLITES."
WHITE.



BLACK.
Black to play and give mate in six moves.

Game No. 1,049.

CLIPPER TOURNEY game between Messrs. J. S. Ryan and S. R. Dill.

GIUOCO PIANO.

White, Mr. Ryan.	Black, Mr. Dill.	White, Mr. Ryan.	Black, Mr. Dill.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	21..K R × P (c)	K Kt to K 4
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	22..Q–K 2	Q R–K sq
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	23..K B–Kt 3	Kt–K B 2
4..P–Q B 3	K Kt–B 3	24..K B–B 2	Q–K 4
5..Castles	P–Q 3	25..Q–K B 3	Q–K 2
6..P–Q 4	K B–Kt 3 (a)	26..Q R–K sq	P–K Kt 4
7..Q B–Kt 5	Q B–Kt 5	27..K R–B 5	Kt–K R 3
8..P–Q 5 (b)	Q Kt–K 2	28..P–K 5 (d)	B P × P
9..Q Kt–Q 2	P–Q R 3	29..K R × R +	Q R × R
10..P–Q R 4	K Kt–Q 2	30..Q–her 3	Q R–B 7 +
11..P–K R 3	Q B–R 4	31..K–R sq	K–Kt sq
12..P–Q Kt 4	Castles	32..P–Q Kt 5 (e)	Q–K B 3
13..Q–her B 2	P–K B 3	33..Q R–Q sq (f)	Q–K B 5
14..Q B–R 4	Q Kt–Kt 3	34..Kt–K B sq	Q–K B 6 +
15..P–K Kt 4	Q Kt × B	35..Q × Q	Q R × Q
16..K Kt × Kt	Q B–Kt 3	36..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
17..K–Kt 2	K–R sq	37..K B–Q 3	R × R P +
18..K Kt × B +	R P × Kt	38..K–Kt 2	Q R–R 5
19..P–K B 4	Q–K 2	39..B–his 5	Kt × Kt P
20..Q–her 3	K P × P	40..B–K Kt 6	Kt–B 3, and

after a few moves, the Attack resigned.

(*a*) Not as good as K P × P.

(*b*) We believe this advance premature, and that it leaves the attack no chance of obtaining a superior opening.

(*c*) After staggering (somewhat) through the opening, both attack and counter-attack are now confronted in a highly interesting situation.

(*d*) Did he really expect Mr. Dill to take the Rook?

(*e*) A forlorn hope, indeed.

(*f*) How does Mr. Ryan account for this? We cannot make out that it would quite save him; but Kt to K 4 leads to an enterprising effort. Mr. Dill fairly outplays his antagonist.

Interesting Discovery.

A popular species of odds has been a considerable number of moves, sometimes as many as sixteen. A gentleman at the Cafe International presented the following curiosity on this subject. For the score we are obliged to our contributor Mr. Bernard Rice. The odds receiver plays:

1..P to Q 4	6..K Kt to K 4	11..Q to her 2
2..P–Q R 4	7..Q Kt–Q 2	12..Q–K B 4
3..P–K R 4	8..Q Kt–B 4	13..Q R–his 3
4..K Kt–B 3	9..K R–his 3	14..Q R–K 3
5..K Kt–Q 2	10..R–K B 3	15..P–K Kt 3,

and 16..K B to R 3. Now, the odds-giver has to move; but is mated in two more moves.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

H. F. E. FARRELL.—Position received. We have not learned of an encounter between them.

C. P.—Correction received.

O. M., Cincinnati, O.—Yes; we prefer games to positions just now.

"QUIMBO APPO," Orange, N. Y.—1. Mr. Wyllie formerly claimed to be "champion of the world;" but, having lost against R. D. Yates in their last match, he can hardly be "champion" in the proper sense. 2 Mr. Yates has recently challenged any player in the world.

A. J. FREEBURGER, Baltimore, Md.—Many thanks for offer. We prefer the *complete* sets, Vols. 12 and 13. We have the rest.

M. F. DILLON.—The solution is as follows:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 7 to 11	15 to 8	6.. 7 to 10	26 to 23
2..12 3	16 20	7..10 15	23 26
3.. 3 7	20 24	8..15 18	26 31
4..23 27	24 28	9..18 22	White wins.
5..27 32	31 26		

LETTERS have been received from W. Sanderson, J. Ashley and C. Pickering.

Corrections by "Nemo."

In Game No. 28, Vol. 24, at White's eleventh move, jump 31 to 22 first, and White wins.

In A. F. Worcester's solution to Position No. 23, by "Nemo," at his second move, play 15 to 19 for 18 to 14, and I can see no Black win.

In Game No. 30, at White's thirteenth move, 13 to 9 for 25 to 22 wins a man and the game; but 8 to 11, at Black's eleventh move, seems to win.

In Game No. 33, at note (*e*), you say "Black has the game in hand;" but play 6 to 2 for 20 to 16, and I can see no win.

Situation at White's twenty-eighth move:
Black men on 8 and 12.
Black kings on 18 and 31.
White men on 6, 19, 20 and 32.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
28..	6 to 2	30..26 to 32	7 to 3
29..31 26	2 7		

White to move and draw.

Game No. 42, Vol. 24.

COMMUNICATED BY C. CUTWATER.

Claimed to have been played between "Cutwater" and Mr. "B."

"OLD FOURTEENTH."

Black, Mr. "B."	White, "Cutwater."	Black, Mr. "B."	White, "Cutwater."
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	8.. 6 to 9	13 to 6
2.. 8 11	22 17	9.. 2 9	26 22 (a)
3.. 4 8	17 13	10.. 9 13 (b)	22 17
4..15 18	24 20	11..13 22	20 16
5..11 15	28 24	12..11 20	21 17
6.. 8 11	26 23	13..14 21	23 14
7.. 9 14	31 26	14..10 17	25 2

White wins.

NOTES BY "CUTWATER."

(*a*) These are book-moves, I believe. [This candor is charming.—ED.]

(*b*) Loses at once. [So says Anderson; see Var. 4.—ED.]

Solution of Position No. 41, Vol. 24.

BY G. G. B.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 5 to 9	14 to 5	4.. 7 to 30	14 to 7
2.. 6 10	23 14	5..30 14	Black wins.
4..11 16	20 11		

Solution of Enigma No. 41, Vol. 24.

BY MR. H. F. SHELLHASS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..20 to 16	12 to 19	2..15 to 22	White wins.

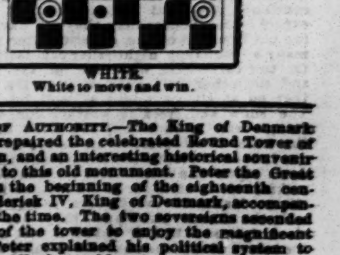
Enigma No. 42, Vol. 24.

BY MR. J. M. CULVER.

Black men on 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 13 and 16. Black king on 24.
White men on 14, 15, 18, 21, 25, 30 and 31. White king on 22.
White to move and win.

Position No. 42, Vol. 24.

BY MR. C. PICKERING, (COBURG, ONT.)
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

POWER OF AUTHORITY.—The King of Denmark has lately repaired the celebrated Round Tower of Copenhagen, and an interesting historical souvenir is attached to this old monument. Peter the Great visited it in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Frederick IV, King of Denmark, accompanied him at the time. The two sovereigns ascended to the top of the tower to enjoy the magnificent view, and Peter explained his political system to Frederick. All of a sudden he said: "Would you like me to give you an idea of the power of my authority?" And without awaiting the King's reply, the founder of the Russian monarchy made a sign to a Cossack belonging to his retinue, and, pointing to the abyss under his feet, simply said: "Jump." The Cossack looked at the Czar, bowed, and, without hesitation, leaped over the edge of the tower.

"What do you think of it?" said Peter, turning to the horrified King. "Have you such subjects?"

"Fortunately not," answered Frederick.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 8.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Martha (of Antonio's Co.)
Atherton, Nellie
Anderson, Mary 15c.
Alfredo, Mrs. Emma
Austin, Mrs. Carrie
Bridges, Winona
Beane, Fannie
Blaisdell, Mrs. W. B.
Bowman, Laura
Baker, Frankie
Bretto, Emma
Camarra, Marie
Chapman, Mrs. Harry
Corelli, Blanche
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Clifford, Ada
Clark, Mrs. H. G.
Cole, Lena (vocalist)
Collins, Mrs. Kate (2)
Capern, Mrs. B.
Cafarno, Rose
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Conand, Leona
Cawthorne, Mrs. E. S. (2)
Davis, Ella (late of Metrop., Newark)
Dailey, Alice (song-and-dance)
Duclos, Mad.
Dearden, Fannie
Ellis, Hattie (with trained dogs)
Ellison, Mrs. N.
Egberts, Nannie
Eytinge, Rose
Francis, Lu-lu
Forrest, Katie
Freeman Sisters (2)
Freeth, Nina
Forrest, Lillian
Granger, Maude
Garnie, Mad. M. 8c.
Grady, Mrs. Eliza 6c.
Grimes, Josephine
Glassford, Eliza
Harvey, Kate 6c.
Hall, Lillie (2)
Herrmann, Mrs. Alex.
Holland, Mrs. Effie Johns 10c
Harrison, Miss H. H. (2)
Howard, May
Hogan, Julia
Hall, Laura
Hasson, Sadie
Irving, Mrs. J. E. (2)
Irving, Hattie (of "Un.TomCab" Co.)
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Kemble, Florence
Lottie,— (of "Un. Tom's Cab." Co)
Livingstone, Anna
Lawson, Mrs. ("Marionettes") 5c
Lottus, Miss S.
LaVerd, Mrs. (of La Verde Family) (2)
Lancaste, Marie E.
Lloyd, Rose
La Fevere or Lizzie Thatcher, Liz.
Le Compte, Elodie
Markol, "Daisie"
Miaco, Jennie
Mollenhauer, Henrietta
Maflin, Mrs. J.
Miaco, Mrs. Cornelia
Murray, "Lottie" (ofParkTh.Brook.)
Meyer, "Bonnie"
Octavia, Miss
Pike, Mrs. M. B. (2)
Plunkett, Viola
Preston, May
Phillips, Mrs. Horace R.
Post, Mrs. T. A.
Pennoyer, Kate
Peak, Sr. Mrs. Wm.
Perley, Josephine
Partington, Kate
Price, Hattie L.
Richards, Belle (p. o.m. LondonEng.)
Rinehart, Mrs. S.
Radcliffe, Mrs. A. M.
Roberts, May
Robeson, Erba V.
Robinson, Mrs. John
Richmond, Josie
Raintord, Alice
Ruffins, Madam
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Robinson, Marion (vocalist)
Sauret, Madam
Somers, Alice (2)
Smith, Mrs. "Sol"
Seaborn, Ada
Sarony, Nellie
Street, Mrs. Martha
Shanley, Josephine
Selwyn, Blanche
Tannehill, Mrs. Nellie
Turnour, Eliza
Turnour, Hepsey
Vernon, Mattie
Verlander, Jeannette (2)
Weston, Maggie
Wood, Fannie
Warren Sisters
Wood, Josie
Western, Lucille
Wilson, Julia (song-and-dance)
Wyndham, Miss A.
Whiffin, Mrs.
Wild, Bertha
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aymar, W. T.
Aldabo, D'Eusevio
Allen, W. W.
Aroven, J. T.
Auberton, Arthur
Adams, Grimaldi
Austin Bros. (riflelist)
Austin, Chas. (drillist)
Byron, Fred.
Bowers, Vining
Barnes, J. S.
Brown, "Gus"
Boyd, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Bray, "Billy" (Dutch "biz")
Bennetts, The
Burns, "Tom"
Bagley, Wm.
Boles, Enrico
Burnett, "Alf"
Blood, Harry (banjoist)
Boyd, C. (of Haverly's Minst.) 6c
Bush, E. T. (of Heywood Bros. Co.)
Bell, Frank
Becks, Alfred
Burdett, Wm. H.
Billings, "Josh"
Barbour, A. J.
Bainbridge, Clement D.
Benton, E. F.
Blair, "Billy" (late with "Zera")
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Bush, J. T. (2)
Brock, W. P.
Bergan, E. S.
Brown, Mr. (mind-reader)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Breyer, A. V.
Barlow, M. G.
Brennan, R. A.
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Bartley, J. H.
Brooks, W. M.
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Blitz, Walter
Buckley, H. (of J. Thompson's Co.)
Conant, A. F.
Cook, "Marc"
Cummings & Hines
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Colrile, Chas.
Clifton, Howard
Clarke, Harry B.
Cobb, Chas. M.
Chaffee, G. W.
Charvat, Frank
Collins, Chas. (of "Color Guard")
Codonia, H. (equestrian)
Cole, "Lew"
Clarke, J. W. (banjo-maker)
Cooper, T. (of Cooper Bros.)
Collom, "Andy"
Campbell, Bartley
Cooper Brothers
Clark, Ed. (of Clark Bros.)
Carrillo, Ramon (3)
Cassim, James
Cavella, Harry
Canimur, Geo. J.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clapham, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Chase & Davis
Cruzen, C. J.
Collier, J. W. (of Shook&Palm. Co.
Clark, "Ned" (late o/MillersWinGar.)
Cameron, J (late of Murray's Cir.) 5c.
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Cronin)
Clark, H. G. (manager)
Clark, Jos. P. "Comique"
Chippendale, Fred.
Callender, Chas.
Clarke, "Kit"
Clayton, "Chris"
Clarke, Geo. M.
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Diamond, Chas.
Drew, J. (of Kirk & Drew)
De Vernon, F.
Davis, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
De Laven, Chas.
Donavin, J. W. (manager)
Dowlinger, C.
Dickeson, H. A. (p. o.m. London, Eng.)
Davis, Jr., J. H. (musician)
Davenport, E. L.
Dwyer, John
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg's Op Co.)
Dayton, "Tommy"
Davis, "Scott"
Doud, O. (of Beck's Co.)
Durand, Ch. (manager)
Dixon, F. (of Hollman's Op. Co)
Davis, L. (of Chase & Davis)
Davis, Chas. (of Barnum's Cir)
Dumont, Frank
Duprez, Chas. H. (2)
Davis, "Lew"
De Witt, Thos. H.
Emidy, R. S.
Edman, "Al"
Emerson's Calif. Minstrels
Filkin, R.
Fredericks, E. S.
Fawcett, Owen
Franks, Prof. "Tony" (2)
Fowler, O. S.
Fletcher, S. (of Strakosch's Co)
Field, J. R. (humorist)
Fredericks, Alt.
Friere, Albert W. 6c.
Forrest, A. (late of Gt. South Cir.)
Freener, W. D.
Flynn, D. (of O'Brien's Cir)
France, S. C.
Foster, Wm.
Fessler, W. W.
Fisk, Harry
French, E. (of Haverly's Minst.) (2)
Frost, Hyatt
Ferguson, R. V.
Fish, C. H. (comed.)
Goschen, Col.
Gale, Walter
Gaylord, C. J.
Gibson & Binney
Girard Brothers
Gudsug, E. N.
Garland, G. S.
Gulick, Jas. T.
Gordon, H. (circus "biz")
Gaylor, Geo. W.
Griffin, "Mike"
Gaston, A.
Gerry, D. S.
Gilbert, M. B.
George, Frank
Gorman, "Dick"
Grant, W. F.
Gilfoil, "Ben"
Grant, W. Wallace
Gaylord, A. E.
Gregory, J. C.
Hayleys, The
Height, "Bob" (2)
Hall, Mills
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harris, Chas.
Hammond, Chas. (cornetist)
Hicks, C. B.
Hogan, W. M. (leader)
Howe, Frank
Hyet, Mr.
Harrington, J. (of Harrin.&McGloin)
Hedges, T. (of Wednesbury, Eng.) 18c.
Heindl, Alex.
Harrison, W. W.
Harkins, "Will" R.
Hine, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hussey, Frank
Howard, Frank
Hart, Robt. (2)
Hunt, H. J.
Hamilton, J. (of Howe&Cush. Cir.)
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros)
Heeney, E. (with Heywood Bros.)
Height, "Bob" 3c.
Hedges, "Tom" (of Howe's Lon. Cir.)
Howard, Rollin
Hengler, T. M.
Holbrook, A. (of F. Fairchild's Co.)
Harland, "Will"
Heeney, Ed. (2)
Hess, C. D.
Heywood Bros.
Herne, J. F.
Hill, Geo. A.
Irving, P. H.
Irwin, Selden M.
Julian, Victor
Jerome & Cameron
Kirk & Drew (2)
Kent, Frank (2)
Kent, Julian
Kinross, Wm.
Keller, F. L.
Little, C.
Love, Valentine
Lord, Chas. (comed)
Lawton, Alfred
Little, Chas.
Linden, Ernest
La Mar, Wm.
Leavitt, "Ben"
Lehman, H.
Logrenia, Prof. (wizzard)
Liston, Alfred
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Lacom, "Bobby"
Loewe, Henry
Lockyer, W. S. 10c
Layton, Frank
Leopold, J. S. 5c.
Livingston, Johnston
Lenzenberg, "Max"
Lawlor, W. F.
Leavitt, M. B.
Langridge, W. (scenic artist)
Laizelle, Harry
Louden, J. J.
Lawrence, John
Lennox, G. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Murphy, J. C. ("toothless") (2)
McGill, Wm. (manager)
Mestayer, Chas. H.
Morrison, L. (of D. Boucicault's Co.)
Marble, "Scott"
Melville, W. T.
Martinetti, Paul
Miller, Harry
MacEvoy, Chas.
McGloin, "Pete"
Mortimer, Harry G.
Morisina, G.
Miron, N. (of Germany)
McGill & Strong
Morgan, Mr.
Marvel, M. J. 6c.
Mathews, J. S 6c.
"Manager" (2)
Morris & Soggs
Marney, Cooper
Morton, Chas. (of Daly's Co.)
Murphy, J. C.
Miller, "Burt"
McGann, "Billy"
McWade, Robt (3)
Mendel, H. (Dutch "biz") (2)
Mowry, "Nell"
Morelle, F. (late of Baltimore, Md.)
McGinnis, Chas.
Middleton, Geo (2)
Mack, J. (of Sheridan & Mack)
Morton, W. H. (vocalist)
Montague, Harry (vocalist)
Mack, "Dick" (song-and-dance)
Morton, C. H. (of Daly's Co.)
Mestayer, C. H
Murray, Dominick
Martin, Master (pantomimist)
Melville, Chas.
Murphy, J. J. (of Kiralfy's Co.)
Murphy, "Paddy"
Mullen, J. J.
Mitchell, W. H.
McEntee, P. J.
Nannery, Wm.
Nix, A. (of Whitman&ClarkMinst.)
Nixon, Jas. M.
Nobles, Milton
Neary, J. (pedestal "biz")
Orrin Brothers
Olcott, Chancey
O'Neil, J. K.
O'Brien, John (circus prop.)
Palmer, Geo. ("fakir")
Pendy, J. E.
Phoite, Chas. E.
Phillips, HoraceR.
Peyser, "Dave"
Pike, Mr.
Pullman, Giles
Pullman Bros.
Primrose, G. H. (3)
Picton, Col Thos.
Peters, Jas. F.
Petrie, W. O.
Page, J. C.
Parks, H. M.
Paddock, M. J.
Pickett, L. G.
Palmer, Danl.
Perkins, Eli
Parker, H. (trained dogs)
Phoite, Joseph
Price, B. F.
Phoite, John W.
Parks, J. J.
Quilter, "Dick"
Queen, John
Queen, Montgomery
Quilter & Goldrich
Radcliffe, John B.
Robinson, Silas F.
Rentrew, J. N. (2)
Raymond, C. P.
Rivers, Chas. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Reilly, Jas. (show-painter)
Robinson, Jno. (circus prop.)
Russell, F. P.
Ramsey, B. V.
Riblet, H. J.
Rankin, McKee
Russell, L. H.
Robinson, F. P.
Robinson, "Dot"
Raden, M. 3c.
Rowe, G. F.
Rowen, Chas.
Regan, Thos.
Ryan, Ed.
Raymond, J. T.
Rogers, Frank (author)
Sands, E. (of "Billy" Pastor's Co.)
Southworth, Jas.
Smith, S. S.
Smith, E. P.
Stuart, W. H.
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Suydam Bros.
Stowe, Frank (leader)
Smart, H. (of Wallack's Comb.)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Stetson, Harry
Smith & Fox (2)
Sage, Mr. (pianist)
Shattuck, E. J.
Simmones, G. W.
Street, J. L.
Sully, W. (of McVicker & Sully)
Shaw, "Gus"
Stein, H. (of J. Thompson's Co.)
Sapley, Mr.
Schneider, C. L.
Spears, J. A.
Smith, J. W. (of Leavitt's B. R.)
Slocum, E. M.
Santord, Mr. (of Court.& Sanf.) 14c.
Stutz, J. G.
Sells Brothers (2)
Sulart Brothers
Sully, "Dan" (Irish comed) 6c.
Strakosch, "Max"
Sweeney, J. B.
Sexton, M. C.
Simmons, L. (of Sim.&Slec. Minst.)
Thorne, H. (pantomimist) (2)
Thorne, Chas. J.
Tudors, The
Turner, "Tommy" (of Turner Bros.)
Thompson, John
Tajada, Manuel
Thomas, F. F.
Taylor, Jas. R.
Tinkham, E. A. (3)
Tudor, John
Thorndike, J. E.
Tillston, Fred. 6c.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Vanderbilt, Frank
Victorelli, Wm.
VanWormer, G. H.
Wood, Willie (late of Cincinnati, O.) (3)
Ward, W. H. (of Dup & Ben Minst.)
White, R. C.
White, Chas. A.
Walsh, Geo. W. 6c.
Whitman, Chas.
Waide & Evans (2)
Watson, Harry
Woods, G. W. (vocalist)
Ware, Geo.
Williams, W. H.
Wood, Fred. (of Castello's Co.)
Weaver, John
White, Chas. (comed.)
Wenden, E. D.
Weller, C. F.
Watson, H. (Dutch "biz")
Wood, Jos. G.
Wylie, "Billy"
Wells, C. B.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Webber, Harry A.
Washburn, "Tony"
Waldron, "Dan" (of "Big 4")
Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad")
Woods, Harry
Young, Chas. W.

THERE IS A LETTER for Chas. E. Phoite in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-office.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 8, 1877.

This is the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, when Gen. Jackson so conclusively demonstrated the fact that cotton was king; but the day seems to be fading from memory, for little or nothing has been done to commemorate the event. In truth, looking at the situation as it is at the present day in Louisiana, a man up a tree might be led to believe that *another* battle of New Orleans was pending. *Our* voice is for a peaceful solution of the difficult problem placed on the national chessboard on the 5th of last November......The depression in the Middle and Southern States continues, and a low barometer marks the theatrical circuit all around the compass. Had we any cheering news to impart to managers and people, we should be very happy in giving publicity to the same; but we have none. In this city, the great metropolis, as we are pleased to call it, trade continues at a very low ebb indeed. It is doubtful if a single manager has added a hundred dollars to his bank-account since the snow embargo set in. Some theatres endeavor to make a show in the department of the interior by kindly and unselfishly admitting, duty free, a few hundred of our most respectable citizens, whose genteel appearance and refined demeanor help to give a distingue air to what might otherwise be a depleted auditorium. While the present frightful condition of our thoroughfares continues, theatrical managers cannot reasonably expect better houses than they are having. Walking has been out of the question after nightfall, as many an unhappy night-faller can testify; and, as for the cars—well, with half of them taken off and the other half going at a snail's pace, when they go at all, we might as well let them slide. The snow and freezing weather congealed everything—even in the sunny South the breezes from the frigid North exerted an undue and a deleterious influence, storms of unusual severity swooping down upon the warm-hearted Southerners, and making them sigh for a habitation in a *summer* clime. Managers everywhere realize the lockout and the freeze out, and they are making a stout defense; but, if there is not a change for the better within the next two or three weeks, many of them will have to succumb. Already a number of peripatetic companies have disbanded after struggling manfully against the combined influence of hard times and harder weather. One manager, who is now working his way homeward, writes to us that he and his company have been forty-one days in the snow! This is worse than Noah and *his* show, as they were out in the wet but *forty* days, and were under shelter at that. It is difficult to reach stands while trains are unable to make time, and so the boys catch it on every hand. But even with this dismal outlook we discern abbreviated signs of a change; they are infinitesimal, we admit, but they portend light; and, with the dawning of the brighter day, may we not look for the coming of a more prosperous season? Let us remember that the darkest hour is the hour before you go to bed.

> Perchance more fair are other climes,
> Of deeper blue the skies,
> But they are not so bright to us
> As this dear land we prize.

......The opening week of the New Year has been disastrous and fatal to a number of our professional friends, as a reference to the various divisions of this department of THE CLIPPER will develope. The old scythe-bearer, with his long, sweeping reach, has been mowing down old and young—man and woman—boy and girl, as he made his chilling rounds. The lithe-limbed and light-hearted dancer has floated out upon the unknown sea, and a merry momus of the minstrel boards will no more rattle his bones upon the busy stage of life. The young girl who was caught in the flames at Newark is dead. Her associates put out the light that seared her quivering flesh, and death put out that other light, that shall brighten no more forever. Youth and age go out on the unknown tide together. Poor Eph Horn is counted in Death's harvest for the week. We knew him when his years were young and his heart was light, and when the dawn of a glorious future loomed into view. We knew him at his best; we saw him rise, decline and fall. In prosperity, in adversity, in those moments when Reason seemed to be tottering from her throne, he was ever genial Eph. Horn. The last time we saw him upon the stage we could scarcely realize that the sable-hued performer before us was the same that set the house upon a roar in the early days of his career. Ambition, energy, self-reliance—all had departed; gone out and left him a mere wreck of what he once had been, and life struggling with death for the mastery in the last scene of all. Even on the bed of death, while wan and weak and delirious, the ruling passion of his life asserted itself when, in response to the hope of his steadfast friend Tony Pastor that he would soon be better, the dying minstrel almost unconsciously replied: "Yes; *I was always good at the end!*" That was "Horn's last!" Little did he think, however, that he was so near the end of his eventful life, that he was about to enter "the dark valley of the shadow of death," to be "seen and heard on earth no more forever." Farewell, old friend; to thee we bid a long, a last farewell.

> Still and cold lies the minstrel's form,
> Closed are his lips on the dying jest—
> Gone where death's dreamless sleep shall yield
> The worn and "weary spirit rest."

......From beyond the world of waters we learn the important news that Herr Waggner—to whom the ladies of Philadelphia paid five thousand dollars for a musical composition for the opening ceremonies of the Centennial Exposition—has expressed himself *proud* of that great march of his. We, who do not look upon the work with like favor, should console ourselves with the reflection that he, or *Herr*, rather, won't have another crack at us for a hundred years at least..... It was Jarrett & Palmer who conceived the happy idea of inviting the physicians of this city to witness a performance at their theatre. We have been thinking the matter over since the doctors gathered in the circle there, and we have come to the conclusion that, in view of the many cases of sickness occurring among the company of the Union-square Theatre, it would be to the benefit of the manager of that house to have the physicians assemble there in force, as well. An ounce of prevention is worth a dollar's worth of attempt at curing......Professor Andress, magician, now traveling in California, very kindly sends us a piece of petrified sponge, which he picked up on one of the mountains a short time ago. We cannot say that petrifaction is an improvement on the original package; it seems to destroy the power to soak up and retain water, which is one of the most useful qualities of the sponge. As a curiosity, it is well enough; but we should not advise the formation of a company for petrifying sponges for general use. ......There is a man in Harrisburg who sends us a postal-card marked "Private." Upon this card we find inscribed these delusive lines: "With so much snow in New York, why are you like Richard Third, the bloody Duke of Gloster?" We are *not* like the evil-minded Richard in a single particular, and how any person could harbor such a pernicious idea is what puzzles us. But with a persistency which no person outside of Harrisburg would be permitted to persist in without being held responsible for his malignant allegations, this man goes on to not only uphold his delusive ideas, but actually undertakes to prove *why* we are like the gory fiend by saying: "Because you'd like to have a horse and go a-slaying. History repeats itself." All we have to say in remonstrance is that, if thus early in the New Year such atrocities are committed, what may we not look for as the year grows older? ......Companies made up to entertain our country cousins during the holidays relinquished their designs at an early stage of the season, and returned to the starting-point, where such a thing was at all feasible. They give it as their opinion that such a *cold* "snap" was never before experienced in the history of the drama...... The little unpleasantness touching the undefined status of the political situation, and the harmless innovations of Presidential managers of the sunny South and the shady North will all come right in the end. What we desire to state is, that the true "Mason and Dixon's line" is the song-and-dance, as per advertisement in a late CLIPPER...... We don't think much of a whale that consumes sixty dollars' worth of water every day, and washes it down with five or six dollars' worth of eels. This is a good deal of expense for one unreliable fish to put a man to, and yet they say that is the way Brother Coup's whale serves *him*. Why he might as well have a white elephant on his hands.......The "Chat of the Coulisses" is all about that affair between the juveniles and walking gentlemen Messrs. May and Bennett. There are those who maintain that May's manner of raising Bennett is an improvement upon the old-fashioned health-lift. Jimmy, pan out a few lines of poetical inspiration:

> O, Frederick May,
> We fear you'll rue the day
> When your hands bedight with all their might
> Young Bennett sought to slay.

......How joyous it ought to make us to know that, in these days, when everybody is so unhappy, they have a "Happy Moke" at the San Francisco Minstrels. In the truthful language of the divine Tallmadge: "Ever be happy, Moke, as thou art, pride of the 'Frisco heart."......Another thing strikes us as particularly refreshing at this inclement season of the year, and that is the announcement made by the manager of the Columbia Opera-house that the female bathers will bathe in *real water*. Hail, Columbia, for that. *We* thought that the milk-dealers had a monopoly of *real* water.....We must award credit to the Gilmore Garden manager for calling things by their proper names, and that is why they advertise the trotting matches there as "*fast* races," which they are....A new comicality is announced for early production at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. It is called "Lemons." Now, you probably imagine that we are going to say that the people will go in to see "Lemons" if they *do* get squeezed, but we are going to say nothing of the kind. What we *might* remark is this: that however well "Lemons" may appear in the theatre, *we* prefer them in punch. And here it may not be out of place to remind our readers that, although Fanny Davenport is boldly advertised to appear on Saturday as the "Lady of Lyons," she is afraid to go *near* lions. We thought our readers should know this. It is one of Daly's comical jokes......Why, even the *churches* feel the depressing effects of the times in thin attendance and light collections.......Now, Mr. Heller is by no means an old man, and yet, since he has assumed management of his Wonder Theatre, he has got his "Second Sight." See?......That tattooed party that Barnum used to exhibit at the Hippodrome now turns out to be a nobleman in disguise. We might have known this, for who but a nobleman could have had the patience to sit still while a lot of scalpers and friendly cannibals used him as a blackboard on which to show their pupils how to draw and paint. The nobleman is now on exhibition in the Bowery......The Italian army invaded the streets of New York yesterday, and by persistent efforts reduced in a measure the barricades which have lined our thoroughfares since Winter set in. They operated in the Italian language. Next, probably, we shall see and hear them in less irksome duties at the Academy of Music.......While prancing along on the shady side of Broadway last Saturday night, with our mind engrossed with thoughts of the heathen in his blindness, we inadvertently overheard a sprightly young feller giving vent to Balfe's beautiful ballad from "The Bohemian Girl," "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall." But his prayer was unheeded, and he fell all of a heap like any other man, in an unbeautiful mixture of our beautiful snow. *Postscript.*—And we came tumbling after......Since we promulgated the doctrine that it is lawful to kill small boys who cry out "Fire!" in places of amusement, small boys and fires are alike scarce. But wouldn't it be just as well to enlarge the provisions of the bill, and make it legal to drag out all women who wear high-heeled bonnets in the theatres?

CITY SUMMARY.

THE IRWIN SISTERS, Lew Spencer, and Ben Gilfoil were the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre Jan. 1. The Irwin Sisters met with but moderate success in songs-and-dances. They were attired in male and female costume respectively, the one wearing the first-named attire being quite thin, while the other was somewhat stout. Their voices are not unmusical, but they lack training. Lew Spencer was suffering from severe hoarseness, which marred his singing of Dutch character-songs. Some of his stories excited the risibilities of the audience. Ben Gilfoil was seen in Ethiopian songs-and-dances and burlesque changes, which met with fair success. The other acts included serio-comic songs by Maggie Ray, R. M. Carroll and Sons in "Carroll's Masquerade" and "Peel Yourself;" the Jee Children—Minnie and Joey—in their musical specialties; McKee and Seamon in songs-and-dances; Billy and Maggie Ray in a plantation sketch called "Home Again;" Ben Gilfoil and Lew Spencer in an act entitled "A Tragic Revolution," and the sketches of "Rapid Transit" and "The Illustrious Stranger," introducing John Hogan, George H. Waite, Frank H. Nelson, John Walsh, Harry Little, Charles Allison, Maggie Winchester and Ella Hunt.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, last week, Mons. Caron and Sons, nimble acrobats, were seen as grotesque violinists in a comical concert; Kynock and Smith displayed their skill in the use of roller-skates; the German Brothers—James, John and George—gave reel-dances, and later in the evening a triple clog-dance, all of which elicited approval; and Billy Gray reappeared and acted the chief character in "My Wife's Visitor." The programme also included Larry Tooley's Dutch character-songs, Billy Barry's Ethiopian specialties, songs by Alice Bennett, and the sketches "Walking for dat Cake," "The Coming Man," and "Christmas Joys and Sorrows," which introduced Harrigan and Hart, G. W. H. Griffin, J. A. Graver, John Mealey, M. Bradley, Hannah Birch, May Stuart, and the boys composing the Miniature 69th Regiment.

NO CHANGE has occurred in the performance at Booth's Theatre since our last report, "Dan'l Druce" continuing the attraction to an increased attendance. On Jan. 5 the attaches of the theatre had a benefit.

THE LAST NIGHTS of "The American" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre are announced. The last matinee performance of this drama was given Jan. 6. "The Lady of Lyons," with Charles F. Coghlan as Claude and Miss Fanny Davenport as Pauline, is announced to be performed Jan. 13, matinee and night. A comic sensation entitled "Lemons, or Wedlock for Seven," is underlined for early production.

"AZURINE" continues the attraction at Niblo's Garden. The dancing of Miles. De Rosa, Letourneur and Gaugain, and the scenery are the most noticeable features.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS made the following changes in their programme last week: Carl Rudolph sang "Sweet Genevieve;" D. S. Wambold, "Little Daisy;" and W. H. Hamilton, "What Flower is This?" Backus, Ryman and Ricardo performed an act called "Innocence, Crime and Justice," and E. M. Hall the banjoist gave "Duckfoot Sue" and "Hall's March."

THE FRESH ARRIVALS at Tony Pastor's last week included Master Dunn, a lad of tender years, who performed songs-and-dances and a jig-dance in an excellent manner; Irwin Thomas did some agile clog-dancing on the top of a pedestal; Eugene Blitz gave a clever Punch-and-Judy entertainment; Eunice Moore's serio-comic songs met with fair success; John LeClaire was seen in acrobatic and equilibristic feats, cleverly performed; Miss Kitty O'Neil, clad in female attire, with abbreviated skirts, received liberal applause for her excellent dancing. The Austin Brothers reappeared after a brief absence, and repeated their remarkable exhibition of skill in rifle shooting; the Lynn Sisters—Gertie and Lottie—made their metropolitan debut, and sang duets of the nature of songs-and-dances. They have an attractive appearance, are tasteful dressers, and fair vocalists; John and Harry Kernell created much merriment in their North-of-Ireland specialties; and Baby Bindley gave a character-song, attired as an elderly woman; also an imitation of Pat Rooney while singing "The Tra-la-la-loo," and performed upon a novel musical instrument and a tumbleronicon. Besides these Tony Pastor, Gus Williams and Mollie Williams sang the freshest songs of their repertories; Emerson and Clark were seen in break-neck songs-and-dances; and the sketches of "My Big Brother" and "Little Daisey" introduced Charles Worley, Frank Girard and Jennie Satterlee, not otherwise seen.

KATHARINE ROGERS acted Miss Multon in the play of that name at the Union-square Theatre Jan. 1, 2, and Miss Clara Morris reappeared 3, and resumed the role of which she was the original in this country.

THE ATTENDANCE continues only moderately good at our places of public amusement. The recent heavy fall of snow has not only made excellent sleighing, but has, to a certain extent, interfered with the travel of the horse-cars and other vehicles.

AMONG the advertised attractions at the American Museum, in the Bowery, one day last week, was a visit from P. T. Barnum. It drew well. The great showman was always "truly disinterested." He has, besides, made many valuable gifts to this museum.

MISS MARIAN SACKETT, who has left the Park Theatre, has been tendered a benefit by a number of her friends, to take place in the Lexington-avenue Opera-house Jan. 19, when she is to play Lady Isabel in "East Lynne."

TONY PASTOR was presented on Jan. 1 by the company and attaches of his theatre with an elaborate Elk badge. It is of gold, and nearly in the form of a trefoil. Near its top are the letters B. P. O. E., with the gold cut out around them; beneath is an elk's head and antlers in relief, and below a shield, with red and white colors, divided diagonally, and on these are emblazoned the symbols of the first and second degrees of that Order. All around the edge of the badge are small diamonds.

THE STADT THEATRE, a vast area of but few substantial profits since its erection twelve years ago, and of aggregate loss throughout, was reopened on Christmas-day after a long period of disuse. It was notably in full blast again on New-Year's Day, and the promise is made that it will hereafter be open at least three nights a week. New German plays are likewise prophesied. Under the mandate of the Building-inspector better means of exit have been provided.

CLINTON EDDY, a son of the late Edward Eddy, was arrested Jan. 3, together with John Kelly, James Crawford, John De Freese and Mary Jane Collins, charged with robbing the United States mail while the pouches were being conveyed in Dodd's Express wagons from Jersey City, N. J., to the New York Post-office. They were all committed to Ludlow-street Jail, and on Jan. 4 were arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields, and all were committed in default of $5,000 bail each for examination on the 5th. At that examination all of the parties, save Clinton Eddy, were held to await the act on of the Grand Jury. United States District-Attorney Foster, who appeared for the prosecution, moved for Mr. Eddy's discharge, informing the Court there was no evidence against him to justify his further detention, and the Court thereupon released him. It is said that the alleged mail-robbers were fond of hiring theatrical or variety companies, and giving entertainments in various neighboring cities. Mr. Eddy has for some years past managed similar entertainments, and his connection with the accused parties resulted solely from being engaged to manage a show for them in Trenton, N. J., on Christmas night last. We regret that he should have fallen into such questionable company, and rejoice that he was discharged without a taint upon his character.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT," which was first acted in the Grand Opera-house April 14, 1873 (having been originally acted on any stage at the New York Theatre Aug. 12, 1867), was revived there Jan. 1. The cast was strong, and included a number of the leading members of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre company. Much of the scenery had been freshly painted, and the entire production reflected credit upon the management. Ed. Lamb was very comical as Bermudas; J. H. Ring made an excellent Justice Bowling; Miss May Nunez acted Laura Courtland with much feeling and fidelity to nature, and appeared to far greater advantage than in any other role in which she had hitherto appeared in this city; Miss Helen Dingeon invested Peachblossom with much vivacity and sprightliness, and gave promise of future excellence in soubrette characters; Miss Mary Wells' impersonation of Old Judas was a gem of histrionic art; Miss Emily Rigl was pretty and piquant as Pearl; and the other characters were quite satisfactorily acted. The railroad and pier scenes were highly effective. As a matter of record, we append the cast:

Ray Trafford.....G. Parkes	Snorkey......D. H. Harkins
Byke.........G. Devere	Demilt..........Mr. Newton
Windel..........Mr. Reed	Justice Bowling...J. H. Ring
Counselor Splinter, F. Bennett	Bermudas..........Ed. Lamb
Peanuts.......Master Shea	Rafferdi.......J. M. Francis
Sergeant of Police, Mr. Henry	Policeman 999..Mr. Sampson
Martin.........Mr. Fielding	Peter Rich...Master Willie
Signal-man.......W. Davidge	Laura Courtland, Miss M. Nunez
Pearl Courtland, Miss E. Rigl	Peachblossom, Miss H. Dingeon
Old Judas....Miss M. Wells	Mrs. Van Dam, Miss F. Wood
Sue Earlie.........Miss Boyce	Lizzie Liston......Miss Macy

A marked increase in the attendance was noticeable.

LEW BENEDICT and W. H. Norman were added to the company comprising Kelly & Leon's Minstrels on Jan. 1. Mr. Benedict resumed his old position as end-man, and during the olio delivered a burlesque speech which created considerable laughter. W. H. Norman sang with good effect "I've a Letter." The other changes in the programme included "Write to Me Over the Water," sung by J. H. Surridge, and a pot pourri of airs from "Girofle-Girofla," sung by Edwin Kelly and the company, for the finale to the first part; a sketch called "Just from Cohoes," acted by W. Courtright, Edwin Lester, Sam Price and J. H. Surridge, and Japanese Tommy in his specialties.

"LITTLE NELL AND THE MARCHIONESS" was withdrawn from the stage of the Park Theatre after the performances of Jan. 6. This week Lotta will be seen in "Zip."

E. T. STETSON closed his engagement at the Bowery Theatre Jan. 6. At the matinee Jan. 1 "Norah Creina," "The Wreck Ashore" and "Sudden Thoughts" were performed. In the evening "The Three Guardsmen" and "The Irish Tiger" constituted the bill, which ran without change until Friday, when "The Dead Heart" and "The Shoemaker of Toulouse" were presented on that and the following night.

EDWIN BOOTH gave a masterly performance of Brutus in John Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin," at all of the night performances in the Lyceum Theatre the past week; and at the Saturday matinee he repeated his performance of Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing."

CLIFFORD C. REEVE, business-manager of the Columbia Opera-house, was presented on New-Year's Eve with a three-stone diamond ring by Manager Jake Berry.

AN ENTIRELY NEW COMPANY has been secured by Manager Harry Miner for the London for the present week—the Four St. Felix Sisters, Andy and Annie Hughes, Billy and Maggie Ray, Chase and Davis, Kearney and Moran, the Levino Brothers, the Crimmins Brothers, Wilbur and Reed, Fred Warren, Harry Woodson, and Gardiner and Griffin.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the company last week included Belle Berry, Marie Connolly, Mlle. Lucille, Libby Howard, Lottie La Point, the Harrison Sisters, Mlle. Zanfretta, Josephine Walby, Kitty Le Varde, Lilian Forrest, Lena Walters, Dan Tracy, Larry Howard, Mons. Deverchere, J. W. Forrest and H. J. Campbell.

IMOGENE and B. A. Baker arrived in town last week.

G. L. FOX, so thinks his physician will be able to reappear upon the pantomimic stage at the beginning of the season of 1877-8.

A MOVEMENT is afoot to erect an actors' memorial to Claude Burroughs and H. S. Murdoch.

JANAUSCHEK threatens to enact Brunhilde and produce "The Ring of the Nibelungers" when next she appears in this city.

ROBERT HELLER repeated his holiday programme during the past week to the eminent satisfaction of the patrons of the Wonder Theatre. All of his feats are so deftly performed and with such apparent ease that the illusions are wellnigh perfect. His pianoforte-playing is a prominent feature, and the sealed-packet mystery, which has been added to Miss Heller's second-sight seance, proves entertaining. The Punch-and-Judy exhibition, which concludes the entertainments affords much amusement to the children.

IN THE SUIT brought by Frank Chanfrau against George Wood, late manager of Wood's Museum, to recover money due him for professional services, an attempt was made last week in the Marine Court, Chambers, to compel Mr. Chanfrau to file security for costs on the ground that he was a non-resident. Mr. Chanfrau admitted that while playing engagements he was traveling from place to place and stopping a short time in each, but that he claimed that New York was his home. The Court (Judge McAdam) decided that under such circumstances this city had not ceased to be Mr. Chanfrau's legal residence, and the motion to compel him to file security was therefore denied. This is an important decision so far as professionals are concerned.

MR. AND MRS. J. B. BOOTH mourn the loss of a child who died in this city the past week.

CHARLES ROBERTS, the circus employe who so grossly assaulted both his wife and Mrs. Frank Whittaker, as reported in our past issue, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five years in the State-prison.

THE ANNUAL BALL of the B. P. O. of Elks is to take place Feb. 4.

MRS. DION BOUCICAULT (Agnes Robertson) and her daughter Eve have returned to England on account of the illness of Mrs. B's son.

GEORGE RIGNOLD is expected to arrive here from England during the latter part of this month. He is to act in George Fawcett Rowe's new comedy of "Fifth Avenue," to be produced in Booth's Theatre early in February.

MRS. HANLEY, the mother of Martin Hanley, manager of the Theatre Comique, died Jan. 5, aged 71 years.

THE REMAINS of Claude Burroughs, who perished in the conflagration of the Brooklyn Theatre, were recently removed from their temporary retiring place in the Marble Cemetery, and have been interred in a lot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

J. W. MCANDREWS, the Landis Brothers, Murphy and Morton, who have again joined forces, and Lizzie Barrett are the reinforcements to the company at the Theatre Comique Jan. 8.

"THE TWO ORPHANS," with Laura Alberta as Louise and Alice Harrison as Henriette, is the current attraction at the Bowery Theatre.

"LED ASTRAY" was acted for the last time in the Union-square Theatre Saturday night, Jan. 6.

"THE SHAUGHRAUN" was withdrawn from the stage of Wallack's Theatre after the performances of Jan 6.

"DIVORCE," acted by a portion of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, will be given at the Grand Opera-house this week.

JOSEPH B. AYRES is announced as the lessee at the New Broadway Theatre, commencing Jan. 8.

JOHNSON AND BRUNO, Fields and Hoey, Burton Stanley, and Willie Gaylord are the newcomers to Tony Pastor's this week.

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE TRAVELING COMPANY arrived in town Jan. 8. It is probable that, after one week's rest, they will play "Pique" in Chicago, Ill.

A MATINEE PERFORMANCE is to be given at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Jan. 17 for the benefit of the poor of St. Stephen's parish. Mr. Daly and his entire company will exert themselves to make the benefit successful. St. Stephen's Church relieves the distresses of the poor in its district irrespective of race and religion. The theatre should be crowded.

THE MIACOS—Thomas, Alfred, James, Charles and William—Jennie Engle, Carroll and Barry, Sallie Adams, Ed. and Alice Murray, Lew and Pauline Parker, and Sam Devere are the new arrivals at the Olympic Theatre this week.

THE BUTTER HEAD.—Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks' alto relievo in Goshen butter of the "Dreaming Iolanthe," which was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia the past Summer, is to be placed on exhibition in a room adjoining the New York Aquarium, Thirty-fifth street and Broadway.

MARY LOUISE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Moss, the latter professionally known as Edna Markley, died Jan. 6, at 4 o'clock P. M., of diphtheria, after an illness of two days. She was 6 years of age.

"THE HAPPY MOKE," with new scenery, costumes and a dioramic Japanese scene, is to be produced for the first time in this country by the San Francisco Minstrels Jan. 8.

E. A. LOCKE is to make his first appearance this season in the Park Theatre, acting Philosophy Jack in "Zip" Jan. 8.

AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL the style of performances are to be entirely changed, commencing with this week. A regular variety show is to be given.

VICTORIA WOODHULL lectured in the Park Theatre Sunday evening, Jan. 7, subject: "The Fruits of 5,000 Years, or Prophetic Vision of the Future."

DRAMATIC.

THE FORREST HOME.—E. L. Davenport, Frank Chanfrau, John E. McDonough and Manager George K. Goodwin recently paid a visit to the Edwin Forrest Home, Springbrook, Philadelphia, Pa., and expressed themselves highly delighted with the place. G. G. Spear the veteran comedian, popularly known in Boston as "Old Spudge," who is now an inmate, writes us: "The house is splendidly furnished in every respect; there is a large gallery of paintings, a collection of statuary, and a large and valuable library, to all of which we have free access at all times. There is a snug and cosy farmhouse, a nice stable, etc. There are one hundred and ten acres of land. Professionals and others visiting the place express themselves as highly pleased at the courteous attention shown them by the superintendent, Joseph McArdle."

SALLIE LAWRENCE HOBLITZELL died on Jan. 1 at the residence of her aunt, Miss Lucille Western, Malden, Mass. In Baltimore, on Nov. 13, 1861, the late Helen Western was married to a lawyer of that city named Hoblitzell. The union was not lasting. The young lady who has just died was the only child, we believe.

JOHN JACK and Miss Annie Firmin opened an engagement Dec. 21, 1876, in the New Market Theatre, Portland, Oregon, supported by Sawtelle's Company, acting Pierre and Louise respectively in "The Two Orphans." During the week commencing 25 they were to have appeared in "Ultimo, or the Big Bonanza," and later Mr. Jack was to act Sir John Falstaff and Miss Firmin Prince Hal in "Henry IV." They are to go from there to Victoria, B. C.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has resolved never to lecture again—if she can avoid lecturing, is her prudent proviso.

C. W. BARRY, acting in "Echoes," was the star at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., during the week ending Dec. 30, 1876.

GENEVIEVE ROGERS and Frank Aiken's Dramatic Company in "Maud Muller" and "Genevieve, or the Power of Love," were the attractions in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre the closing week of 1876.

J. W. TOOHEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with Nellie Boyd as the star, were in Galva, Ill., Jan. 1, 2, 3.

FROM OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated Dec. 23, 1876, which arrived too late for publication in our past issue, we excerpt the following: At the Grand Opera-house "Our Boarding-house" had completed the third and last week of its run, and was to give place to "Ahmed" on Dec. 25.....At the California Theatre, T. W. Keene, for his benefit Dec. 18, presented "Pizarro" and "The Six Degrees of Crime." House crowded. "The Gladiator," with John McCullough in the chief character, was given 19 for the benefit of the Brooklyn sufferers, but the attendance was not large. Miss Ellie Wilton, for her benefit 20, presented "The Wicked World," a recitation by Henry Edwards, singing by Signor Tagliapietra, and "The Serious Family." The house was filled. For Jean Clara Walters' benefit, 22, "Jack Cade," with John McCullough in the title-role, and "Ireland As It Is," did not draw largely. Mr. Smyth Clark, a gentleman of the city prominently connected with the Bohemian Club, the Society of Pioneers, and various local institutions, and one, too, who is well known to all of our citizens, made his debut 23 in the character of Shylock. He did not achieve a marked success. M. B. Curtis has been engaged at this theatre, and was to make his first appearance Dec. 25, acting Lafayette Berry in "The Mighty Dollar," Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence then commencing a star engagement......Baldwin's Academy of Music was occupied by a German band of twenty-seven pieces under the leadership of Carl Beck.

"UTILITY," who desires the position of utility-man, can be addressed care of this office.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, Professor Pierce of Harvard College, James T. Fields, James Russell Lowell and Ole Bull were among those who, on New-Year's Night, at the Boston Theatre, witnessed Mrs. F. W. Lander in "The Scarlet Letter." This marked attendance was scarcely a tribute to the actress solely, for we have known all these gentlemen, except the venerable Bull, to be present at a billiard-match in Boston. It was rather a graceful acknowledgment of the genius, which can find but inadequate expression in any possible dramatization of "The Scarlet Letter," of dead-and-gone Nathaniel Hawthorne. While we think of it, would it not be timely for the Howards to now revive the long shelved dramatization in which Cordelia played the elfin child twenty years ago?

CHARLES FECHTER is to perform in Bridgeport, Ct., Jan. 17, and the Kiralfys Combination 22.

SPENCER PRITCHARD, leading, light comedy or character actor, advertises for an engagement.

SAM S. SANFORD, acting Uncle Tom in his own dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's great work, has been forty-one days in the region of snow, working his way homeward through Canada, etc. He was in Oneida, N. Y., Jan. 4, 5, Rome 6, and opens this week in Herkimer. In his company are Kate Partington, playing Topsy; Little Ollie Collins as Eva; J. J. Louden, H. Moreland, J. Davis, C. McMillan, G. Lascelles, C. Vincent, H. Lieby, J. Wallace, J. J. Burrows, J. Chesseman, Sallie Partington, the Misses Fulmer, Alexander, Collins and Hunter.

J. R. GRISMER has been engaged by Wm. Nannary to play the leading business in Halifax, N. S., for eight weeks, commencing Jan 15

JOHN W. BURTON, comedian, advertises for an engagement.

ROBERT DARTON, character business, whose address is published in another column, can be engaged.

LIZZIE EDWARDS, leading juvenile and comedian, is at liberty. See card.

SPENCER PRITCHARD advertises for sale a comedy drama and an emotional play, both for lady stars.

THE CUMBERSON MEMORIAL.—Subscription papers are being circulated among the workingmen of the theatrical profession to create a fund to erect a monument over the grave of their fellow-craftsman John Cumberson, who sacrificed his life in the performance of his duty, while trying to subdue the flames at the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. All sums of money can be sent either to Harley Merry, scenic-artist, Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Richard Marston, scenic-artist, Union-square Theatre, in this city; Robert Cutler, property-master, Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city; or Joseph Thompson, master-carpenter, Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I. All receipts of money will be acknowledged through the columns of THE CLIPPER. Harley Merry informs us that $100 have already been contributed by those engaged in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., and the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

J. E. JACKSON, late of Jackson's Printing-house, Philadelphia, inserts a card in another column, stating that he is at liberty to attend to any business that may be entrusted to him in the printing, lithographic, theatrical or general-agency line.

J. L. HAILE has been appointed manager of the Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn. Genevieve Rogers, supported by Frank E. Aiken's Combination, opened a week's engagement at the Grand Opera-house Jan. 1 to a fair audience. Matinees are to be given Wednesday and Saturday.

DEATH OF YANKEE MILLER.—R. G. Miller, popularly known throughout the West as "Yankee Miller," died in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 4. He performed there with a company under the management of his nephew, A. O. Miller, Dec. 23, 25, 1876, and on the 26th was attacked with pneumonia. He gradually sank, until he died at six o'clock on the morning of the day above named. He was about fifty years of age, and had been on the stage about thirty-two years, having made his first appearance in the old Eagle Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., in 1844, being then 18 years old. During the first ten years of his professional career he confined himself to tragedy, but thereafter acted only comedy characters. Years ago when the stage Yankee found favor with the public, Mr. Miller became highly popular in impersonating such characters. For some years past his wife has resided in Blissfield, Mich., and his remains were taken there, in charge of his nephew, for interment. Although he had had several children, only a married daughter, residing in Rochester, survives him.

A HALF-INTEREST in Wood's Museum, Chicago, Ill., is offered for sale. Address R. S. Marsh, as per advertisement.

"L. S." advertises for a position in a theatre or traveling company as general utility.

HERNANDEZ FOSTER can be engaged to produce the Jack Harkaway dramas and "Robinson Crusoe." His address is published in another column.

MISS MARY ANDERSON occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the past week. The first four nights she appeared as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Louis L. James was the Romeo, and George C. Boniface the Mercutio. The remaining two nights she acted Lady Macbeth, with Mr. James as Macbeth, and Mr. Boniface as Macduff. Miss Anderson remains another week. An excellent business was done. Janauschek begins Jan. 15

MISS FANNY HERRING withdrew from the Buffalo Bill Combination in Portland, Me., Jan. 6.

JOSEPH H. KEANE begins to-night the second week of his engagement at the Broadway Theatre, this city, and announces that he has open dates after March 28. Managers are referred to his card for particulars.

N. FINELLI, proprietor of the Cafe Finelli on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and who has another place of business in that city, on Dec. 21, 1876, sent to the Mayor of Brooklyn his check for $315, being the receipts of his two places of business for one day, said amount to be used for the benefit of the Brooklyn sufferers.

W. H. POWER, the leading gentleman of Bidwell's Academy of Music Company of New Orleans, was presented on New-Years Eve, at the Battle House, Mobile, Ala., with a handsome gold monogram badge of the Actors' Order of Friendship, by the following members of that company: The Misses Emmie Wilmot, Laura Le Clair, Eliza S. Hudson, Addie Gray, Cennie Thompson, Emily Delmar and May Montello, and Messrs. Harry B. Hudson, Con. T. Murphy, Harry Gray, Harry Butler, Frank Traynor, and Frank Wright. The badge is of gold. Handsomely engraved on the bar is the inscription "W. H. Power," pendant from which are the letters "A. O. F.," entwined in a monogram, and on the band encircling it are the words "Mobile, Ala., Dec. 31st, 1876." The presentation speech was made by Mr. Murphy, and responded to in a few happy remarks by Mr. Power. It was then pinned upon his breast by Miss Eliza Hudson.

GEO. H. TYLER, whose address find in another column, can be engaged as business-manager or agent.

FROM CINCINNATI, O., our regular correspondent sends the following report, dated Jan. 5: "During the past (her second) week at the Grand Opera-house, Maggie Mitchell produced 'Mignon,' which has proved to be one of the best in her repertory, and the character of Mignon is admirably suited to Miss Mitchell. The support rendered by William Harris as Wilhelm Meister, Frank Roche as Sparati, Walter Lennox as Gyp, George Morton as Romaine, H. C. Barton as Frederick, C. W. Vance, J. A. Meade, Sedley Brown, Edwin Price, Gussie De Forrest and Emma Stone Stuart was even and good. The scenes were all new, and reflected credit on DeWitt C. Waugh, the artist of the theatre. At the regular Wednesday matinee the Arion Society (amateurs) gave the opera of 'Maritana,' Mr. Wm. Castle being brought here to take the role of Don Cæsar. Business good. Miss Mitchell's engagement terminates to-morrow. She goes hence to St. Louis. The Soldene English-opera Troupe open 8. The stock company produces 'The Great Divorce Case' the week after. Business has been large......Oliver Doud Byron has been the stellar attraction at Wood's Theatre this week, 'Across the Continent' being given Monday (matinee and evening) and Tuesday, 'Ben McCullough' Wednesday and Thursday, and 'Plenty of Money' the rest of the week. The support has been satisfactory, and business averaged fairly. Mr. Byron closes to-morrow. Stuart Robson opens 8, followed 15 by Kate Claxton......The stock company of the Grand will take in Dayton and other neighboring towns during the week of Soldene's stay."

CHARLES FECHTER and Miss Lizzie Price, supported by the Opera-house company, were the attractions last week, and performed to good houses in Providence, R. I. The same artists are announced for every evening this week, commencing with "Monte Cristo" on Monday evening, Jan. 8.

AT LIBRARY HALL, Pittsburg, Pa., for her second and last week, Miss Rose Eytinge acted in "Rose Michel" Jan. 1, 2, 3 and New-Year's matinee, and "Katharine, or the Mystery of Bracken Hollow," the rest of the week. As Katharine Dangerfield Miss Eytinge added to the good opinion entertained of her by our citizens. The tableau at the end of the second act, where she threatens vengeance upon her insulter, Peter Dangerfield, was forcible and correct, and, in the third act, her reading of "The Battle of Fontenoy" was a splendid piece of elocution, for which she received two encores. The play was well put upon the stage, the scenery and dresses being rich. The last act is, however, somewhat weak in the finish. J. Whiting appeared as Captain Redmond O'Donnell with not much to do, but did that little well. W. F. Owen as Lanty Lafferty, the captain's man, was funny. J. B. Curran as Sir John Dangerfield, Katharine's father, acted naturally. Chas. Waverly as Peter Dangerfield and J. Haworth as Lord Ruysland were acceptable. Chas. Hawthorne as Gaston Dantrel was weak, his voice being light and his actions and walk somewhat awkward. Miss Vaders as Harriet Harman and Mrs. Vavassor overacted all through their scenes. Miss Eva Barker as Lady Geneva Dangerfield and Miss Rosalie Jack as Ninon Duclos acted their small parts satisfactorily. Business good. Jan. 8, the Merry Bishops in "Splinters."......"Jean Valjean" has been this week's attraction at the Opera-house. Mr. Gotthold's Jean Valjean was a highly satisfactory performance, and fully up to the standard of expectation. As Jarrett the detective, Mr. Bock showed some of his best acting, and was as calm and relentless as the author could have desired. Sergeant Thenardier, by L. R. Stockwell, was capitally done. J. F. Dean as the Cure of Col-du-bec was satisfactory. Miss Kate Fletcher's Cosette and Marie Bernard's Louise were finely acted. The rest of the cast was in keeping with those enumerated. Business good. Jan. 8: F. S. Chanfrau as Kit. Letter of Jan. 6.

A. R. PHELPS seceded from the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., after the New-Year's matinee, surrendering his keys and necessitating the casting of Harry Vaughn, juvenile man, for his part of Capt. Fairweather in "The Streets of New York" that evening. Harry Colton, leading man, was at once made stage-manager. Kate Ranoe, leading lady, was dispensed with Jan. 3, Alice Wyndham, the juvenile lady, taking the position. "Under the Gaslight" was played 3, 4, to moderate business.... Jarrett & Palmer's "Sardanapalus" Company performed 5, 6. Agnes Booth was called to New York by the death of a child, and Dora Goldthwaite assumed the role of Myrrha very nicely......Milton Nobles in "Phœnix" and "Diamonds in the Rough" for the week ending 13......G. Fawcett Rowe in "Brass," etc., the week ending 20.

THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) THEATRE will be closed until Jan. 15, owing to the breaking of two engagements by combinations which were to have appeared during the weeks beginning 1 and 8.

E. A. MARSHALL, for many years manager of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is shortly to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit in that city. Mr. Marshall has met with misfortune, and it is to be hoped that his benefit will be a successful one pecuniarily.

ROSE EYTINGE will commence an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 8, appearing during her first week in "Rose Michel," and as Miss Sarah Multon in the drama of that name during her second and last week.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN commenced an engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 1, appearing during the week in "East Lynne," "Leah the Forsaken," and "Green Bushes." Miss Western as Miami in "Green Bushes" gave a truthful and original personation, and rendered full justice to the part. The attendance was fair during the engagement. "Dan'l Druce" will be presented at this theatre Jan. 8 for the first time in Philadelphia, E. L. Davenport appearing in the title-role.

MISS KATE FISHER as Mazeppa in the old-time equestrian drama of that title was the novelty presented to the patrons of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 6, she sustaining that role with her accustomed efficiency. It was played in conjunction with the pantomime of "The Gnome King," Miss Emma Brennan, Paddy Murphy, and the Fontainebleau Sisters also appearing in their specialties. The attendance was good last week. J. B. Studley in "La Tour de Nesle" opens on Jan. 8.

"LODGE 101" will shortly be the recipient of a matinee-benefit at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, when a very attractive programme will be presented.

MRS. HITCHCOCK of Philadelphia, mother of the late Harry Hitchcock (Harry S. Murdoch), on the 4th inst. received the sum of $182, the proceeds of a benefit recently given at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Manager Goodwin of the Walnut-street Theatre in the former city, delivering the acceptable gift to the mother of the lamented Harry.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" continued the dramatic attraction at Simpson's Museum, Philadelphia, last week. "The Ticket-of-leave Man" will be produced here on the 8th inst, the programme for the matinees consisting of "The Captain of the Watch" and "The Wandering Minstrels."

WM. H. BAILEY, who has been connected for the past thirty years with the Philadelphia stage, is now enjoying a brief respite from professional duties, having recovered from a severe cold, which prevented him from filling an engagement at Simpson's Museum, in that city.

DRAMATIC NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., to Jan. 5, is sent by our correspondent as follows: "There was a falling-off in the attendance at the Opera-house during the second week of Joseph Murphy's engagement, but his season as a whole was highly successful. 'The Kerry Gow' was played the first four nights of the week and at the matinee, 'Maum Cre' being the bill for the 5th. Mr. Murphy's engagement closes with the Saturday matinee, the evening having been set apart by Mr. De Bar for a benefit to the Brooklyn sufferers ......Frank Mayo opened at the Olympic Jan. 1 with two holiday performances, the audience on both occasions being very large. 'Davy Crockett' was played the entire week. The company engaged to support Mr. Mayo consists of the following people: Josephine Laurens, Annie Douglas, James Dunn, W. B. Laurens, W. H. Dell, J. A. Weaver, H. Bingham, R. Thayer, T. Conelly, A. Wadsworth, George Gaston and Master R. Rivers. E. M. Gardiner is business-manager. Miss Laurens is a good actress, and her performance of Eleanor Vaughn is very pleasing. E. A. Sothern opens 8. Joseph Murphy opens in Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 8. Frank Mayo and company play in Chicago, Ill., during the week commencing Jan. 8.

A JUVENILE MAN and a second soubrette or responsible lady can be engaged after Feb. 15 by applying to Barry Clayton, who advertises.

THE KIRALFY BROS.' COMBINATION occupied the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week, presenting "Around the World in Eighty Days." The acting of the Misses Vandyke, Milton, Good and Whiting was all that could be desired; the Phineas Fogg of Mr. Metkiff was excellent; G. C. Charles as Miles O'Pake made a happy ex-Senator; J. C. Padgett assumed with ease the checkered character of the Detective; while J. H. Rennie as Passepartout kept the audience well amused. The ballet and march were well executed, and the dancing of Miles. Boni, Mauri and Mons. Gavaut received hearty applause. The play was well produced as regards both acting and scenic effects, and was financially a success, the audience on New-Year's Day being the largest ever in the house. Jan. 8, Geo. Fawcett Rowe in "Brass."

THE "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION opened at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1, and continued the attraction throughout the week to fair business, but not what the merits of the piece deserved. N. C. Goodwin Jr. appeared in his impersonations of prominent actors, and Mr. Rice, the composer of the "Evangeline" music, directed the orchestra in person on the 5th, the occasion being Miss Weathersby's benefit. The author, J. Cheever Goodwin, also appeared as director of amusements on that date. M. W. Fiske as Leblanc the notary, Edwin S. Tarr as the King, and Harry Josephs as Catherine met a warm welcome. Miss Weathersby as Gabriel and Lizzie Webster as Evangeline made a hit in several of their solos, and the Centennial parade of one hundred boys, led by Miss Hattie Richardson, with a song, "One Hundred Years Ago," and the "Heiffer Dance" by Golden and Dixey were well received. The troupe closed 6, going to Boston for one week. The following company is to support Joe Murphy in "Kerry Gow" week beginning 8. Alex. Balfour, J. J. Louden, J. A. Armstrong, J. V. Horn, C. B. Hawkins, H. W. Hager, J. E. Parks, J. H. O'Neil, F. Stevens, Lena Rivers, Alice Balfour and Annie Bleakley. The regular Academy stock, who are supporting J. T. Raymond as Col. Sellers under Abbey & Schoffell's management, are to appear as follows: Quincy, Ill., Jan. 8, Keokuk 9, Peoria 10, Danville 11, Fort Wayne, Ind., 12, Jackson, Mich., 13, Grand Rapids 15, Detroit 16, Toledo, O., 17, Dayton 18, Columbus 19. Letter dated Jan. 6.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, the last representation of "The Naiad Queen" was given Jan. 6. On 8 Little Selina Rough takes a benefit, playing Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Miss Alice Kemp as Topsy. The company go to Ottawa 9, to remain the rest of the week, reopening at the Academy here 15, with Oliver Doud Byron as a star. They say that Manager McDowell and Miss Fanny Reeves of his company will be married before the month closes. Letter of Jan. 6.

MME. JANAUSCHEK was the attraction at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., last week. "Deborah" was presented Jan. 1, with Mme. Janauschek in the title role; Milnes Levick appeared as Joseph. On Tuesday and Saturday matinee, "Chesney Wold;" Wednesday and Friday, "Mary Stuart;" Thursday and Saturday, "Macbeth." Jan. 8, Mrs. Chanfrau and company in "Parted."

CHARLES H. BRADSHAW, late of the Rochester Opera-house, has been engaged for the rest of the season at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in which theatre he played a very successful engagement last season. He is an excellent comedian, and will, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, fill the vacancy caused by the secession therefrom of Charles Stanley.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS of every description can procure engagements, either on sharing terms or for a certainty, at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. See card.

ROBERT MCWADE, supported by a portion of J. W. Albaugh's company of Albany, performed "Rip Van Winkle" in Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 1, Albany 2, Little Falls 3, Schenectady 4, Cohoes 5.

THE PRODUCTION of a new adaptation of Charles Reade's comedy of "Masks and Faces" at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 1, may fitly be described as the theatrical event of the past week in that city. F. F. Mackay then made his first appearance this season, playing the part of the poor painter, poet and dramatist, and giving a most artistic portraiture thereof, both in his serious and comic passages displaying the ability of a clever actor, and eliciting frequent applause from the audience. Miss Lillie Glover gave an effective representation of Peg Woffington, agreeably surprising her friends by her personation. Miss Lillian Conway was similarly successful as the simple but affectionate Mabel Vane. Master Willie Mackay, a son of Manager Mackay, made his first appearance on any stage as Lysimachus Triplet, and the very youthful actor acquitted himself creditably. McKee Rankin was the Sir Charles Pomander, and James W. Norris the Ernest Vane of the comedy, which was divided into four acts. The minute details of mounting, etc., were thoroughly in accordance with the high name this theatre enjoys for its dramatic productions. "Masks and Faces" attracted an excellent attendance during its first week's run. It will be followed on the 15th of January by "Love's Sacrifice."

ON NEW-YEAR'S AFTERNOON the holiday spectacle of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," was produced at the Kiralfys' Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, but was withdrawn after the performance of Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, the theatre then being temporarily closed. Miss Kitty Elberts appeared as Aladdin at the opening matinee, but afterwards, on account of a severe cold, resigned the role to Miss Fanny Prestige. J. C. Padget appeared as Abenazac, and Bob Butler was a clever Kazrac. The management have concluded to dispense with French scenery hereafter, and will use the Anglo-American system, as that enables a manager to change his plays and scenery without difficulty. In view of these facts, the Kiralfys purpose to have their stage entirely remodeled at once, and will reopen in a couple of weeks with the spectacular play of "The Mysterious Isle."

THE THEATRICAL ORGANIZATION of Philadelphia better known as "Lodge 101" had an enjoyable reunion and banquet on Dec. 31 in that city. W. H. Fitzgerald, president of the Order, occupied the chair, supported by F. Oakes Rose and Jerry Taylor. After doing full justice to an excellent banquet, President Fitzgerald delivered an address on the nature and objects of the Order, the latter being the advancement of the professional interests of those connected with it. John F. Wallis made a neat and appropriate response to the toast of "The Press," and Jacques Kruger and Harry Seymour appropriately responded to the toasts of "The Nonprofessionals" and "Our Absent Members." Jule Keene recited a clever Dutch poem; H. S. Parker also favored the company with a comic recitation, with songs by Barney Reynolds and Bob Gratz. Among others present were Miss Sallie Adams, the Clinetop Sisters, Mlle. Gaugain, Miss Laura Griffiths, and Messrs. Theo. Juvenal, N. B. Fithian, A. B. Bradshaw, Lewis, Buck, and Alexander.

MISS GEORGINA EMMA DREW, the youngest daughter of the late John Drew, was united in the bonds of matrimony on the 31st of Dec., 1876, to Maurice Herbert Blythe (Barrymore) of London, Eng., at the residence of the bride's mother, in Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Rudder, rector of St. Stephen's Church, in that city, officiating on this happy occasion. Miss Georgie Drew is pleasantly known to the habitues of the Arch-street Theatre Philadelphia, where—under the management of her respected mother, Mrs. John Drew—she made her first appearance on the stage on the 26th of October, 1872, in "The Ladies' Battle." The bride and groom are now connected with Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, and are rapidly rising in their profession. We wish them all possible prosperity in their new roles in "Married Life."

IN THE Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, on Jan. 3, before Judge Thayer, the case of Reeve L. Knight & Son vs. Ransom Rogers was heard. It was an action to recover for carpets furnished to the theatre at Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia. There was no defense, and a verdict for the plaintiff of $725.36 was rendered.

MRS. F. W. LANDER commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, Jan. 1, presenting for the first time in Boston her new play of "The Scarlet Letter." Our correspondent says: "The piece is a translation by herself from the French of the Count De Nayae, and is a very clever bit of work. It does not, of course, fully preserve the wonderful charm of Hawthorne's story, but it keeps the plot very closely and intelligently, the dialogue is as near the true spirit as possible, and the action of the piece is quite dramatic. The cast was as follows: Roger Chillingworth, Mr. L. R. Shewell; Arthur Dimmesdale, Theodore Hamilton; Governor Bellingham, C. Leslie Allen; New Governor, Gene Wylie; Rev. John Wilson, M. M. Price; John Digby, D. J. Maguinnis; Master Grimes, T. M. Hunter; Master Drackett, H. R. Davies; Captain of the Bristol Ship, M. D. Bebus; Town Beadle, W. F. Wallis; Servant, H. A. Cripps; First Puritan Man, C. H. Herbert; Second Puritan Man, George Boles; Magistrate, J. Rogers; General, T. Jones; Judge, H. J. Train; Indian, J. Taylor; Hester Prynne, Mrs. F. W. Lander; Little Pearl, Little Mabel; Mistress Digby, Miss Olivia Rand; Mistress Drake, Mrs. Charles Poole; Sarah Brackett, Mrs. C. L. Allen; First Puritan Woman, Miss Nellie Downing; Second Puritan Woman, Miss Carrie Prescott. Mr. Shewell gave a careful, strongly-marked interpretation of Roger Chillingworth, a performance full of power. Mr. Hamilton as the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale was very effective, barring an occasional harshness of voice. Mr. Allen made an admirable Governor Bellingham, acting with care and discretion. Mr. Price as the Rev. John Wilson, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Davis, and Messrs. Bebus, Wallis and Cripps were satisfactory in their small parts, as were Messrs. Boles, Rogers, Herbert, Jones, Train and Taylor. Mrs. Lander as Hester Prynne was, of course, the central figure, the object of interest towards whom all eyes were turned. She seems well fitted for the character, and, although somewhat artificial, she is too good an actress not to make a decided impression in the part. Little Mabel as Little Pearl was really wonderful with her precocious ways, and the ease and naturalness with which she goes through her long part is worthy of all praise. Miss Rand, Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Allen, Miss Downing and Miss Prescott all acquitted themselves creditably. The scenery was in Mr. Getz's best style, and was mostly freshly painted for the play. The first act represented Prison lane, Boston, as it was in 1676; the second, Governor Bellingham's house; the third, Arthur Dimmesdale's study; the fourth, Hester Prynne's cottage; and the fifth, an outdoor scene, very beautiful in its way. Joe Murphy will be the next star...... At the Museum 'The Double Wedding' was played all the week except Jan. 4, when 'Poor Jo' was put on and repeated at Saturday's matinee, 'The Marble Heart' being given in the evening, on which occasion the new entrance to the theatre was opened for the first time. This is from Court square, and is about ten feet wide, running from Court square to the main floor of the Museum proper, immediately under the large stairway now leading from the curiosity hall to the auditorium. There will be a large, handsome vestibule here of about thirty feet square, with cloak-rooms, retiring-rooms, and all the conveniences of a first-class theatre. The change is made in consequence of the suggestions of the Inspector of Buildings, and the public demand for greater safety in all our theatres. Next (this) week the Evangeline Combination will occupy the theatre, and the regular company act 'A Cup of Tea,' and 'A Victim of Circumstances' in the neighboring towns and cities......The Globe is closed."

A MEETING of the Executive Committee in charge of the testimonial to be given the mother and sister of the late H. S. Murdoch met at the Boston Theatre on Friday afternoon, Jan. 5. The benefit will take place at the Boston Theatre Friday afternoon, Jan. 19, and the committee—consisting of the following gentlemen: Messrs. L. R. Shewell, Fred Williams, Dexter Smith, George O. Ernst, H. A. McGlenen, Charles H. Thayer, N. Lothian, J. J. Braham, F. A. Harris, J. J. McNally, George H. Smith, N. Childs, chairman; John M. Ward, treasurer; E. R. Byram, secretary—would be glad to hear from professionals in New York or elsewhere who wish to volunteer their services for the occasion. Communications should be addressed "The Executive Committee of the Murdoch Testimonial, Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass.," and should be sent at the earliest possible moment, that the bill may be at once arranged.

TORONTO (ONT.) DRAMATIC AFFAIRS are thus sent by our correspondent under date of Jan. 6: "Miss Adelaide Neilson, supported by Eben Plympton, commenced her third engagement after an absence of nearly two years at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house Jan. 2 in 'Romeo and Juliet,' that play being followed by 'As You Like It' 3, 'Twelfth Night' 4, 5 and matinee 6, with 'The Lady of Lyons,' promised for this (Saturday) night. Miss Neilson in each of her engagements here has always drawn crowded houses, but this seems to be the most successful yet, as every available seat, both in the parquet and circle, was reserved, leaving no room but for those who wished to stand. Eben Plympton, who, although considerably more youthful than the general standard of leading men, gave admirable support in the character of Romeo, Orlando and Sebastian. He is an excellent reader, and possesses a full, clear voice, of more than ordinary power. He has every reason to congratulate himself on his success. The Mercutio of J. Sambrook was one of the most ably rendered parts he has ever given. G. Semblar made up well and acted fairly in what little there is to do as the Apothecary. Lizzie Anderson made an excellent Nurse. Harry Clifton was successful as Tybalt. B. G. Rogers as Touchstone, Peter and the Clown ('Twelfth Night') must be warmly commended. A. Fitzgerald made a fair Jaques, but in the Duke Orsini he was entirely out of place. C. W. Couldock, engaged to play Sir Toby Belch, on account of the continued illness of A. H. Hudson, made a pronounced success in that character. Mrs. Allen acted well as Olivia and Celia, and Mrs. Marlowe was good as Audrey and Maria. All the members of the stock company seemed to have put their whole minds to the task of doing their best, and as a general result succeeded. A. W. Gregory has been engaged as prompter at this theatre (in place of J. P. Howard, who is on the sick list), and appeared during the week to good advantage as Sir Andrew in 'Twelfth Night.' Miss Neilson's route ahead is Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 8, Syracuse 9, Utica 10, Albany 11, 12, 13, Baltimore 16, to end of week, Norfolk, Va., 22, 23, 24, Richmond 25, 26, 27. Kiralfys' Combination comes Jan. 8 one week......'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has been the attraction at the Royal Opera-house since Jan. 2, and has been played to fair houses, notwithstanding the great opposition in Neilson at the Grand. Neil Warner made an excellent George Harris. G. F. Ketchum was a little extravagant as Gumption Cute. Little Ollie Halford as Eva was very successful. Sophie Miles played the characters of Cassy and Eliza, and was good, although the parts are not of the order to suit the lady's style. The piece was well mounted and introduced the Alabama Jubilee Singers, the chief feature being Charley Graves, who gave some well-executed songs-and-dances. J. Gobay has dropped the management, J. French again taking hold. Stock next week."

KATE CLAXTON as Louise in "The Two Orphans" has been the attraction the past week at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md. Nellie Cummens as Henriette, Emma Markley as the Countess, Kate Newton as Marianne, Mrs. Germon as La Frochard, Cyril Searle as De Vaudrey, Edwin Varrey as the Minister of Police, Geo. Denham as Picard, C. Farwell as Jacques, Frank Wise as Pierre, C. Herbert as Marquis De Presles, E. H. Stephens as the Doctor, W. H. Burton as the Officer of the Guard, and Edith Granger as Sister Genevieve deserve creditable mention. The play was mounted in a handsome manner. Miss Claxton will continue another week and produce "Conscience."

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMPANY gave "Pique" at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Jan. 6. The attendance was not large. Wm. Leake, the manager of New Institute Hall, Newark, N. J., goes to Philadelphia this week to support Rose Eytinge, who plays Lady Macbeth, he taking the role of Macbeth.

FOR THE CUMBERSON MEMORIAL, Harley Merry desires to acknowledge the receipt of $35.75, sent from the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., by Morgan Sherwood.

THE EVENT of the past week in Chicago, Ill., was E. A. Sothern's engagement at Haverly's Opera-house. He was to have opened at a New-Year's matinee, but, being snow-bound en route from Detroit, failed to arrive in time for the afternoon performance, which was laid over until Wednesday. A crowded house, however, greeted him in the evening, and good audiences continued the rule at each subsequent appearance. Mr. Sothern acted Dundreary until Thursday, when "A Hornet's Nest" was given. "David Garrick" was acted Friday night and Saturday matinee, and "Our American Cousin" was repeated Saturday night. Next (this) week Frank Mayo, supported by the "Davy Crockett" Combination, with Miss Josephine Laurens as Eleanor Vaughn......"The Law of the Land" was produced at McVicker's Theatre at the New-Year's matinee and every evening during the week. The mounting was superb, the cast good, and the acting fully equal to the merits of the piece. Next (this) week John McCullough in "Coriolanus."......At the Museum, Miss Millie Sackett and Maurice Pike, supported by the company, have been playing a new melodrama called "The Blacksmith" to fair houses. The piece is a good one of its kind, and was very creditably presented. Letter of Jan. 6.

THE ATTRACTION at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week was "The Two Orphans," with Lillie Eldridge in the role of Louise, Miss Pierce of the stock company assuming Henriette. The drama was mounted in excellent style, and with the strong support afforded by the stock company proved one of the most artistic performances of the season. Miss Eldridge as Louise played with much earnestness. Fred O. Smith as Pierre and Mr. Wren as Picard gave artistic impersonations. The rest of the cast were all that could be desired, and included H. S. Duffield, M. N. Haviland, E. L. Mortimer, Fred Hooker, R. H. Evans, W. F. Horton, J. E. Cross, W. J. Diefendorf, J. W. Tudor, Miss Emma Hooke, Florence Freeman, Louise Watson, Emma Lewis, Hattie Bronson, Ollie Bryer, and Mrs. W. F. Horton. "The Two Orphans" is to be repeated 8, 9. "Robert Gray's Wife" will be given 10, 11. Jarrett & Palmer's "Sardanapalus" Combination appears Friday. Letter of Jan. 6.

AT THE LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., "The Naiad Queen" was withdrawn Jan. 3. On that evening Hattie O'Neill, the soubrette of the company, took a benefit, when, in addition to the spectacle, the petite comedy entitled "Who Killed Cock Robin?" was presented to a good house. On Thursday evening Robert McWade opened in "Rip Van Winkle" for two nights, supported by Miss Effie St. John. Saturday evening R. Fulton Russell, leading man, was the recipient of a benefit, on which occasion the bill consisted of "The Carpenter of Rouen" and "Cartouche." Attendance good. Joseph Michaels, an amateur of considerable ability, volunteered, and appeared as De Saubigne in the first-named drama, acquitting himself quite creditably. Jarrett & Palmer's "Sardanapalus" Combination is to appear at this house on Jan. 8, 9. Miss Neilson and Eben Plympton 11, 12. Letter of Jan. 7.

STUART ROBSON was unable to reach Detroit, Mich., in time for New-Year's matinee or night performance; consequently, the company produced "Still Waters Run Deep." Mr. Robson arrived late at night Jan. 1, and opened 2, not bringing out "The Two Men of Sandy Bar" until 4, when it was run for the rest of the week. The attendance was quite light. The company disband here, R. E. Stevens paying them off and returning to New York. Deakin's Liliputian Troupe appear for four nights, commencing 8, Heywood's Combination filling out the rest of the week......John T. Raymond, supported by Henry Abbey's Company, is booked for 16.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE has been engaged for a second week at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y. Managers desiring to arrange for open dates can address as per advertisement.

LUCILLE WESTERN is to star this week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., supported by the following company: Samuel K. Chester, R. C. White, J. P. Sutton, James Cooper, Geo. R. Edeson, Percy Garnett, D. R. Young, John Walsh, C. W. Allinson, Wm. M. Frazier, Samuel Wright, C. F. Loon, W. Coffey Smiley, H. Jones, W. Johns, the Misses Eliza Long, Marian Taylor, Annie Chester, Emma Temple, Collins, J. Smith, Ida Forrest and Richardson.

MARRIED, in Oshkosh, Wis., Jan. 1, by the Rev. Wm. R. Manning, Harry F. Hall of Omro and Miss May F. Dyke, daughter of H. A. Dyke of Madison, Wis. Mr. Hall is a well-known member of the theatrical profession in the West, and has recently returned from a year's engagement with J. S. Lanrishe in Colorado, Wyoming and the Black Hills. He is engaged to appear with Edwin Clifford's Company, opening in Madison, Wis., Jan. 8.

JAMES M. GILBERT and Belle Gilbert are no longer connected with the combination known as "The Tells of America."

THE FAY TEMPLETON STAR ALLIANCE performed in Waco, Texas, Jan. 1, 2, 3, Bremmond 4, Mexia 5, 6, dedicating a new opera-house in the latter place.

NICK ROBERTS' "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Troupe appeared the past week in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., and did a fair business, although the weather was unfavorable. The troupe as a whole is good, Grimaldi Adams as Clown, Chas. H. Adams as Pantaloon, Miss Sophie Ravel as Columbine, and Chas. W. Ravel as Harlequin, were respectively excellent. The pantomime was mounted with new scenery, and it contained many original tricks. The specialties included Mons. Siegrist's troupe of dogs, Young Florio's bottle balancing, Leslie and Ashton on the double-bars, the Twin Sisters French, the Siegrist Children in their acrobatic feats. The troupe closes 6, and Genevieve Rogers begins 8.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing Jan. 8, Col. T. S. Henderson is to appear as Lanty Logan in "Tullamore." He will be supported by the following company: Frank Losee, George Bemis, E. L. Walton, W. H. Langdon, Harry Sinclair, Henry Desmond, Frank Doud, J. Maguire, F. C. Wells, B. W. Gannon, J. Elliot, R. Brown, the Misses Minnie Doyle, Emma Hendricks and Jennie Wells. Jan. 15 Mr. Hooley will open his Opera-house as a comedy theatre.

J. F. BREYER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed their season at Augusta, Ill., Jan. 4, and returned to Chicago. They will take the road again about Jan. 15, with W. V. Breyer and Nellie Drury as the stellar attractions.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY, under the management of John Townsend, closed a two nights' season in Avon, N. Y., Jan. 3, where Frank H. Whitlock, agent, resigned his position. They played in Middleport 4, 5, 6.

LOUIS MEREDITH and Miss Ada Laurence of the Fay Templeton Star Alliance were united in marriage Dec. 31 at Corcicana, Texas, by the Rev. James Mackey, Miss Nellie Stanwood giving away the bride and Mr. Burtin Adams acting as groom's man.

AT FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE, Portland, Me., "The Serious Family" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing" comprised the bill for Jan. 1, 2, and the matinee 3. On the evening of the 3d the Cowper Dramatic Company, consisting of John C. Archie, and Miss Clara Cowper, R. J. Dillon, and F. J. Whicher, commenced an engagement of four nights and a matinee, appearing in "Married in Haste" 3, 4, "The Great Divorce Case" 5 and matinee 6, "Othello" 6. The acting of the members of this company has been very satisfactory, but the support furnished by the regular company has been only fair. There are mere changes to record this week. H. L. Bascomb, who joined the company Jan. 6, retired after the performances of the 7th, owing to some difficulty which arose at rehearsal. W. H. Meeker has also been retired from the company. F. J. Whicher of the Cowper Company is to remain. "Aladdin" is announced for Jan. 8. Business the past week very light......Buffalo Bill and company opened 5 for two nights to a packed house, while the matinee was likewise good. They show in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Jan. 8, one week, Woonsocket, R. I., 15, Worcester, Mass., 16, Springfield 17, 18, Pittsfield 19, and North Adams 20. Letter of Jan. 6.

GANGERO'S YEDDO JAPS, with Blaisdell's Specialty Company attached, occupied the Richmond (Va.) Theatre the past week. Owing to exceedingly bad weather, the attendance was not large. Mme. Janauschek, supported by John A. Stevens' company, is announced to open Jan. 8 in "Deborah."

THE WALLACE SISTERS' COMPANY, who have recently been performing in Texas, are to show in Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 11, 12, 13, Memphis, Tenn., 15, 16, 17, Nashville 18, 19, 20.

MARK TWAIN and Bret Harte are writing a play for Charles T. Parsloe, who recently made a notable success of Hop Sing the Chinaman in "The Two Men of Sandy Bar." Mr. Parsloe's character will be that of a Chinaman, as originally described by Bret Harte in Ah Sin, and he will have the sole right to produce the play in America and Europe.

"MANAGER" announces in his card that he is prepared to produce the play of "The Two Orphans," with a well-selected company.

MRS. CHANFRAU and company failed to appear at Reading, Pa., Jan. 5, as announced, missing connections on the Erie Railroad. James B. Roberts, supported by a dramatic company, is to appear in "Richard III" 9.

THE IDA LEWIS COMBINATION, under Dave Peyser's management, is to play in Opelousas, La., Jan. 12, Washington 18, Alexandria 20, Shreveport 28.

J. G. STUTZ and company open in Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 15, Donaldsonville 18.

THE WHITECAR CASE.—In a report of the second trial of W. A. Whitecar, actor, for bigamy, before the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, which was recently published in THE CLIPPER, certain statements appeared which are now positively denied by W. E. Partington, a brother of Miss Sallie Partington, whom Mr. Whitecar had married. He states that the assertion to the effect that Miss Partington wrote to Whitecar in 1875 is untrue. Whitecar was not arrested at her instigation for bigamy, as stated, but at the request of Mr. Danforth, the father of his (Whitecar's) second wife. He also adds that "my sister was married but once, and then to W. A. Whitecar." The following letter from Miss Sallie Partington, which was received since the above was in type, will be found self-explanatory:

ROME, N. Y., Jan. 5.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: In your issue of Dec. 30, 1876, is an article from your correspondent at Philadelphia in relation to W. A. Whitecar, in which my name is mentioned in such a way as to reflect on my character. Knowing that you do not wish to do an injustice, I send you the real facts of the case: W. A. Whitecar was married to me in 1870 at St. Louis, Mo., as you state; and I, in 1876 obtained a divorce in Richmond, Va., from him on account of his adultery. He did not consent thereto, nor did I ask him to. Your correspondent states that Whitecar did not then know I had another husband living. It would be very strange if he did know it, for I never had any husband but him. He was not arrested for bigamy at my instigation, but at the instigation of the father of the woman he unlawfully married. I had my divorce, and it was a matter of indifference to me what he did. He did not tell the Judge of my having a former husband, nor did he *dare* tell him so, for he knows it would have been *false*. I repeat that I care not what W. A. Whitecar does or where he goes; but I insist on his letting my name alone, and when he gets into another scrape I hope he will find some more manly way out of it than an attempt to sully the character of his injured wife.

Yours respectfully, SALLIE PARTINGTON,
Divorced wife of W. A. Whitecar.

THE LATE JAMES DELMON GRACE.—E. M. S. of Loveland, O., writes us concerning the early history of this actor:

The Cincinnati Commercial of a recent date states that Mr. Grace was a brother of Delmon, a noted tragedian in early days; also that he was a carriage painter in Cincinnati, and began his theatrical career as a member of the Lafayette Society and other Thespian associations in that city in 1843-4-5. Now, there may be a double or "Corsican Brother" arrangement about this matter; but, believing the James D. Grace is *our* Delmon Grace, I propose to preserve the truth of history. In 1836 Jacob Wolf kept his bakery on the ground in Cincinnati now occupied by Monkey John. In the lower story of that building, one Saturday night in that year, the following-named enthusiasts met and resolved to organize a dramatic society: Pete Mills, Pen Hotchkiss, Ned Byington, Ned Bliss, Bill Wolf, Mine. Kellogg, Ned Roe, Jim Ruffin, Jack Gallagher, Jack Tait, Vol. Slack, and Lu. Sanders. They leased the old college in Church alley, and the opening play was "Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla." The success of the Church-alley Temple attracted new members, among them Delmon Grace, then a shop-boy with C. & J. Bates, druggists, whose place of business was on Lower Market street, where Caleb Green's drug-store now is. All of us knew Grace well, and used our best endeavors to work him in, and succeeded. After our company disbanded, he joined another Thespian association, located at the corner of Fifth and Lodge alley. He was too lightly balanced to withstand the blandishments of the stage, and became a regular, taking for stage-name James Delmon. He played at the old Columbia-street Theatre, and while there married Charlotte Crampton.

He made an engagement for himself and wife with Sol Smith on his first Southern overland trip with wagons, and got as far as Richmond, Ky., where Charlotte raised a rumpus, and Grace left her and the company and returned to Cincinnati. He played in the West for several years, and then made his way East. If it was the original Delmon Grace, he was sixty-two or sixty-three years of age at the time of his death. Sol Smith in his "Memoirs" says: "We left Cincinnati Aug. 12, 1833. * * * Dissensions began between Delmon and his wife, and he departed for Cincinnati. The real name of this young man was Delmon Grace, but he dropped the Grace when he adopted the stage as a profession."

There is but little room for doubt that the Cincinnati amateur of 1826 intimately became the well-known Yankee comedian J. Delmon Grace. He was well-preserved until his leg began to torture him, and those who had not seen him after that were justified in believing that he was about fifty years old when he died. His funeral notice in the Providence papers said fifty-three, which we were disposed to regard as authoritative until, happening to meet Mr. Harry Cunningham, who had been intimate with him and had gotten up for him his last benefit, we abruptly made inquiry as to the age of the deceased actor. "He was never communicative as to his early life; but I should judge that he was fully sixty years old, if not older," was the answer.

MUSICAL.

MISS FANNIE L. BARNES, daughter of Loring B. Barnes, formerly of Boston, was a chief soloist at the latest concert of the American Club, Philadelphia.

OUR Boston and Hartford exchanges complain that during the recent sojourn of the Soldene Opera-bouffe Troupe in the vicinity of Harvard College the students were consolidated with it.

PROF. J. R. PAINE of Harvard College is busy with a new composition, which, even in its incomplete state, is full of promise. It will be called "The Spring Symphony."

WHITE, SMITH & Co., Boston, Mass., have recently published "Weeping for Lost Ones," a musical memento of the late catastrophe at the Brooklyn Theatre, embellished with portraits of Burroughs and Murdoch.

PHŒBE MONTGOMERY, pianist, is requested by J. N. Goodall to communicate as per card.

HENRY C. DOBSON'S closed-back, patent banjos, which were awarded the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition, are offered for sale at the advertised prices. Also simplified methods of instruction for guitar and banjo.

ORCHESTRA PARTS for songs and ballads are arranged to order by J. Chadsey, who advertises.

BANJO MUSIC, strings, etc., can be obtained of the Dime Banjo Music Co. They advertise to teach the banjo by mail.

"SWEET DAYS GONE BY," a song issued by J. S. COX, can be obtained by public vocalists free by sending their address to the publisher, who advertises.

ELLIS RYER, basso-profundo, is open for an engagement in grand-opera, opera-bouffe or concert. See card.

NEW MUSIC, in ten-cent form, recently issued by E. Harding, is noticed in his card elsewhere.

DEAKIN'S LILLIPUTIAN TROUPE performed "Jack the Giant-killer" in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 5, 6. Commodore Nutt, Col. Goshen and a company of midgets were in the cast.

PARSON'S ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE were in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 4.

THE SOLDENE ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA COMPANY attracted a goodly attendance during their second and last week at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. They appeared in "Genevieve de Brabant," "The Lady Archduke" and "Mme. L'Archduc" and "Chilperic," preceded each evening by "Trial by Jury," these operas possessing the charm of freshness, if they had not in any great degree the merit of novelty. An excellent English version of "Genevieve de Brabant" was played Jan. 1 and 2. The good vocalism and pretty presence of Miss Emily Soldene were displayed to the best advantage in her portraiture of Drogan, and Rose Stella acted and sang pleasantly as Genevieve, while E. Marshall and John Wallace were encored most heartily as the two gensdarmes.

THE SWEDISH LADY VOCAL QUARTET will give a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th of January. Selma Borg will deliver an address on this occasion.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will appear at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evenings of January 15, 17 and 19, and at a matinee on January 20.

A FLUTE, piccolo and solo-alto player, who is well up in the variety business, advertises for an engagement.

THE PRAEGER BROTHERS are residing in Philadelphia. One is studying law, the other medicine.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY are giving concerts at churches and halls in Philadelphia.

THE THOMAS CHORAL SOCIETY of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, are rehearsing every Thursday evening for their first concert, which will take place at the Academy of Music in that city, early in February.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Handel and Haydn Society will give a concert in aid of the Brooklyn fire sufferers on Jan. 9.....The Yale Glee Club will appear Jan. 10.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION are to sing in Ballston, N. Y., Jan. 15, Saratoga Springs 16, Fort Edward 17, Glen's Falls 18.

THE SWEEDISH (MALE) QUARTET are to concertize in East Bridgewater, Mass., Jan. 16.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB is to sing in Tarrytown, N. Y., 8, Cohoes 12, Rome 15, Watertown 16, Geneva 17, Penn Yan 18, Auburn 19, Fort Plain 22, Whitehall 23, Brandon, Vt., 24, and Plattsburg 25.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., the Aimee Opera Company drew large and enthusiastic audiences during the week ending Dec. 30, giving beside the regular performances of the week numerous matinees to crowded houses. Weather excessively cold and often stormy, yet it seemed to but slightly affect the attendance. One of the events of the week was the first recital of the new opera by Lecocq entitled "La Petite Marie," which occurred on the evening of Dec. 29. The music is full of spirit with choice and melodious morceaux and lively and interesting situations, and was received with enthusiastic tokens of appreciation by a critical audience. The part of Graziella seemed admirably adapted to Mlle. Aimee, and her interpretation was quite peculiarly bright, sparkling, and suffused with refreshing warmth and life. The members of the company seemed to catch her infectious spirit, and the result was one of the most vivacious performances of the season. Mlles. Desiree and Letellier gave the roles of Lucrezia and Theobaldo with artistic taste; while Mons. Reine, Raoult and Duplan were equally felicitous as Podesta, San Carlo and Raphael. At Saturday's matinee "La Grande Duchesse" was performed by special request before a crowded house, and at night "La Perichole" achieved another success. Mlle. Aimee in the title-role may be safely said to have been almost faultless. "Giroflé-Giroflà" and "La Jolie Parfumeuse" have also been interpreted with splendid effect, and "Les Dragons de Villars" is underlined for this evening (Jan. 2), and "Timbale D'Argent" for 3. The troupe will close their engagement here with the performance on Sunday evening, Jan. 7, and will go to Mobile, Ala., for three performances. Maurice Grau, the manager, states that the future movements of the troupe are not yet definitely arranged. Reports from the regular stock company of the Varieties, now in Texas, give flattering accounts of their tour.

.....At Bidwell's Academy of Music, the Oates Comic-opera Company have completed another successful week in English opera-bouffe, having given seven evening and three matinee performances to full and appreciative houses. "La Fille de Madame Angot," "La Princesse Trebizonde," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," etc., have composed the bill, and all have been received with marked approval. Mrs. Oates, who has always been popular here, has renewed new acquaintances with our amusement-loving public, and added to the laurels of the past. Mlle. Roseau has also appeared to marked advantage, especially in her rendition of the title rôle of Madame Angot, in which she exhibited a voice remarkable for its purity, compass and flexibility. C. H. Drew is worthy of great commendation in the various roles in which he has appeared. The other members of the troupe have given satisfaction to audiences critical and otherwise, and are to be congratulated on their relative merits. "Les Bavards" is underlined for Jan 2. The engagement will terminate on the 6th, the troupe going hence to Galveston, and on the 7th the Academy's regular company will return and appear in "The Great Divorce Case." Letter of Jan. 3.

NED STRAIGHT, composer and arranger, publishes his address in our business department.

THE YALE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, consisting of sixteen male voices, gave a concert during the past week in McCormick Hall, Chicago, Ill., for the benefit of the Yale Boat Club, to a slight attendance. This week the hall will be occupied by the Smith-Whitney Combination, when the music of Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger" will be rendered.

MME. ESSIPOFF gave concerts in Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 3, 4, and in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Jan. 5, 6, to large and fashionable audiences. Mme. Alfred Vivien, violinist, participated, while Agnese Palma furnished the vocal part of the programme.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD OPERA TROUPE is to be in Detroit, Mich., Jan. 18, 19, 20.

SOLO PLANIST advertises for an engagement. He states that he is well posted in the variety business.

THE BANJO is taught by mail by Chas. E. Dobson, who publishes prices and particulars in our business department. Banjos, strings, etc., are to be obtained at his address.

A LIST of the latest comic songs published by L. P. Goullaud can be found in his card elsewhere.

GEO. H. COES' arrangement of dance-music, including clogs, hornpipes, jigs, etc., for the violin, is published by L. P. Goullaud, who advertises the price in another column.

MILLS HALL, first basso, advertises for an engagement.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell closed a most successful engagement of five weeks at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 17, and performed in Stockton 27, 28, and San Jose 29, 30, to large business. Route from there: Oakland, Jan. 1, 2 (return visit), Sacramento 3, 4, 5, 6, Virginia City 8, 9, Carson 10, Reno 11, Salt Lake City, Utah, 12, 13. San Francisco Journal of Jan. 1 comment on their engagement in that city as follows:

Last night the Bergers and Sol Smith Russell closed their most successful engagement. Coming here with the Interstate Circuit, having the appreciation which their entertainment met withfully warranted the lengthening of their stay to five; and we may say their entertainment fully warranted the appreciation. Seldom have we seen any single artist in the field attention and excite innocent laughter with pure humor as Mr Russell has done. His sketches have been studies, and as studies have been of the most admirable order. Miss Anna Theresa Berger, besides being a most charming little body in appearance, is an exceedingly clever cornet-soloist, although like all soloists, she has inclined too much to the display of her execution. These are the stars of the company, and the remainder are only lesser by comparison.—*San Francisco Morning Call, Dec. 18.*

TO-NIGHT, at Baldwin's Academy of Music, will be the last of the very successful season of the Bergers and Sol Smith Russell. It is a rare thing in this city to see what is essentially a traveling company make a success, for we have so much local talent that competition is, as a rule, a failure. But in this case the success was unequivocal. Of the people, Miss Anna Berger is one of the best solo cornet-players that we have ever heard, very much better than the average, and her playing is a treat. Mr. Russell belongs to that class of gentlemen who make the mimicry of others their business in life. To say that Mr. Russell is an artist is to put into words what every person in San Francisco thoroughly believes. He is not only an artist, but one of a very high order. The remainder of the troupe, although all good, do not require any especial mention except, perhaps, Miss Morgan's performance upon the harp, which is a difficult instrument with much spirit, and very correctly.—*Figaro, Dec. 18.*

To-night is the last chance which our people will have to see the clever Bergers and Sol Smith Russell. In bidding them good-bye we have to thank them for many pleasant evenings spent in the little theatre, and to wish them good luck wherever they go.—*Alta California.*

VARIETY HALLS.

THE WINNETTS commenced an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 8, and open at the Coliseum, Chicago, Ill., 22.

BARNEY QUINN, Irish comedian, and Chrissie Morrell, serio-comic vocalist, were married in Denver, Col., Dec. 20, 1876.

BILLY EMMERSON, stump-speech artist, publishes his address in another column.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHNNY CLARK, DIED IN ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1876.

BY HIS FRIEND BARNEY FERGUSON.

Sadly I write the requiem bell—
Another heart has ceased to beat,
Another form we loved so well
Upon this earth no more we'll meet.
The bitter tears are falling fast,
And bitter tears may yet be shed;
They cannot now recall the past—
Requiescat in pace—HE IS DEAD!

No more his merry voice at eve
Will fill the hall with laughter gay,
No more with songs and happy glee
We'll pass the joyous hours away;
We miss him when the curtains rise,
We see a strange face in his stead,
His spirit is afar beyond the skies—
Requiescat in pace—HE IS DEAD!

His memory will live for aye
In hearts that knew him for his worth;
The laurel wreath may fade away,
His ashes mingle with the earth;
But brighter wreaths on that golden shore
Will welcome him, by angels led.
He's gone to rest, his troubles are o'er—
Requiescat in pace—HE IS DEAD!

DEATH OF AN ACTRESS.—Mrs. Jennie Harrington (professionally known as Miss Jennie Smith), connected for some time past with the Theatre Comique Company at Providence, R. I., died (after a few days' illness) on Wednesday, Jan. 3. She had been married but a short time to Mr. Thomas Harrington, stage-carpenter at the Theatre Comique. Although only two years and a half in the profession, she gave promise of remarkable talent. She was born in Boston in 1858, and in private life was much admired. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her decease. The attaches of the theatre contributed $100 to defray the funeral expenses. On the evening of the 3d the performers appeared on the stage with mourning badges. The funeral services took place on Thursday morning, Jan. 4, at 9 o'clock, and were conducted by Rev. Henry W. Bugg. The remains will be sent to Boston, where her family reside, for interment. Manager Hopkins, who superintended the last rites of the sad ceremony, also exerted himself to the utmost to alleviate the sufferings of the deceased.

IN MEMORIAM

OF MY DEAR FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE JENNIE SMITH, WHO DIED JAN. 3, 1877.

BY GUSSIE CRAYTON MAAS.

The "Ballet of Snow" has melted away,
The dresses are folded in saddened array.
One dancer is missed, and one soul has gone
To visit "The Master" on Heaven's high throne.
Touch the chords gently and darken the scene—
Death's in the background, angels between;
Shrouded in linen, spotless and white,
"Our Jennie" has floated out into death's night.

The New Year to many brought sweet peace and joy,
But turned all the gold of our hearts to alloy;
One angel was called, and folded, has crossed the dark sea,
To plead for the mercy, Christ says, "waits for thee."
The lovelight has faded afar from thine eyes,
To awaken 'neath splendors of heavenly skies;
The tragedy's over, prompter "Death" tolled the bell—
Thy soul rests with God. Loved Jennie, farewell!

BILLY PASTOR and company held forth the past week at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., to only fair business. The company will disband here and return to New York, with the exception of J. S. Edwards and wife, who will remain, this city being their home.....At the Odeon business has been slack, although a good olio bill has been offered. Lizzie Derious in songs, Julia Bennett in graceful dancing, and Kitty Rowell's "Marching with the Band," were pleasing. George Derious gave feats on the ladder, Harry Woodson appeared in plantation sketches, Lillie Hasson in songs-and-dances, Andrew Gafney in cannon-ball exercises, Grace Monroe in serio-comic songs, and the comic pantomime "The Cobbler's Frolics," filled out the bill. Departures: Hasson Sisters, Andrew Gafney, George and Lizzie Derious no engagement; Harry Woodson, to New York. On Jan. 8 Constantine and Leclair, Johnny Morrissey, Minnie Farrell, Ida Greenfield.... At the Holliday-street Theatre, business has shown a slight falling-off. C. H. Fleming has charge of the stage department. The new faces were Gus Shaw, who gave motto songs in a satisfactory manner; Delehanty and Hengler in songs-and-dances met with favor; the Fieldings appeared in an Irish sketch and received much applause; Bobby Newcomb and Little Nell, with imitations, was a feature; Harry Kennedy in ventriloquism was funny, as also were the Ainsleys in their specialties. "The Felon's Brand," by the company, closed the performances. Dan Bushnell, on Dec. 26, fell while attempting to perform his top-trick on the slack wire, spraining his left wrist and ankle, and sustaining, it is thought, serious injury about the head. He was conveyed to Gore's Hotel. Closing: Hugh Fay, to Chicago; Harry Kennedy, Delehanty and Hengler and Gus Shaw, no engagement. To appear Jan. 8: Erba Robeson, A. Williams, A. Phelin and Bessie Holmes.....At the New Central Hall the business has also been the cry. The programme opened with a sketch called "A New-Year's Call;" Little Lottie in songs; the Peaseleys in a double jig; Wm. Carroll in a banjo-solo. Miss Jennie Ward, who made seven distinct changes of dress in the presence of the audience, met with appreciation. J. H. Graham to-night when was good. The Simpson Sisters in songs were pleasing. Harris and Carroll in "The Old Slave's Return" gave a true picture of Southern life. It concluded with the pantomime entitled "The Red Demon," in which Julian Martinetti appeared as Clown, Geo. B. Radcliffe as Pantaloon, Annetta Cardina as Columbine, E. J. Barnes as Harlequin, and Bella Gabrielle as Sunbeam. Closing Jan. 6: The Peaseleys, Carroll and Harris, Jennie Ward, J. H. Graham, no engagement. Billed for Jan. 8: Fitzgerald and Ryan, Burton and Kelly, Mabel Pearl, Carrie Avery, O. B. Collins, Kate Raymond and Chas. Howard. Address of Jan 6.

AT THE BELLA UNION, San Francisco, Cal., during Christmas-week, the company included Shed Le Clair, Madge Aiston, Cassim and Fritz, Cogill and Cooper, W. C. Crosbie, Josephine and Marie Zoel, Ed. Glover, J. H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong, Kitty Sharp, Mlle. Barretta, Fanny Young, Jennie Reiffarth, Carrie Wilson and Kitty Pell.

BARNEY FERGUSON, North-of-Ireland specialty artist and dancer, now performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., commences an engagement at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 28.

VARIETY TALENT of all kinds, ladies especially, and a leader are wanted at the New Variety Theatre, this city. See card.

LIVINGSTONE BROS. and John Murtz, gymnasts and acrobats, begin an engagement at the Theatre Comique, this city, Jan. 15. They can be addressed care of this office.

THE WALTER GALE, a performer in McDaniels' Theatre, Cheyenne, Ill., who was reported in our issue of Dec. 30, 1876, as being in jail in Denver, Col., for shooting a policemen, should not be confounded with Walter Gale, change artist. The last named was then performing in Tony Pastor's Theatre, in this city.

MISS ALICE GLEASON is seriously ill in the Cozine House in Baltimore, Md., where she has been confined to her apartments for the past ten weeks.

BILLY PEEL, banjoist, dancer, end-man and alto in band, now with the James Heywood Combination, can be addressed care of this office.

PERFORMERS can obtain dates at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., by applying to Manager Emmett, as per card.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at Ninon Duclos' New Arion Garden Theatre, Reading Pa., are requested to address D. M. Barnes, business-manager, as per advertisement.

THE NEW YEAR'S MATINEES at all the variety halls in Detroit, Mich., were well patronized. At the Theatre Comique, Sid France was unable to reach in time for either the matinee or evening performance on Jan. 1. His new play, "Home by the Sea," was brought out 2, but it has little merit. Light business have been the result. The Castillos—Chas. and Ada—did a good trapeze act. Frank L. Martyn has taken the orchestra in charge, vice Paul Ritter, resigned, beginning Jan. 1. For Jan. 8 Dominick Murray in "Escaped from Sing Sing," Luke Brant, Mark Sanders, Ella Mayo and Louise Boehill are announced. At Orchestrion Hall, the Snydam Bros. and Adele Leonard were the new people Jan. 1. On New-Year's night this company played in the Opera-house, and also in their own hall, large audiences greeting them in both places. Advice of Jan. 6.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an excellent business during the past week. The new arrivals Jan. 1 were J. Z. Little, who acted in "Roving Jack;" Harrington and McGlone in character sketches, introducing songs-and-dances; and Adams and Lee in their musical specialties. The departures Jan. 6 were Joe Norton, Maggie Gray, the Davenport Brothers, Adams and Lee, and J. Z. Little. The announcements for Jan. 8 are Geo. S. Knight, Edna Markley, and the Cawthorne Boys.....At the Avenue Theatre, the only fresh appearance Jan. 1 was Miss Lulu Walcott in serio-comic songs. Business rather light. The departures Jan. 6 were Minnie Lee, to Baltimore; W. J. Mills and J. K. Campbell, to Philadelphia; Julia Walcott, to Cleveland; and Turner and Sommers, destination unknown. Announcements for Jan. 8: Hurley and Marr, McCullough and Casey, Leslie Carle, Mollie La Font, Nellie Germon, Frank Lewis, Eph Horn Jr., Al. Hulmes, Marie Conners. Letter of Jan. 7.

HARRY G. RICHMOND is still performing in this city.

JOHNNY HINDLE, the original and only performer of that name in this country, who did not go to England recently, as reported, writes us from Galveston, Texas, under date of Dec. 28, 1876, that she will open in London April 9, but will continue to perform here up to the time of sailing for England.

SCHOOLCRAFT & COES' NOVELTY COMPANY appeared at Music Hall, Portland, Me., Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, and to excellent business. Messrs. Schoolcraft and Coes in their various specialties, Kelly and Ryan in songs-and-dances, Shafer and Slavin in negroisms, Stewart Dare and Geo. A. Hall in gymnastic feats, James Fox in banjo-solos, Alice Brennan's ballad-singing, and Wm. Calder and Alfy Chippendale in farces, all went to make one of the best variety entertainments seen here in a long time. They take the following route from here: Waterville, Jan. 5, Bangor, 6, 8, Augusta 9, Gardiner 10, Lewiston 11, Salem, Mass., 12, and Lowell 15. Advices of Jan. 6.

PROF. PARKER AND DOGS can be secured by applying to Chas. See card.

THE MOTHER of Mrs. Kate Sharpe (professionally known as Rose St. Audley) and the grandmother of Kitty and Dollie Sharpe, died in Williamsburg, L. I., Dec. 23, 1876, and was buried 25. Mrs. Sharpe and her daughter Dollie were at the time in Meriden, Ct., where they had fulfilled a four weeks' engagement, and were to have opened in New Haven, in the Church-street Opera-house, 25, but their sad bereavement prevented.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., during the past week, has not been so good as formerly, owing to the weather, which was the most inclement seen in that city for years. The Mendels did not open Jan. 1, as announced. The Centennial four—Welsh, Ryan, Mathews and Harris—deservedly grow in popular favor. Lulu, Little Pearley, Jennie Denzer, Helen Revere, Frankie Johnson, and Nookalesta are announced for 8. Prof. Lawrence's Sentinel Troupe closed 5, going to Norfolk; also Mlle. Rosa, who left for Memphis, Tenn.

AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Paterson, N. J., business has shown a great improvement during the past week, which was due to the fine performances of Angie Schott and the other new faces. The house closes for a few weeks in order to allow Mr. Ward to make some necessary changes. The destinations of the company are as follows: Mable Pearl and Minnie Farrell, to Baltimore; Harley and Marr, to Washington; Angie Schott, to New York; Alice Foster and May Marshall, to Newark; Cummings and Turner, to San Francisco; Frank Steel and Prof. All, to New York. Lulu Mortimer lays off.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, the programme this week includes the pantomime of "The Ice King," and Harry Osborne, Fanny Wentworth, Gussie Leonard, the Warren Sisters, John H. Carle, Andy and Lydia Showers.

BUFFALO BILL appears at Beethoven Hall, Boston, the coming week.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ADVICES to Jan. 5 are furnished by our correspondent thus: "At the Coliseum the new appearances Dec. 31 were Rollin Howard, Geo. A. Beane, T. W. Hanshew, Nellie Larkelle, Fannie Beane and Louis Alfredo. The Rollin Howard Combination, comprising all but the last-named, appeared in a protean comedy called 'The Three Graces'—the leading features of which were the songs-and-dances of Fannie Beane—and in their well-known burlesque 'Yeast Lynne.' Alfredo gave a cannon-ball act, which took well. Departures 6: Tommy Neal, for the National, this city; Charles Diamond, for New York; Crumly and De Forrest and Bertie Rheinhart, for Chicago; Mons. Loyal and Louis Alfredo. To open 7: The Phoites, Clark Brothers, De Witt Coote, La Rue Family, De King and Olympia. Connors and Reilly, and Emmy Breitto. Big go!..... The new appearances Dec. 31 at Heuck's Hall were the Fostelles and George Carlisle and Son. The Fostelles—Charles and Belle—appeared in a sketch called 'Acting Out,' which they rendered satisfactorily. Fostelle also appearing as a female impersonator. The Carlisles in a gymnastic act, and afterwards in a Japanese-ladder feat, created a very favorable impression. The old farce of 'The Happy Man,' with James Douglass as Paddy Murphy, constituted the wind-up. Business large. Departures 6: Valdis Twin Sisters, for Cheyenne; Carlisles, for St. Louis; and Wood and Mack. New people 7: Siegrist and Children, Mons. Siegrist and dogs, Lawrence Sisters, and Frank Mara.....Shickling's Hall closed Jan. 2, to be remodeled. It is announced to reopen 29.....No changes to note at the Eldorado or Adelphia.....At the National Theatre Comique the new people Dec. 31 were Harry Gilbert, Charley Leslie, Vic Reynolds, Luke Brant, Charles W. Young, Gracie May, and Murphy and Shannon. The pantomime of 'Humpty Dumpty' was put on in good style by Harry Gilbert, who played Clown well, Nat Hyams being a good Harlequin, Walter Fletcher Pantaloon, and Imogene Hyams Columbine. All of the specialties were introduced into the pantomime. The Leslies—Nellie and Charley—performed a double jig fairly, the lady afterwards giving serio-comic songs; Vic Reynolds took well in songs of the day; Luke Brant in grotesque songs-and-dance was not very successful; Charles W. Young's act, 'Flewy-Flewy,' made a hit, the gentleman proving himself a very humorous comedian of the Cool Burgess type. Gracie May in vocalisms, and the Haleys in songs-and-dances, also met with favor, the latter particularly. Murphy and Shannon's German songs-and-dances met with favor. Business opened out large, but fell off after New-Year's Day. Departures 6: Murphy and Shannon, for Louisville; Luke Brant, for Detroit; Harry Gilbert and Nellie and Charley Leslie. To open 7: Tommy and Lottie Winnett, Billy Devere, Ella Arnold, Adelia Leonard and Tommy Neal. E. T. Stetson opens 14. Edmund Peirce, in 'Life's Perils,' was also underlined, but will not be here, for some reason."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., business was good during the week ending Jan. 6. On Monday William Brown, pedestrian, will attempt the feat of walking 135 hours without rest or sleep. The company which has filled the bill this week has just closed a tolerably successful two weeks' run at the New Chicago Theatre. For the past week the gift feature has been introduced.....The Academy of Music on the west side was reopened on New-Year's Day with Messrs. McCoy, Emmett & Woodward proprietors. The recently built house, refurnished, and now is one of the most attractive places in the city. It is to be run as a cheap variety theatre, and under its present management bids fair to regain much of its lost prestige. A very good bill has been presented, including J. E. Green in his musical specialties; C. H. Fleming, Dutch specialties; Stowe's school of educated dogs; Frank Jones, musical specialties; and Miss Louise Franklin in choice vocalisms. Advices of Jan. 6.

FANNY DOUGLAS, Goss and Fox, and Jeppe and Fanny Delano joined the company at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 31. Goss and Fox as "Tin Pan Alley Off-ones" gave an agreeable act of twenty minutes' duration. Fanny Delano's solo on the staff-bells received a triple encore, and her musical sketch with Jeppe was also loudly applauded. Fanny Douglas' serio-comic songs failed to please. Closing 6: M. C. Healy, Sands, and Edmonds, Jutau and G. W. Brown, the latter for Chicago. To open 7: Banker and Mills, Irwin Thomas, Charles Ralston, Henrietta Mollenhauer.....There were no fresh arrivals at Looney's, but the old company gave a good programme, owing to the death of Johnny Mark (reported elsewhere), where were some changes made in the first-part scene, Gus Lee and Charles Bartine occuping the ends, and Wiley Hamilton acting as interlocutor .....Add Weaver Jr. opens at the Novelty 7. Letter of Jan. 5.

"THE BLACK CROOK" continued the chief attraction at Buffalo, N. Y., the past week, and business ruled fair. Incidental to its production, Maggie Claire appeared in her flying-ring act. McVicker and Saunders did a creditable song-and-dance. Lewis Leslie gave magic-barrel feats, and the Leslie Bros. were seen in acrobatic exercises. Closed: The Phoites, Clark Brothers, De Witt Coote, New York; Leslie Bros. and Rosa Lee, to Cincinnati, O. Billed to appear 8: Sam Rickey, the Richmond Sisters (Josie and Lulu), Dunbar and Ashton, George and Lizzie Conway, James D. Roome, Minnie Claire, and Frank Carlton. Letter of Jan. 6.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE of programme was the order at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on New-Year's, and the people have shown their appreciation of the same by good houses. The bill presented was Miss Amelia Dean in dances; Miss Julia Wilson in serio-comic songs; Terry Bros., songs-and-dances; Clara Moore, serio-comic songs; Hennessy Bros. in acrobatic songs-and-dances; Ella Mayo in serio-comic songs; Frankie Howard in songs-and-dances; and Den Thompson, as Joshua Whitcomb. The new people billed for 8 are Manchester and Jennings, the Sharpleys—Pearl and Welby—Chas. E. Emmet and N. S. Wood.

JOHNNY CLARK died Dec. 30, at 2 A. M., at the St. Charles Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. His right name was George Cole. He was thirty years of age, and has a mother and sister in Port Jervis, N. Y. He has been in St. Louis about seven years, and was a favorite with the patrons of Looney's Varieties. He was buried in Cavalry Cemetery Dec. 31 by his professional friends, the following acting as pallbearers: Dan Hart, Barney Ferguson, Thomas Turner, Charles Bartine, Gus Lee and Joseph Guion. He left a wife and child.

FRANK AND EVA BENNETT, the four Dalleys, Lou Sanford and Barney McNulty constituted the fresh attractions at the Adelphi, Hartford, Ct., the past week, and attracted good-sized audiences. The Dalleys, who go to Boston to join Harry Bloodgood's newly-organized traveling company, were the only closing people 6, and Ada Stanwood, John and Leah Pearson were underlined.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted immediately by Davis & Co. See card.

RICHARDSON BROS.—Tony and Charley—late of the Commonwealth Minstrels, can be engaged to perform in double clog, Dutch and general business. In their advertisement elsewhere they request Lew Cole to communicate with them.

THE BELLA UNION THEATRE, Cheyenne, W. T., is doing a good business with J. J. Kelly, Annie and Jennie Gibbons, Tilly Bouton, Effie Desmond, Johnny Brace and Frank Brace, Walter Parks (and not Walter Gale, as erroneously announced), who was arrested some few weeks ago for shooting Officer Talbut, was released under $500 bail Dec. 27, and opened 29. Departures: Lizzie Harmon and Ned Gibbons.....McDaniels is doing a lively business at his theatre with the following company: Jim Martin, Billy Diamond, Mr. Morran, Willie and Rosie Gill, Mlle. Carlo, Flora Bell, Louise Lee, Ella Martell and two children. Millie Aubsle, Ellie Newell and Miss Mandville. Baby and James McDonald open Jan. 1, the Valdis Twin Sisters 15. Advices of Dec. 30, 1876.

MRS. HENRY BENNETT, sister of Lillie Hall the variety artist, died in Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 30, from injuries received by a kerosene lamp falling and setting fire to her clothing.

FRANCOIS R. BLITZ, magician, fire-eater, marionette and Punch-and-Judy performer, who is now performing at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., where he can be addressed, can be engaged for gift shows or variety theatres.

BEN HOGAN, formerly proprietor of the Petrolia Opera-house, has just completed a large and commodious variety and concert hall, at Elk City, Clarion Co., Pa., the present centre of the oil excitement. The building is 150x60 feet, well lighted, and stocked with scenery and stage appurtenances. The auditorium is capable of seating 700 persons, and is supplied with modern improvements. The hall is claimed to be the largest in the oil country.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the new features of the lengthy programme presented during the week ending Jan. 6 were the Irish specialties of the Wilkinson Brothers, who are eminently clever, the pleasing vocalism of Jennie Morgan, and the songs-and-dances of Niles and Evans, which were greatly applauded. The Langlois Brothers and Watson and Ellis closed Jan. 6. The attendance continued good last week. The new arrivals announced for the 8th are Karl Lind and D. L. Morris, the latter appearing as "Dutch Richard the Third."

WALLY PRICE in his ballads, Paul Bunz in a clever acrobatic act, Nellie Sandford in serio-comic songs, and John and Charles Muldoon in the sketch "Taking the Pledge" were the new additions on Jan. 1 to the excellent company at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia. The Ethiopian oddities of Tommy Jefferson, Billy Wright, George W. Murray and Harry Butler furnished fresh food for laughter. The Davenport Brothers, Winona Bridges and Carrie Bartols open here Jan. 8.

AMOY HUGHES, the well-known Irish comedian and club-swinger, is now keeping a hotel in Philadelphia, although he has not retired from the stage.

"ON THE SLY," a sensational sketch, replete with songs, sayings and dances, has been drawing large houses at Stewart's Variety Theatre, Philadelphia.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the latest additions to the company were Johnny Wilson, motto-singer, and Foster and Haines, Dutch songs-and-dances, who met with a favorable reception. Underlined for the 8th: Maggie Colton, Emma Watson and Fanny Wallace. A complimentary benefit to Miss Belle Cushing will take place here Jan. 11.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, Neil Burgess and company made their first appearance on Jan. 1. Mr. Burgess, who is now the business-manager here, appeared to advantage in "Mr. and Mrs. Bibbs," and Alice Butler' Nellie Thorne, Victorelli and Cordella, Mabel Santley, Maggie Pearl, Arizona, Ida Clifford and G. Brooke Clarke also met with a favorable reception in their specialties.

MLLE. MARTELLE, Dunbar and Ashton, Mollie Sommers, Nelly Howard, and Millie Estelle were the new arrivals at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 1. Business was uniformly good throughout the week. Mlle. Martelle is a good sentimental balladist. She has a pleasing voice and her selections are well made. Dunbar and Ashton are the finest athletes that have visited us in a long time. Mollie Sommers did an excellent Dutch clog; is good in serio-comic songs, and is a very useful person in farces. Nelly Howard, an old favorite here, met with a warm reception, and her jigs were encored. Millie Estelle's serio-comic songs were fair. Fanny Kent in songs-and-dances, and Harris and Chrissie in comic sketches, filled out the bill. The Lentons, Murphy and Shannon, Barney Ferguson and Fanny Reynolds are billed for the 8th. All of the present company, except Dunbar and Ashton, who go to Buffalo, remain. Letter of Jan. 4.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., Weaver and Lawton in negro specialties; Lottie Brown and Jennie Engle, vocalistes; Sam Devere, banjoist; and Lida Stockholm, Wonder; Fields and Hoey, musical mokes; and the three-act drama of "Lottie Lee" were the attractions of the past week..... At the Olympic Theatre, Billy and Tom Dever, Miss Anna Devere and Master Barney were the features. Business fair.

"PEEP O' DAY" has been the piece de resistance at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, the past week, together with the variety stars mentioned in our last. For the present week, Cora Weber and her company in the new burlesque "Leporello, the Naughty Fellow" appears, with Lew Benedict, Harry Harrison, Messrs. Watson and Ellis, McKee and Seamon, Willis Cobb, the Livingston Bros., John Murtz, and Kitty O'Neil.

CHARLES J. ECCLES, comedian and specialty artist, and Miss Julia Maddes, were united in marriage Dec. 25, in Lexington, Ind., by Rev. John A. Lamb. Mr. Eccles retires temporarily from the profession.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Ward's Opera house, Newark, N. J., Jan. 1 were Mons. Ventini and Mlle. Zulella, James Roome, McCullough and Casey, Archie Boland and Ella Esmond, the Madcaleys and Adelaide Neilley, and H. Fenno. Departures 6: J. H. Jeffreys, to New York; Wm. Gaylord, Paterson; Mc. Cullough and Casey, Washington, D. C.; Pedro Lapointe, Philadelphia; and James Roome, Buffalo, N. Y. Announced for 8: Harry Vennetti, Thomas and Watson, formerly Thomas and Heeney), May Marshall, Virginia Marshall, Alice Foster, and Foster and Dudley.....At the Metropolitan the fresh arrivals Jan. 1 were Kitty Stanley, Cummings and Hines, Carroll and McCarthy, Irene Murdoch, the "Big 4"—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—and Hugo and Fred Bolssett. Closures 6: "The Big 4," to New York; Dissects, unknown; Irene Murdoch, Emma Hoffman and Cummings and Hines, to New York; and Carroll and McCarthy, Philadelphia. Announced for 8: Delehanty and Hengler, Maggie Gray, Clara Moore, Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair, C. J. Gregory and John Wingfield. Business has fallen off considerably at both places, although it continues of a paying kind. Letter of Jan 6.

AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., no important change of bills has occurred. The theatre closed with the performance of Jan. 1 for one week, the interim being devoted to preparations for bringing out "The Black Cr

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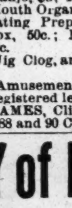
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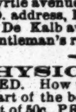
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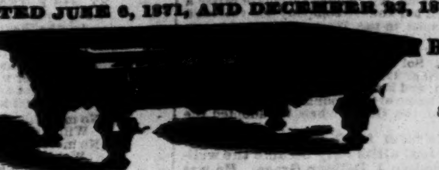

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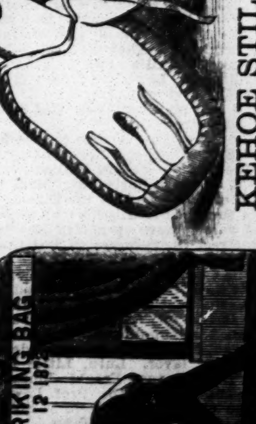
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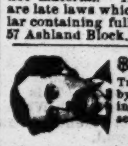
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